TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

MANNERS, SCENERY, AND THE FINE ARTS.

BY H. W. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

GEORGE THOMSON, Esq.

EDINBURGH,

TO WHOM THEY WERE ORIGINALLY ADDRESSED,

THE

LETTERS FROM GREECE

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

H. W. WILLIAMS.

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TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.



LETTER XXXII.

ROME.

The Buonaparte Family.

THE members of the Buonaparte family at Rome consist of the Princess Pauline, married to Prince Borghese; Louis Buonaparte, the Ex-King of Holland; Lucien, the Prince of Canino, and his family; and lastly, the mother of Napoleon Buonaparte. The first of these personages was the favourite sister of the ex-emperor, and during his residence in Elba, he was in the habit of placing her close to him when they were in company; he would sometimes turn round while at dinner, and desire one of his officers to compose some quatrain in honour of the princess's charms, and to recite it to her at the table. One of those officers, who accompanied him to Elba, shewed a friend of mine several verses, that had been composed by himself in obedience to his master's injunctions.

The princess lives separate from her husband, but she is allowed to occupy the splendid building of the Borghese palace at Rome. At present the prince resides at Florence. Napoleon, during his supremacy, had endeavoured to bring him forward in some public capacity, but the attempt is said to have failed; his inattention rendering it necessary to withdraw him from the situations to which he was appointed. The Princess Pauline is fond of society; she is, indeed, said to display much of the coquetry and vanity of a French woman of fashion. Canova has executed a statue of her, the symmetry and luxurious attitude of which is much admired. One evening she issued invitations for a large rout; the form of the invitation expressed her hope, that she should have the company of such and such persons, "to see the statue by Canova lighted up."

Persons sufficiently well acquainted, by the length of their intercourse, with the Buonaparte family, to describe the characters of the different members of it, gave the reputation of superior amiableness to two other sisters of Napoleon, Madame Baiocchi and Madame Murat; the former is always mentioned with particular respect.

Lucien carefully abstains from shewing himself in public, though he admits such English society as are introduced to him. He never touches on political

subjects, or can be betrayed into conversing upon them when introduced by others, who are desirous of learning his opinion. He affects an occasional air of frivolity in conversation, probably as a veil to the serious designs, with which he has been said to be occupied respecting his brother. However that may be, it is said to be a difficult matter to draw him out into giving his opinions on any subject, whether political or not. He had commenced farming, partly after the English manner, at his country villa La Rufinella, supposed by some to stand on the scite of Cicero's Tusculan villa. His passion for agriculture had, however, much cooled, and was succeeded by a passion for astronomy. He is in possession of a fine telescope, and some other optical instruments by Dolland, but I learned that he was fickle in all these different pursuits, and soon abandoned them. His dwelling in Rome is sufficiently handsome, and he has often small parties in the evening for music or dancing; two of his daughters play and sing prettily, and express a partiality for Scotch music, especially that published by Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh; one of their favourite airs is, " Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." His eldest daughter (the fruit of his first marriage) was married to a Roman nobleman. Her uncle had, at one period, designed her to become the spouse of Ferdinand, the present King of Spain, but afterwards

altered his plan, thinking that something more was necessary to secure the full dependence of Spain upon his own power.

The mother of Napoleon, formerly dignified by the title of *Madame Mere*, resides, together with her brother Cardinal Fesch, in the Palazzo Falcone. She lived in seclusion, and was even said to have become a devotee. Only one of her former ladies of honour remains with her; she occupies, however, a fine suite of apartments, very handsomely furnished, and with a greater attention to comfort than is usual in Italian houses. She affects none of the reserve of Lucien on certain subjects, but speaks with tears in her eyes of the ex-emperor, displays the feelings of a mother in her language respecting him, and laments that he has not written to any of his family since his being at St Helena, fondly cherishing the hope, (which appears to prevail among the adherents of Buonaparte,) that the English government would finally set him at liberty; and generally concludes with some strong encomiums on the character of the English nation, with the generosity of which she declares herself well acquainted. Madame Mere has evidently been a very fine woman; at her advanced period of life she still looks well, through the aid of her toilette; her manners are even dignified. She appears a queen, and refutes, as do her daughters, those notions of the vulgar manners of

the ladies of the Buonaparte family, which were so easily accredited in Britain. In one of the rooms in Lucien's palace is a bust of Niccolo Buonaparte, the father, which exhibits a countenance of remarkable expression; finer, indeed, than that of Napoleon or any of the family.

Rome at this time, 1817, is the residence of other princely families. The abdicated King of Sardinia, the Ex-Queen of Etruria, and the former King of Spain, Charles. The first of these personages lives pretty closely the life of a devotee; but the King of Spain intermixes with his religious offices a very tolerable attention to the pleasures of the table.

The Prince of Peace retains with Charles that influence which has been fatal to his interests and those of Spain; the minion still of Charles's queen, his presence is considered necessary to the royal happiness. "I could not support existence without that dear man," was the expression of King Charles to a Roman physician, from whom we had the anecdote. The prince possesses a fine palace, with a collection of pictures, said to be very valuable: he has recently married his natural daughter advantageously to a Roman nobleman.

The allowance made by the court of Spain to Charles is sufficiently liberal, and beyond his apparent means of expenditure; it was estimated at

about L. 10,000 a month, but complaints were made that it was not regularly paid. His brother, the King of Naples, possesses considerable property at Rome, as the inheritor of the property of the Farnese family. As part of this inheritance, many of the celebrated antiquities and statues now in Naples were carried thither from Rome.

LETTER XXXIII.

ROME.

Statues in the Vatican.—Their effect upon the mind.—Criticism.—The Statues seen by torch light, especially the Apollo.—Laocoon.—General observations on the Statues.—Canova's Gladiators.—Unarranged Marbles.

In walking through the Galleries of Statues in the Vatican, which are of prodigious extent, I felt an emotion of reverence in viewing those works which have been handed down to us through so many ages. A similar sentiment, indeed, seemed to influence the minds of all; for, although a considerable number of people were present, none spoke aloud;—all whispered as they walked among the representations of the gods of the ancients, together with those works amidst which they presided of old. This feeling of veneration and respect, joined to the excellence of the sculpture, disposed us to admire beauty rather than to discover faults. Some hardened critics, however, familiar with these wonders of art, prevailed upon us to listen to their discourse. At first, it was

with reluctance, but at last we ourselves presumed to criticise. Then dropped the enchanted veil, and enthusiasm and deference gave place to cold examination. The eye that had been enraptured with innumerable beauties, sought for defects! and, as a punishment for such ingratitude, the graces fled, or left a faint impression on the mind.

In addition to our repeated morning visits to these inimitable statues, we have likewise seen them by torch light, and surely no exhibition could possibly be more interesting. I would fain attempt to describe it to you, were I not sure that I should fail. Let me remind you how jealous Apollo has always been of his own honour, and that of all under his protection, and be satisfied that it will be wise in me not to attempt any thing further than the merest hints; for, might I not incur displeasure, should I fail in doing justice to his statue, and the innumerable others over which he presides? What, were I to speak in the language of the critics, and say that one of his legs is longer than the other, or that his head is strangely placed between his shoulders? * If, too,

* Barry says, "That the right clavicle and shoulder wants magnitude to correspond with the other parts; and that, whether owing to the legs having been broken off above the ancle, the ends of the tibia and fibula, which form the inner and outer ancle, do not seem to be in their proper places."

Barry, Vol. I. p. 442.

I should say that the Laocoon shews more expression of bodily suffering than of feeling for his children, would I not have cause to tremble? Are there not *serpents* still that might writhe and twist about me?

Let me briefly say, then, that when our conductors were preparing their torches in the hall of the Egyptian sphinxes, we observed the most singular and bewitching effects imaginable. The numerous figures, seen in mysterious shade, appeared like the ghosts of the ancients, raised by the spell of a sorcerer; the sphinxes in dark shadow opposed to them, being perfectly in unison with the enchanted-looking scene, and affording at the same time the finest contrast of light and shade. In the full blaze of light, too, the whole looked well, and many subordinate objects were revealed to our admiring eyes. From this situation we ascended to the Rotundo; and thence from one museum to another, filled with statues of astonishing excellence, and almost overpowering to the mind, till we came to the room of Apollo.

From every point of view, and under every effect, this matchless statue appeared divine! But when the great light was placed behind, he seemed as if advancing from the sun, the golden rays falling on his godlike countenance, and tipping his shoulder and quiver, while reflected light played among his limbs in tones of pearly grey,—exciting in the be-

holder the idea, that this inimitable work was claimed at once by heaven and by earth!

The LAOCOON did not appear to such advantage as by the morning light; though some learned judges will insist, that this group must have been purposely made to have a superior effect by such illumination, having been found in a niche in an apartment in the baths of Titus, where no day-light could enter. This, I think, is carrying hypothesis as far as it will go. The group, which consists of numerous parts, requires a powerful light to give it the proper simplicity and breadth; in side lights, the shadows were dark and opaque, and every particular seemed to intrude upon the general effect; the beard looked shaggy, and too much divided into black divisions. When the whole lights, however, were in front, every defect of this kind was removed; and, as seen from within an adjoining apartment, in all this splendour of light, there certainly is no work of art, excepting the statue of Apollo, to compare to it. This magnificent group is more expressive of nature than of the beau ideal: at least, comparing it with the statue of Apollo, it does not indicate so great an exertion of the mind. But what a splendid example of selection! what knowledge of bodily and mental suffering, penetrating through every fibre, and commanding our spontaneous sympathy!

The famous TORSO, so much admired by Michael

Angelo, is remarkable for muscular expression. The enlightened Mr John Bell, who accompanied us, and whose knowledge in anatomy is pre-eminent, considers it as a wonderful production in that respect. The fragment is placed in the centre of a room among other splendid and invaluable remains of antiquity, and never fails to recal recollections of past greatness, and to draw forth sighs for its degradation. From this situation we walked down, and returned through the long Corridor, which of itself contains so many works in all the departments of sculpture, that to describe them would require a volume; and from thence paid a second visit to the Rotundo, which we had left, being anxious to see the Apollo and Laocoon first. This arrangement also permitted us to see them with less fatigue, than if we had previously examined a multiplicity of other objects.

In the Rotundo, the statues are all very fine, but they do not rank in the highest class. We were much pleased with a SACRIFICING PRIEST in that apartment, though we wished that he had not been so overloaded with drapery. A DISCOBOLUS has simple beauty; PHOCION is admirable. There is a second DISCOBOLUS in a momentary action, throwing the discus; the body is remarkably fine, but the disagreeable position of the left leg, with the toes strangely drawn up, has not a pleasing effect. Canova is of opinion, that if such an attitude were

attempted in the present day, the sculptor would be supposed to be out of his senses. There is likewise a statue of a PHILOSOPHER and an APOLLO, extremely beautiful.

In an apartment, in which there are two sarcophagi in porphyry, are some exquisite busts and statues. Among the former is a colossal head of SERAPIS, very fine. Next to it is an OCEANUS or NEPTUNE, blended with the characteristics of Bacchus; his eyebrows represent vine leaves; he has grapes in his hair, and dolphins in his beard, the lower part of which is waved like the sea. Then follow an ANTINOUS, full and voluptuous in expression, the hair hanging in ringlets behind, like those of a woman's, the side view is beautiful, but the front not so pleasing: HADRIAN, full of character and expression: CLAUDIUS, a magnificent bust, and not unlike Napoleon: JUPITER, a singular conformation of head, indeed, none of the busts of Jupiter I have ever seen give any idea of Homer's Jove; they are all too fat, bulky, and without mental expression.

In the room of APOLLO AND THE MUSES, many of the statues of the muses are undoubtedly fine, and others but indifferent. Apollo, though an admirable figure, may be mistaken for one of them, being very like a female in appearance and dress; but as the muses seem to be on good terms with him, it is not for me to make farther observations.

The busts and termini of poets and philosophers, between the statues of the Muses, are full of nature and exquisite art.

In the *Hall of Animals* are some admirable specimens of animals, such as lions, tigers, goats, greyhounds, birds, and fishes; and a most remarkable representation of a lobster. A sweet little fountain delighted us all; it is composed of a ribbed shell, with a duck reclining in it; the whole of these ancient works seem as if they had just come out of the hands of the sculptor.

From the *Hall of Animals* we again passed the rooms containing the Laocoon, the Apollo, and Torso, and came to the statue of MELEAGER, which is a beautiful youthful figure, (though not of the highest class,) with drapery twisted round his arm. The dog on his right seems as if it were stuffed; it has no articulation of the joints, or characteristic markings.

In the room called Canova's room, we saw his statue of PERSEUS, and also two GLADIATORS. Canova is much beholden to the Apollo for the former; indeed, it is a palpable imitation. The Gladiators are vulgar and disagreeable in expression. The hand of the gladiator who tore out the heart of his opponent should have been horizontal; * it is impossible to conceive how it

* According to the story from which this sculpture is taken, two Gladiators had mutually boasted that they would dis-

could enter between the ribs in its present position. They are by no means agreeable figures, and certainly excited little interest, which of them should be first in the work of butchery. How easy it is to discover faults, more especially when they are opposed to so many beauties as may be found in Canova's works! Passing from these, we saw a fine figure of ANTINOUS, different from the one in the Capitol; a piece of drapery is twisted round the left arm, the right is broken off.

An apartment, called the *Statue Gallery*, contains innumerable statues. The reclining figure of ARIADNE, and a figure of ADONIS, struck us as being particularly beautiful; the former, I find, has been studied by N. Poussin. Two Greek poets, supposed to represent POSIDIPPUS and MENANDER, are good statues. Farther on, among inconceivable busts and various fragments, appears a statue of JOVE, who seems to be weighing his thunder in his hand,—not a very superior work of art. In another apartment is a beautiful stooping VENUS; the left leg, however, seemed a little faulty. In the same room is a FAUN with glass eyes, suggesting the idea of a cat in the dark; but in every other respect it is an admirable

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patch each other by a single effort; agreeing that the mode of attack should be left to the choice of each. The one is in the attitude of striking a downward blow; the one thrusts his hand into the breast of his antagonist, and tears out his heart.

statue. The rooms of *Vases, Candelabra, Mosaic,* and *Inscriptions,* united with the great mass of sculpture in the Vatican, are quite overwhelming, and when I look at a few sheets of letter paper, and think, too, of the limited time I can bestow on any attempt to describe them, I confess I am obliged to drop the subject in despair.

The principal advantage in examining the ancient statues with torches, seems to be the variety of effect which it affords, allowing us to examine them in any light best adapted to disclose their general character. I cannot help thinking, however, that the shadows want that clearness which is desirable, and that the details are often too perceptible, and break in upon the general effect: this could be avoided by a variety of torches, but daylight surely would be preferable. The moon was a mere crescent when we passed along the open gallery, which contains some of these divine works; and we could not but admire how completely she transferred one of the statues into the goddess Diana, by appearing just above its head. The stars, too, as it were, played among them, while the limpid fountain fell in trembling lines of silver light.

Through permission given to us by Canova, we have seen the prodigious collection of unarranged marbles in the lower part of the Vatican, for which a gallery is preparing by the present Pope.

Among them, may be seen several excellent statues, and other precious relics of antiquity, highly deserving of careful study. 'The famous statue of the River Nile presides over these, as Apollo does over the matchless collection in the galleries above. This statue was in Paris, and considerably injured, but it is now repaired, and does not seem to be much the worse for its tedious journey. The figure, which is in a recumbent attitude, has the very look of plenty. Various cherubs (sixteen in number) are climbing about him, indicating the various stages of the mighty river. His cornucopia teems with the fruits of the earth, and his countenance looks content.

This collection, among other things, informs us, that female vanity is confined to no particular age. Eve herself is represented by Milton as conscious of superior charms, when she viewed her countenance reflected in the waters of Eden. It is, however, not so easy to determine, at what moment vanity leaves the fair on this side the grave. The Roman sculptors of antiquity represent a female of the Manilian family, at least sixty years of age, as *Venus*, in the same attitude as Venus de Medicis,—with all the expression, too, and air of a girl of sixteen. It was difficult to suppress a smile at this grotesque and unnatural union. The folly of such pretensions can never be more severely satirized. Would some of our British

dowagers hold the mirror up to nature, and see themselves as others see them, they would feel the ridicule of so feigned a character, and descend from the car whereon they had once triumphed, when their age of victory had gone by. Another elderly female, JULIA PIA, was represented with the skin of a lion, and the club of Hercules! more formidable and *striking*, surely, than amiable and winning.

In one of the apartments of this great repository are innumerable heads lying upon the floor, as if they had been thrown down in cart-loads, and it was not a little ridiculous to observe many busts and statues in a state of preparation to receive new ears and noses. Of these, indeed, there is a regular manufactory in the Vatican, together with legs, arms, and hands, and all the details of the human figure.

LETTER XXXIV.

ROME.

Pictures and Marbles in the Capitol.—Statues in the Villa Albani and Villa Ludovisi.—Guercino's Aurora, compared with Guido's painting of the same subject.—Observations on the Frescoes of the greatest Masters.

THE collection of paintings in the Museum of the Capitol is very small, and not very select. Those by Domenichino, Guercino, and Guido, are by much the best, but none of them are entitled to rank higher than second-rate works.

In the first room is a painting of BACCHUS AND ARIADNE by Guido. The figures are certainly well drawn, but in colouring they are pale and vapid. Bacchus is introduced to Ariadne by a beautiful nymph; but one would think, from his dancing-master-like attitude, that it was the first time he had been in good company. A sword and sash lie at his feet, which possibly he may have taken by mistake from some other god. Several drunken children appear to be drinking wine, and except this circumstance, the picture has no other reference to Bacchus. Indeed, we were grateful for not being so situated as to be obliged to praise it.

The celebrated SYBIL by Guercino, which has been copied a thousand times, and of which there is a good engraving, is undoubtedly a beautiful picture, but it has the appearance of a portrait, more than of an elevated ideal character. From the little knowledge I have of physiognomy, I should not expect much more than a pretty billet-doux, or a simple sonnet from her pen. The Sybil by Domenichino, in the same apartment, is in a much higher style, and her countenance beams with intelligence.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES appears to be a duplicate of the famous picture by Guido, in the possession of Mr Alexander Gordon of Edinburgh, but by no means so splendid.*

In the picture of ROMULUS AND REMUS by Rubens, the colouring is very rich, but the children appear to be too pink and raw. They are well relieved, however, by the figure which represents the River Tyber; the wolf is excellent; some birds appear to be picking cherries, to assist the wolf to feed his precious charge; this, though totally absurd and inconsistent with nature, is perhaps not more so than the story of the wolf itself.

These few pictures seemed to me to be the best in the first apartment.

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* The Romans are sparing of their varnish, and, consequently, some of the finest pictures look opaque and heavy.

In the second room is a painting by Guercino, of ST PRUNELLO, a good picture in many respects, but without any apparent plan of light and shade. There are also some clever sketches by Guido, and a picture of EUROPA, said to be by Paul Veronese.

The collection of statues is very considerable in number, and admirable in character. The DYING GLADIATOR ranks at the head of the first class, which embraces the ANTINOUS, ALEXANDER, ZENO, CUPID AND PSYCHE, JUNO, and many others. The Dying Gladiator is, indeed, wonderfully fine; the faintness of death is admirably expressed, and the first glance banishes all hope. It were to be wished, however, that such excellent and scientific workmanship had been given to a more elevated subject than a slave, whose low condition is fixed upon our notice by a rope about his neck. From the peculiarity, and, I may say, mannerism, of the knuckles, I am inclined to think that this statue was executed by the same sculptor who made the statue of the Knife-Grinder, exhibited in the Tribune at Florence.

The ANTINOUS, as it appeared among the other statues, seemed straight and meagre; the legs, especially, are by no means so finely formed as in many other statues in this collection. The head, as you know, is inimitable. The CUPID AND

PSYCHE are extremely beautiful; the chaste sentiment which they express, must captivate every spectator of feeling. The haunch of Cupid, perhaps, is too like that of a female's, but he is represented at an age when the difference of sex on the contour of the external form is scarcely distinguishable.

To give a particular description of these precious marbles would require a longer letter than I can afford to send you at present. Indeed, were I to enter into minute details, you might not be much amused with them; for, I believe there can hardly be any thing more tiresome, than to read what is called a *catalogue raisonnée*. As a curious specimen of ancient art, however, I may mention an admirable statue of a FAUN, in the *Stanza del Fauno*, and a CENTAUR in redstone, with glass eyes. The former is truly exquisite; nothing can exceed the fine manly proportion of the figure, the beautiful expression of the muscles, and the articulation of the knees and joints. The latter is remarkable for spirited action and perfect truth, combined by the most pleasing and elegant taste.

There is a pretty good ancient copy of the VENUS DE MEDICIS in the *Apartment of the Gladiator*, and that leads me to observe, that this statue has been repeatedly copied. It seems, indeed, to have been as great a favourite with the ancients as with the moderns; but it rarely happens

that these representations are good; indeed, I may say the original figure is inimitable; compared with it, all the copies are heavy and bulky. I do not remember seeing any ancient representation of the Apollo Belvidere, (except one,) or any figure that could lead to a discovery of the subject of the famous Torso; a circumstance that inclines one to suppose that they were not held in so high estimation.

The innumerable excellent busts, and other precious relics of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman sculpture, present a collection for study, which would afford endless amusement and improvement. The square of the Campidoglio, or Capitol, contains the finest equestrian statue in the world. MARCUS AURELIUS, AND HIS ANIMATED CHARGER, compel us to do homage to the splendid talents of the ancient Romans; and to regret, that the same high mind and discriminating eye have ceased to distinguish their successors in that fine department of art. In short, the prodigious variety of sculpture which we pass with a glance in Rome, from the eye becoming fastidious on examining the more perfect remains, would be studied and greatly admired in countries where sculpture is rarely to be found.

Among the private collections of marbles, the finest, undoubtedly, are those at the *Villa Albani*, and the *Villa Ludovizi*. The *Villa Albani* belongs to a prince of that name, and is seated on a

gentle rising ground at no great distance from Rome. The views from it are quite Italian; the long horizontal line of the Campagna, bounded by Soracte and the Alban Mount, unite to admiration with the cypress and the pine; and the classical statues are always at hand to furnish superior interest to the fore-ground. Viewed from a little distance, the villa does not seem to so much advantage; the marble statues, scattered about, give a spotty appearance, and interfere greatly with simplicity. The gardens too are extremely formal; but while we walk in them, and find that the numerous statues, river-gods and goddesses, and busts, are chiefly ancient, subordinate circumstances give way to amazement, and any want of taste, displayed in laying out the grounds, is entirely overlooked.

The profusion of marbles, indeed, is quite astonishing: Even in the walls of the casinos may be seen several precious relics of antiquity, while within the palace are seen some of the finest specimens in Rome, of almost every description of sculpture, from the Etruscan to the most refined specimens of Grecian and Roman art. Here the student may see the progress, from the stiff execution and narrow views of nature, to the flowing lines of grace, and the comprehensive and magnificent views of art. An alto relievo of ANTINOUS, in one of the apartments, is perhaps unrivalled, and certainly stands at the head of the collection.

In a VICTORY, the delicacy, and exquisite attitudes of several female figures, are inimitably fine. In the representation of a BATTLE, in which a HORSE appears, character and spirit is sustained to admiration. The statue of FAUSTINA, seated in her chair, challenges any similar work for ease and beauty; and her feet—nothing was ever more exquisite! But it is wrong to name a few, when there are many that are so perfect; indeed, for the artist or connoisseur, there is, perhaps, no place which affords a greater variety of select and precious works than the *Villa Albani*.

In the *Villa Ludovizi* is a noble statue of MARS REPOSING, which may rank among the greatest works of sculpture. He is represented sitting, and the figure is youthful, yet expressive of manly beauty; his hands rest on his left knee, which is bent; his shield is on his right, and his sword is in his left hand, and Cupid appears smiling at his feet. It is a naked figure, with only a little drapery over the right knee. The figure is full, and perhaps more expressive of a magnificent youth, than of the God of War. A group, said to be PAPIRIUS pretending to disclose the secret of the senate to HIS MOTHER, cannot fail to charm the beholder. Papirius is a lovely figure, in an easy and natural attitude; his mother gently leans upon his right shoulder, and appears to coax him in so tender, persuasive, and bewitching a manner, that it is im-

possible to believe that he could have deceived her. * The sculpture is by Menelaus.. A statue of BACCHUS holding up his right arm squeezing a bunch of grapes into a cup, is truly excellent, presenting a better idea of the God of Wine, than the swelled and bloated-looking monster which we generally find him represented to be. Two figures, supposed to be PAETUS supporting his WIFE ARRIA, after her having mortally wounded herself, form a splendid group, full of expression

* The story which forms the subject of this group is generally known. His mother endeavours to learn from Papirius, a youth introduced by his father into the Senate House before the proper age, what were the deliberations of that august assembly, proving, that, in those patriotic days of Rome, female curiosity was chiefly concerned about matters from which the *Spectator* would have debarred his fair contemporaries. With the caution of a young statesman, Papirius amused his mother with a delusive answer, calculated to operate on her feminine feelings. He told her, that the question which occupied the attention of the senate, was; Whether one wife should be allowed to have two husbands, or two husbands to have one wife. The alternative was alarming. The dreadful dilemma was communicated to the Roman matrons, who, with one voice, petitioned the senate next day, that the wives might be allowed to have two husbands each, rather than that two wives should be condemned to one husband. The senators, amazed at the petition, on learning the cause of it, passed a decree, that no youth, under a certain age, should be admitted into the Senate House, except the prudent young man Papirius.

and elevated character. Moulds from this group, and from the statue of Mars and Papirius and his mother, were forming for casts to be presented to the Prince Regent. There are also in this collection some excellent colossal busts of JUNO; a beautiful statue of AGRIPPINA, and many other statues and marbles in exquisite taste, and of the most perfect workmanship.

In the same villa is the magnificent fresco painting of AURORA, by Guercino, which, for powerful richness, freshness of colouring, and fine poetical conception, claims unbounded praise. Aurora, from the bed of Tithonus, sits in her car scattering flowers, indicating the sweetness and freshness of the early morning. Female figures, representing the hours, are in advance, and are putting out the stars with their hands. A sweet little cherub behind the golden car of Aurora, seemingly shivering with the cold of the dewy dawn, yet, with the earliest gleam of the sun's light upon his infant shoulder, conveys a fine idea of the tenderness of infancy, susceptible of the first rays of the rising day.

The fresco painting by Guido, in the Casino, in the garden of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, is differently treated. Instead of Aurora, we perceive APOLLO in a blaze of light, drawn in his car by four horses, with beautiful female figures, representing the hours, dancing merrily round, and

preceded by Hesper and Aurora scattering flowers.' Guido has chosen a more advanced period of the morning; the sun has risen in splendour. Guercino, on the other hand, has preferred the first appearance of morn, contrasted with the grey hues of departing night, uniting the attributes of coolness and freshness, and there is something extremely pure and beautiful in the idea of the hours putting out the light of the stars. It were to be wished, however, that the composition of the picture were more justly conceived, and that the figures had exhibited more of ideal beauty. The exquisite drawing and fine taste in Guido's painting, (with the exception of the figure of Apollo,) the perfect and magnificent whole, the joyous emotions which are excited in the heart, by the assurance of a glorious day, make it difficult to draw the line between the comparative merits of these great painters. Guercino's painting, I would say, seems to be more the work of a poet, and Guido's that of a learned painter.

Besides the exquisite picture of Aurora, in the *Villa Ludovizi*, there is a fresco picture of a FAME with snowy wings,—perfectly divine. Comparing the different great masters in fresco painting, in regard to colouring, I know none who gives more force, richness, and clearness, than Guercino; and perhaps he is, in that respect, quite unrivalled. The frescoes of Raphael, in the Vatican, are undoubted-

ly much superior in dignity of style and exquisite drawing and expression, but perhaps not in colouring. "Michael Angelo's Creation of Man in the Sistine Chapel is admirable, but weak in colour compared with Guercino, though it must be confessed it does not seem to require much additional power." Domenichino's celebrated frescoes, especially those in the church called S. Luigi de Francesi, and St Andrea della Valle, as also his St Sebastian in the church of the Madonna degli Angeli, rank very high. Those in the church St Luigi degli Angeli, in delicacy and finishing, approach to oil, and shew that fresco painting admits of considerable finishing; those in St Andrea della Valle are broad and light in colouring.

All these frescoes are extremely different in their style. Guido occasionally has too much of a dull red on his flesh; even Raphael and Annibal Carracci are not without that defect. Domenichino's colouring is generally sober and quiet; but in the pictures in the spondrils of the dome in St Andrea dalla Valle, it is bright, and not so pleasing to the eye. Taking the merits of the finest fresco paintings, as to what must always be considered the great characteristics of a sublime work of art, there can be no doubt that Michael Angelo is entitled to take the lead; then follow Raphael, Domenichino, Parmagiano, Annibal Caracci, Guido, Guercino, &c. The

general effect in all the best frescoes, in point of colouring, is considerably below the power of oil painting, from the colour sinking into the lime, and the want of a vehicle to sustain its richness.

LETTER XXXV.

ROME.

Cardinal Fesch's Collection.

DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOL.

No where more than in Rome does the stranger enjoy the important advantage of a ready access to the collections of works of art. Cardinal Fesch is peculiarly obliging, and even permits strangers to see his private cabinet, while he may be there himself.

After seeing so many pictures of the Italian school, which consists chiefly of scriptural subjects, it is an agreeable relief to renew our acquaintance with familiar nature, and enjoy those pastoral scenes, which at all times give delight.

We begin with the furthest off room.

A picture by PAUL POTTER of considerable size, very highly finished. The under wood and extricacy of the scenery is well expressed, though perhaps the labour is too apparent. The cattle are small and not well painted; the picture, indeed, is merely curious for its minute detail. The sky is certainly not in harmony with the landscape.

BACKHAUSEN, a clever little picture, and full of nature. Two small scriptural subjects by TENIERS, uncommon pictures for the master; nevertheless, they have great merit, and are almost completely free of that manner by which we can discover his pencilling and conception of the figure.

A VARGOEN, very poor.

A landscape by GLUNBER, most minutely finished. To go beyond the finishing of Claude's finest pictures seems quite superfluous, and a waste of time, and what indeed is worse, it generally deteriorates the sentiment of the picture. Unnecessary labour can never be indifferent in its consequences, and we may lay it down as a maxim, that what does not tend to ameliorate, will be injurious. The trees are of good forms, and a beautiful distance appears between them. A paleness, inclinable to chalk, is perceptible throughout the whole; yet the colouring is inoffensive and pleasing. I could have wished, however, that the picture had had a little more spirit and richness; this would not have been incompatible with the subject, but, on the contrary, improved it much.

VANDYKE.

Sketch of a MAN IN ARMOUR on a White Horse, spirited and free; there is no mistaking it, the masterly hand, and high toned feeling of Vandyke, is perceptible in every part.

VANDER MULLEN.

A BATTLE, in a pleasing landscape, in which a White Horse gives great point and effect; it is, indeed, a perfect little gem.

PAUL POTTER.

CATTLE, with a kind of close woody back-ground, seemingly painted from nature. The landscape is the best part of the picture; the cattle are bad, and not like the pencilling and accuracy of the master; I should suppose them to be by a different hand.

SNYDERS.

A BOAR HUNT, quite perfect; conveying a terrible idea of this amusement, if such it may be called, when life is in constant danger. The action and spirit of the dogs cannot be surpassed, yet they evidently have the worst of it; their teeth seem to make but small impression on the tough hide of the ferocious animal. This admirable painter, who may be said to stand alone in painting animals in action, with so much truth, must have been able to seize every evanescent gesture, with a facility quite surprising, and make them all subservient to the inventions of a poetical mind.

WIENIX.

A picture of an OLD MAN AND A YOUNG

WOMAN WITH GOATS, admirably painted, but very indelicate. Indeed, I was surprised to see such a picture in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the cardinal, but it must be presumed, it is the exquisite art which it displays, and not the sentiment of the subject, that gives the picture a place among crucifixes. Possibly, when his excellency wishes to avoid looking at any objectionable part in it, he may put up his hand before his eyes, like the young woman in the picture, but, no doubt, with his fingers a little closer together.

In an adjoining apartment, which is the cardinal's bed-room, there is a fine bust of NAPOLEON, crowned with a wreath of gold. There are also several good pictures; among the best is, a MARY MAGDALENE by Vandyke, sweetly coloured, but a little deficient in beauty. The countenance, however, expresses great grief and true repentance.

TENIERS.

A CAVERN SCENE WITH MONKS: one of them, near the front of the picture, is seen washing cabbages, and very fine ones they are. Teniers is fond of cavern scenes, and I have more than once thought, that he has introduced figures in them which have no connection with such situations. The picture is painted with great spirit,

and the vegetables evidently seem to have been done from nature.

RUBENS.

A small SCRIPTURAL SUBJECT, remarkably rich in colour, and carefully executed.

KARIL DU JARDIN.

CHRIST UPON THE CROSS, well painted, well drawn, and with good effect. The finishing has no fault; the Virgin, however, in her stiff stays, looked somewhat out of character.

VANDYKE.

A RESURRECTION. The figures are dark on the fore-ground, which adds to the splendid effect on our Saviour, who is rising surrounded by a glory.

GERARD DELLE NOTTI.

ROBBERS AND SOLDIERS PLAYING CARDS BY CANDLE-LIGHT; a noble picture, and said to be his masterpiece. It is certainly full of character, and well composed. The shaded figure, with his back towards the spectator, is admirably contrasted with the brightest light, and contributes greatly to produce the luminous effect for which this picture is so celebrated.

PETER NEIFS.

INTERIOR OF A CATHEDRAL; like most of his other works, hard and disagreeable.

REMBRANDT.

A picture of our SAVIOUR, rather larger than life. The head and shoulders are very obscure, and the expression of the countenance somewhat vulgar; though freely painted, that is not a sufficient compensation for the total want of good drawing. This picture is said to be by Rembrandt.

In the third room there is an exquisite little picture by ALBERT CUYP,* consisting of a FEW BOATS AND PART OF A DUTCH TOWN. The aërial tone is of a warm yellowish hue, beautifully sustained throughout the picture. The scientific mixture of warm and cool pearly greys is perfectly captivating. To the left, a dark boat, with figures opposed to the strongest light, gives great point and effect to the landscape, and delicacy to the sky. You, my good friend, † would have dwelt upon this fascinating production of art, with the glistening eye of de-

* The farther off sails of the boats were of a yellow cast, upon a light silvery sky, though warm. Opposed to the yellowish sails, were others of a dark greenish brown. The town illuminated, very rich in colour, something of the hue of burnt Terra de Sienna; the shadows of the buildings were grey. The small dark boat had a figure in red, and others in brown. The water reflected the various objects, and was lower in tone of brightness than the sky.

† These letters were addressed to the Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston.

light; indeed, on studying the sky, I perceived much of your feeling and fine discriminating taste for these delightful and pure tones, which entirely escape the common observer of nature.

VAN HUYSUM.

Two upright FLOWER PIECES, finished to the last degree of delicacy, with a surprising expression of beauty and truth.

SCALKIN.

A CANDLE-LIGHT PIECE, very perfect.

TENIERS.

Inside of a COW-HOUSE, the Cattle ill drawn, but well coloured. The figures, which consist of a woman pouring out milk, and an old man behind her, are in his light manner, and freely painted.

ISAAC OSTADE.

A picture of transcendent merit. The composition consists of a LANDSCAPE, with pollard-looking trees, Dutch houses and horses, sheep, and figures. It is accurate, rich, and full of character. The lights are all opaque upon transparent ground, of a lucid amber tone, strengthened in advancing towards the bottom of the picture. This colour of ground, or rather shadow of the various objects,

is a favourite one with the Dutch and Flemish schools, and generally it is left, transparent, or slightly scumbled with opaque colour. It never fails to produce a pleasing unity, and, indeed, has even a happy power of combining the most opposite and powerful colours in agreeable harmony. Whether this method has been adopted by accident, the transparent colour suggesting ideas of beauty, as the painter proceeded in his subject, or whether it has been adopted through long experience, it is difficult to conjecture. It is certainly mannerism, so far at least as it is not strictly referable to the authority of nature; but who would find fault with the method, when the result fills the mind so completely, and offers a finer and more agreeable harmony, than we generally find in nature? It may, however, be carried too far, as we have, indeed, occasionally observed in the works of Hobbima, Bergham, Ruysdaal, Vangoen, &c.

RUYSDAAL.

A LANDSCAPE, with green stumpy trees, opposed to a cool cloudy sky; a very dark tree appears on the fore-ground, and produces a fine effect; perhaps the picture is a little heavy and cold, but it must be mentioned, that it was hanging near the beautiful rich picture by Ostade.

In the same room are also several pictures by Wienix, a small Teniers, and a painting of

a Female by Vandyke. In the cardinal's study there are some very choice specimens of Dutch and Flemish art.

WOUVERMANS.

An upright picture of considerable size, truly exquisite in design and colouring. A LADY, in an orange dress, is sitting on a white horse, with many other figures, and black and brown horses near her, forming an interesting group. A mass of rich yellow cloud, which approaches near the centre, forms the principal light in the sky, which is blended with innumerable delightful tones of cool greys. The blue in the sky is pure, especially under the great mass of cloud; the distance is of a bluish grey, and retires in the finest manner, carrying along with it the sweetest harmonizing colours of landscape scenery; the whole effect is so skilfully treated, that nothing individual appears, though the objects are very numerous; the trees are touched with a free pencil, both in the great masses and in the external leafing. The foreground, composed of stumps and plants, and varied broken ground, is managed in the most judicious manner, and is connected artfully with the subject and incidents in the picture. There is likewise another picture by this inimitable master, in which, as usual, a white horse forms the principal point of the picture, and beside him stands a picturesque

figure adjusting the stirrup. The purple brown saddle-cloth harmonizes with the light and grey shadows of the horse, and the opposing figures which are out of the mass of light. The sky, too, takes its part in the fine effect, and indicates innumerable ideas of purity and perfect art. A couple of ducks, nibbling on the fore-ground, are not without their use; the touches of colour on their wings assist in sustaining the brilliancy and spirit of the whole.

Adrian Vanderveldt.

A picture six feet in length, (an uncommon size for the master.) It appears to be a Caravan with loaded camels, cattle, and numerous figures. The back-ground has nothing like an eastern appearance, nor have the cows, which are Dutch-looking animals, in as fine condition as any I ever saw. In short, this master, so excellent in familiar scenes in pastoral life, has found himself a little out of his element in this, I suppose, Egyptian subject; there are several other pictures by Vanderveldt, but none equal to what I have seen in England.

Teniers.

Christ Crowned with Thorns. A gross familiar conception of a subject greatly too dignified for a Dutch pencil.

BERGHEN.

A COURT-YARD, WITH HORSES, an agreeable specimen of the master.

PYNACKER.

TWO LANDSCAPES. Indifferent pictures.

METZU.

A SLEEPING GAMEKEEPER, perfect in colouring and finish.

ROCKMAN.

A good LANDSCAPE, in a style between Rubens and Rembrandt; travelling gleams of light are well represented behind the stems of some aged trees, and lead the eye into mysterious glades.

HOBBIMA.

A local scene, freely and firmly painted, with an inaccurate discernment of the detail of nature.

EVERDINGIN.

This picture represents a WINDY DAY. The trees are waving in the wind, and the water is greatly agitated. The sky is cool and clear, and well contrasted with autumnal colouring; the shadows are thin, merely a slight glazing, the lights are opaque, but not of any considerable body, yet there is no appearance of change in the picture.

It is seemingly as fresh and clear as the day it was painted.

KAREL DE MOOR.

A sweet little picture; the only one I ever saw of the master. It represents a LADY PLAYING ON A GUITAR. The landscape back-ground is exquisitely finished, mellow, and rich, to the last degree; yet pleasingly subdued. Near this small painting is a delightful picture by Ostade, and some portraits by Rembrandt and others.

RUBENS.

A sketch of PLUTO AND PROSERPINE, very masterly, a fine flow of line, but perhaps his system is too perceptible. It is, however, a fine lesson for a painter.

GERHARD DOUW.

A good picture.

WOUWERMANS.

A BATTLE-PIECE, from four to five feet in length, and high in proportion, certainly a curious picture, highly finished, admirably painted, and the horses in every attitude are full of spirit; yet the picture is not pleasing. The horses are too much detached, the want of a whole affords no rest to the eye, and though many of the groupes are well contrived

as groupes, it must be confessed, they add little to the general effect. In short, the picture is a failure.

VANDER-HEYDEN.

If any painter had a right to make a display of his finishing it was Vander-heyden; it is truly exquisite, and all referable to truth; yet does that excellent master wisely keep it subservient to the whole, which is always broad and masterly. His pictures are like those modest characters which do not shew their various excellencies at first, but improve upon acquaintance, and display innumerable traits of talent. The buildings in this picture are quite a deception; and a little red draw-bridge is well introduced for the purpose of giving relief to a mass of green.

REMBRANDT.

A sketch in brown and yellowish white considerably subdued. The subject, I believe, is ST JOHN PREACHING. The expression and character of the various persons in this crowded scene are diversified and appropriate.

VANDYKE.

A picture of the GRACES, not very pleasing. The Grace to the right is rather bulky, and theatrical in her attitude, and the Grace to the left

seems as if she had usurped her situation; she certainly has but little of the beau ideal in her person; nevertheless, she is sufficiently beautiful for her admirers, Mercury and his companion, (in shepherd's dress,) who really are, to speak the truth, a pair of very mean-looking fellows.

CUYP.

A group of Two Cows, painted in a firm and lucid manner. The cow which is lying down is black and white, the one standing behind is white and red. The harmony is good, and greatly assisted by the warmth of the sky. Another picture, by Cuyp, of an oblong form, represents DUTCH FISHERMEN drawing a net, and two horses, apparently introduced to fill up his composition. It is a good picture, but not equal to the Boat scene by the same master.

RUBENS.

The ADORATION OF THE MAGI, a picture of a very high class, no mannerism. The drawing is good, and the figures to the right are perhaps equal to any thing painted by his magic hand; the light and splendour have seldom been equalled by any painter.

SNYDERS.

A BOAR HUNT, a painting of great excellence.

The boar is dark in the middle of the picture, and produces a good effect, not unlike the disposition of light and shade in many of the pictures by Rubens, with light and splendour, playing, as it were, round a central shade. In the same room with this picture are others by the same master, especially a FOX HUNT, and some pictures of Waterfalls by Ruysdaal, and Cattle pieces by Bergham.

I have only noticed the leading pictures in the Dutch and Flemish schools; there are many others which will arrest the discerning eye, and afford a mental feast.

LETTER XXXVI.

ITALIAN AND OTHER SCHOOLS.

ROME.

Cardinal Fesch's Collection of Italian, Venetian, and French Masters.—Madame Mere's (Napoleon's Mother) Pictures, and Lucien Buonaparte's, Prince of Canino.

SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBA.

THREE pictures in fresco, in a very low tone of colouring, and varnished. They were formerly in the church called La Pache; and altogether (for they seem to have belonged to one picture) represent the SALUTATION OF ELIZABETH. The style is solemn and grand, but I do not see why the subject should have such a dark and melancholy cast. The single figure in one of the frescoes is admirably drawn; the head, in the corresponding fresco on the right, leads me to suppose that the picture, of which the head is a part, has never been finished. A small picture in oil, comprehending the whole subject entire, serves as a key to these interesting and certainly noble efforts of the pencil.

ANNIBAL CARACCI.

OUR SAVIOUR AND THE VIRGIN MARY; a picture of a high-class. A ST JOHN, by Schedoni, in a grand style, and not too dark; and a HOLY FAMILY, by Sasso Ferrato, are all good pictures.

FRANCISCO MOLA.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER MEETING HER FATHER, AFTER HIS RASH VOW. A small picture. The colouring of this picture is superior to the expression, which does not touch the soul.

There are two modes of glazing in finishing a picture, the one by using a general harmonizing colour, such as asphaltum, and the other with the local colours of the various objects; the former is generally the most successful in giving a pleasing effect, but the latter, when judiciously managed, produces a brilliancy and clearness infinitely beyond the former. And I could desire no better instance than this little picture of Francisco Mola's, as a proof of the superiority.

The companion to this picture is MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK, but not so agreeable in any respect, though a beautiful painting.

SPAGNOLETTO.

A PHILOSOPHER, well painted, but without any mental expression, and too like a mendicant.

CORREGGIO.

A MADONNA AND CHILD, a sweet picture, without heaviness; the infant is innocence itself.

SALVATOR ROSA.

TOBIT AND THE ANGEL, freely painted, and good effect of colour.

DOMENICHINO.

ADAM AND EVE. Not an agreeable picture; the landscape is too dark, and not composed in his usual judicious and pleasing manner.

JULIO ROMANO.

NEPTUNE AND VENUS. A fresco, varnished and glazed, finely drawn, and well coloured. It might be mistaken for a painting in oil.

DOMENICHINO.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT SEATED ON AN EAGLE. A picture not equal to that great master.

RAPHAEL.

Several portraits, said to be by this hand.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

JOCONDA. The picture of a female, said to have been his mistress. We were informed it was painted for Francis I., but refused by him, as not

being quite to his taste. It is the portrait of a smirking loose-looking woman, naked down to the elbows. How Leonardo da Vinci, with his noble grave countenance, and fine white beard, could have painted such a subject, I must confess surprises me. Were it possible the smirking lady could speak, she certainly would, from her appearance, say something very disgusting to a modest ear.

Andrea del Sarto.

A Holy Family. A picture of great reputation. It is very much glazed, and the figures are seen through a very considerable medium of transparent colour, as it were "through a glass darkly." When the style of painting is calculated for such an effect, it rarely fails to please, as it destroys any thing like pretension to gaudy colouring.

Georgione.

A Portrait of Himself, (a young-looking man,) in a singular dress, something like a loose flannel jacket, and red pantaloons. The picture of his wife, or mistress, hangs in the opposite corner; both portraits have a good effect, but they are hung so high, that I could not see the details of finishing.

Carlo Dolci.

A small picture of St Sebastian. The face is

beautiful, and the colouring of the whole clear and captivating, but the hand and arm is badly drawn.

RAPHAEL.

CHRIST UPON THE CROSS, said to be painted when Raphael was only 18 years of age; the drawing is very hard and unpleasing, and the faces are much alike, with little expression of nature, but there are undoubtedly signs of talent and future promise.

ANNIBAL CARACCI.

A small picture of the DEATH OF CHRIST, sweetly painted. The Virgin Mary reclines, or rather lies, by the side of Jesus, with her arm round his neck. Two Angels appear to be weeping, which, perhaps, is not altogether in character; at least, one would suppose that our Saviour, who had left this wicked world, would not be dead to celestial spirits.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

A long picture of the LAST SUPPER, painted from the noble fresco by that master. It is indifferently done, and certainly not original. The feet are ill drawn and badly painted, and the whole picture is too red.

TITIAN.

THE DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH. I have been informed that this picture is suspected not to be an original; be that as it may, it ranks among the finest paintings in Cardinal Fesch's collection. The Doctors have much the appearance of being portraits; St. Gregory represents a Pope, and St Girolomo a Cardinal; the latter, a grave, sensible-looking person, is explaining a point in the Catholic ritual, regarding the Virgin Mary, who is seated above. The Pope does not seem to comprehend the Cardinal's reasoning, and really, from the stupidity of his countenance, he does not seem likely to be soon convinced. The picture is unquestionably fine in the principal attributes of a splendid work of art,—grandeur of style, expression, good colouring, and effect.

PERINO DEL VAGA.

Immediately opposite to this painting is a picture by Perino del Vaga, representing ST SEBASTIAN and other figures; murky darkness prevails too much, but there is a certain dignity which is very appropriate and pleasing.

GASPAR POUSSIN.

A noble upright landscape, descriptive of A STORM; the air of the composition is very classical and grand; lightning flashes through a troubled

sky, gilding the tops of distant mountains, and discloses various temples and buildings on the distant plain; a waterfall hurries itself into obscurity, and the trees appear as if they groaned in the blas uge branch is torn down and laid prostrate o the ea th, and figures and cattle are struck by the lightning. The picture has great harmony, which is produced by simple means; there is no great variety of colour, and greens are totally excluded; yellow, brown, and grey, seem to be the only variety. The figures are not by Gaspar or Niccolo Poussin; they have nothing of their manner, nor are they sufficiently characteristic of such a noble subject. Common cows and horses, with rustic figures, would have been more appropriately represented in familiar local scenery. It has been said that this picture is not by Gaspar, from some trifling weakness to the right of the waterfall. I confess it did not strike me; the whole completely filled the mind, and pronounced the painter, whoever he may have been, to be possessed of transcendent skill. Gmelen of Rome has engraved a composition by Gaspar Poussin of nearly the same subject, with the exception of the figures, which he calls Il Temporale del Poussino. There are several pictures by Titian, Paris Bourdon, &c. and we remarked a very striking picture of St Carlo Boromeo.

Guido.

An Ascension of the Virgin; quite a master-piece, and a happy medium of richness, in his light and silvery style; nothing can exceed the beauty of the Virgin.

Guido.

A St Sebastian, remarkable for effect and anatomical accuracy. The picture has the appearance as if it had been painted by candle-light.

Albano.

Two pictures by this master, well painted and carefully finished; but Albano occasionally wants nerve, and often reminds me of truth spoken in a whisper. His Time carrying away Cupid from an aged Venus, is amusing and good.

Murillo.

A small picture of a Holy Family, exquisite in colouring, but deficient in spirit. Murillo was afraid of those occasional cutting lines which give character and energy. Without a little sharpness, softness sinks into insipidity; Raphael Mengs also is very defective in this respect.

Danial de Volterra.

A Salutation, a picture of great merit.

French School.—Niccolo Poussin.

The Dancing Hours, (engraved by Morghen,)

a picture full of spirit, and beautifully coloured. Apollo appears seated in his car, preceded by Aurora scattering flowers. Niccolo's classical taste is very conspicuous in this small but perfect work. The DELUGE, by the same hand, is not so successful; the figures are all too mean and familiar to excite that interest which such a subject demands; the effect, however, is in his usual classical taste.

CLAUDE.

Four LANDSCAPES, said to be by this inimitable master; none of them have the veritable stamp of originality; the finely depicted nature in Claude's paintings is not to be mistaken.

GASPAR POUSSIN.

There are no less than fifteen pictures by this master, but none very good; indeed, I suspect several of them not to be original. They all, however, though black and heavy, abound in good subordinate parts.

WATTEAU.

Two large paintings by this master, beautiful, but not so splendid as many of his smaller pictures; the light and colour on one of them is carried from figure to figure like a wreath of flowers; the contrivance or conceit is pretty, and seems to be expressive of the bloom of youth and its short-lived hours of joy. Watteau had a neat and elegant

touch, and coloured to admiration, and when these qualities were united to grace, his pictures are truly fascinating. He thought for himself, and though a great admirer of Rubens, his combinations of colour are original and always pleasing.

BORGOGNONE.

The pictures by Borgognone seem to indicate a warlike mind. There are several of his battles in this collection, and every thing in them appears to be fighting, horses, men, and skies. *

DAVID (a Modern Master.)

A picture of ST JEROME, an indifferent performance, without any of the attributes of a good picture; ill conceived and coloured, tame, without clearness or surface.

GRUIZE.

There are several heads painted by this master; they have all a French cast, and abound in trifling conceits, rosy lips, languid eyes, &c. united to a kind of mawkish affectation of sensibility or delicacy which is quite unsufferable; they are, however, extremely well painted.

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* Borgognone's pictures strongly remind me of the spirited sketches of battles, by Sir James Stuart, Bart. of Allanbank, who, had he devoted himself to painting, might have rivalled the greatest masters in that department.

SABLET.

Several pictures of familiar subjects, by this master. The colouring is in general excellent, and the pencilling free. Nature is not overlooked, and occasionally the expression is unaffected and agreeable.

The works of the modern French painters, as works of imagination, are deficient in energy of design and composition; even their drawing is defective. They rarely venture on any bold foreshortening; and from not attending to the ingenious mechanism of the ancient masters, their colouring may be said to be very unscientific; it never has that characteristic splendour which distinguishes the immortal works of the old Italian school. Chiaro-oscuro, too, is so little understood, that it may be said they are entirely ignorant of its principles. It does, indeed, appear very singular and unaccountable, that, with such a collection as that of the Louvre, which was at all times excellent, the French masters should have made so little progress; especially, too, as it does not seem that there has been any want of encouragement to the fine arts in France.

MADAME MERE'S (NAPOLEON'S MOTHER) PICTURES.

We were informed that Madam Mere's collection of pictures, though small, is very select. We,

however, were greatly disappointed. She has no pictures of any consequence. A few views of Venice by Canelleti, a pair of pictures by Rosa of Tivoli, a painting said to be by Julio Romano, a Le Seur, and some other inferior productions, is all that the empress-mother can boast of. The busts in marble are chiefly of her own family.

THE PRINCE OF CANINO'S (LUCIEN BUONAPARTE'S) PAINTINGS.

The Prince of Canino, in whose palace we now reside, has but few pictures, perhaps not exceeding thirty; but they are very select, and such a choice little collection we enjoy more than an extensive gallery, which generally fatigues the mind before it can be half examined. It is, however, difficult to obtain permission to see them, as the family inhabit the rooms in which they are hung, the rest of the palace being let to strangers.

In the first room there is a picture of MARY MAGDALEN BEFORE OUR SAVIOUR, by Annibal Caracci, quite a masterpiece. The simple dignity of Christ is finely opposed to the admirably depicted expression of sorrow and repentance in the countenance and figure of Mary. There is also a splendid painting of CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND, by Ludovico Caracci; and a painting of CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON, by Agostino Caracci. This last painting is remarkable for expression; return-

ing life, dismissing the shades of death, cannot be better expressed, and must surprise every beholder. Perhaps the effect of the picture might have been improved, had the right knee of our Saviour been lighter, and likewise the hands of the widow; the *toute-ensemble* of light and shade would have been more agreeable to the eye. The painting of CHRIST BEFORE PILATE, by Gerrard della Notti, is certainly the finest picture I have seen by that master; we were very much struck with the resignation and dignified expression of Christ; it is a candle-light piece of great dimensions, and yet all is in the most agreeable harmony, without any affectation in the management of the light and shadow. Domenichino's picture of ST JOHN, looking up to the VIRGIN MARY in Heaven, with TWO PRIESTS in the attitude of adoration, is finely painted, but not very interesting.

In the second room is a CHRIST ON THE CROSS, said to be by Michael Angelo, but the pencilling and colouring shew that they are by a different hand; the delicate finishing is the work of a master who must have had great practice in painting in oil. It may, however, have been done from a drawing by Michael Angelo. There is too much agony and pain expressed in the countenance and figure of our Saviour, and I could have wished the body had been less twisted.

A Portrait of the DUKE D'URBINO, by Raphael, is exquisitely painted, and true to nature.

CHRIST AT THE WELL, by Julio Romano, is a fine picture.

In a small picture of the BIRTH OF CHRIST, by Simon da Pisaro, the illumination of the subject is from the infant, as in the celebrated Notte (night piece) of Correggio.

DIANA AND ACTEON is a small exquisitely painted picture, said to be by Titian, of the same composition as that in the Marquis of Stafford's. The contrivance, and fine combination of light and shade, the chiaro-oscuro, and purity of colouring, are entitled to high admiration.

A MADONNA AND CHILD, by Raphael, is one of the finest pictures in the collection. The ideal beauty of the mother, and the innocence and sweet expression of the child, are extremely captivating.

The MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS, by N. Poussin, is a picture, which, in colouring, composition, and expression, may be said to be without a fault. But the nearer such a subject approaches to nature, the more revolting it must appear to be; one shudders at the horrible sight of a soldier, with his foot on the neck of a child, which he has stabbed with his sword, in the presence of its mother. The frantic agony of her expression is wonderfully expressed. The whole, indeed, leaves such an impression on the

mind, that we have less pleasure in examining other works of art immediately after it. In the Vatican, there is another of these disgusting subjects, painted by N. Poussin, representing a wretch pulling out the entrails of a saint; it is, indeed, surprising that a painter of such classical taste could have brought down his elegant mind to such an exhibition of human depravity.

There is a picture by Teniers of an OLD WOMAN, with a knife in her hand, stalking among all kinds of monsters, and Cerberus growling in shade. She has nothing infernal in her countenance, more than the look of a scolding termagant, which, perhaps, is quite sufficient even for the torment of the damned. It is a good picture, and there is no mistaking it to be by the hand of the master to whom it is ascribed.

A COLOSSAL VENUS, by Alexander Allori, is well painted, but by no means agreeable, at least not more so than the real exhibition of such a giantess would be; we lose sight of that delicate and feminine softness which captivates all hearts.

MODESTY AND VANITY, by Leonardo da Vinci, is said to be the original of the same subject in the Sciarra Palace; the one in the Sciarra is supposed by many to be a copy by Luini. Luini made many copies of Leonardo da Vinci's works; indeed, he was a professed imitator of his style, and several of his pictures have been taken for

Da Vinci's; but, with respect to the picture in the Sciarra Palace, and that belonging to the Prince Canino, I must confess I can give no additional information. They are extremely similar, and both admirably painted; the latter seems to be somewhat lighter, but I could perceive no other difference; no touch is perceptible in either. It seemed to me that there is a little confusion of hands, and that they are too light for the subdued colour of the heads, and so arranged, as if to produce too much the appearance of a display of beautiful fingers. Modesty is nature itself, and Vanity is almost faultless; she has the same smirk which we find in all Da Vinci's female heads, but in her it is not unappropriate.

Then follow a PORTRAIT, by Vandyke, in his best manner:

A PORTRAIT OF A LADY, by Rubens, exquisitely painted, and not unlike a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds:

A PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND HER LAP-DOG, by Moro, perfect nature:

A fine PORTRAIT by Holbein:

A PORTRAIT by Ludovico Caracci, freely painted:

An admirable PORTRAIT by Cristofano Allori:

A ST CECILIA by Guido, a good picture, but not in his best manner:

Several HEADS by Van Mol, seemingly repre-

senting various ages, but called Diogenes looking for an Honest Man; a very superior work of art; the pencilling is as free as possible, very expressive of nature, both in colour and drawing. A youthful face, opposed to an aged head, is quite divine.

The Prince Canino is likewise in possession of several antiques; a bronze APOLLO, found at Tusculum, very fine; a Font or Cistern from the same place, perfect in the execution, besides many other relics of considerable beauty.

LETTER XXXVII.

ROME.

Fresco Paintings in the Palazzo Costaguti.—The Poniatowski Collection.—Description of the Ancient Painting called the Aldobrandini Marriage.—Ancient Paintings in the Baths of Titus.—Prices given by the Ancients for Pictures.—Statues of Castor and Pollux.—Prices given for Colossal Statues.—Michael Angelo's Statue of Moses in the Church of St Peter in Vincoli.

PALAZZO COSTAGUTI.

THERE is no collection of pictures in the Costaguti Palace, but the fresco paintings in the ceilings by Domenichino, Guercino, Albano, and Lanfranc, are worthy of study. That by Guercino, in particular, is remarkably fine, and, in point of richness and powerful colouring, is not inferior to his Aurora in the Casino in the *Villa Ludovisi*. The subject is, RINALDO IN A CAR, DRAWN BY SIX DRAGONS; he is asleep, and Armida is gazing upon him The figure of Armida is incomparably fine. I cannot say so much for the work of a greater master, Domenichino. It is, indeed, surprising to see how unequal in merit the pictures of the same painter are compared with each other, and even with inferior

artists; there cannot, indeed, be a more striking instance of it, than the comparison of Domenichino's fresco of Apollo in the Chariot of the Sun, with the fresco of Rinaldo and Armida. The horses seem to have greatly puzzled Domenichino; the picture principally represents horses' legs, at least they are the only part of it that arrests the eye. But some little Cupids or Boys, in the same apartment, make amends for our disappointment with the principal subject; some of them are very beautiful, and well coloured; one is playing with a dog, others with a crook, the club of Hercules, a lion's skin, or a bow and arrow, &c. A little cherub, however, which caught my eye, seemed a little out of character, skimming through the air with a fiddle in his hand. Lanfranc's painting represents Justice and Peace, and in colouring, is not unlike the splendour of Guercino's picture. Albano's Hercules and Dejanira is but indifferent.

In one of the apartments, the whole walls are painted in the style of a panorama by Gaspar Poussin. The design, which consists of a mixture of sea ports, is wretched in the extreme, and seemingly coloured with an unmeaning and uneducated eye; such an exhibition, from the hand of a master who afterwards did so much honour to the pencil, must be encouraging to a beginner in landscape-painting.

In the Poniatowski Palace are many paintings of various schools, but very few above second-rate. I may mention them as follows: A good Head by Giorgione; A VENUS by Agostino Caracci, the upper part of her figure in shade; A FEMALE HEAD by Guercino, most beautiful, but too brown in the shadows; A HEAD by Leonardo da Vinci; A SEA PORT by Bergham, a very uncommon picture of the master, and characterized by clever pencilling and smartness of touch; A HOLY FAMILY by Schedoni, black and heavy; DIANA AND ENDYMION by Rubens; Diana, like one of his Dutch acquaintance, is without the slightest indication of the beau ideal; yet the painting has many of the attributes of a fine picture; An Adrian Vanderveldt, consisting of TWO WHITE SHEEP, admirably finished, but rather vapid; A painting by D. Teniers, of TWO PILGRIMS WITH OUR SAVIOUR, greatly out of the line of his study—we have no sublime associations connected with Dutch boors. They follow, a picture by P. Wouwermans, consisting of a number of FIGURES AND HORSES, carefully finished, but too dark; his favourite white horse is awanting to give it point and effect; A picture by Peter de Laer of SUMPTER MULES, treated in a style above the subject; An OLD HEAD in Mosaic, extremely clever, with all the freedom of a painting in oil; A de-

lightful small picture of a Holy Family by Ludovico Caracci, mellow, and sweetly coloured: A HEAD by Titian, full of spirit: A small Rembrandt: A Vanderheyden, with exquisite detail and general effect: Pots and Pans by D. Teniers: A SATYR by Rubens, remarkably free: Some Figures represented near the sea, by Salvator Rosa, a picture full of light and effect. This list comprehends most of the painters in this small collection. I have made few remarks on them; because, in this letter, I wish to give you some account of the very ancient paintings in fresco, in the ruins of the Baths of Titus, and a picture called the Aldobrandini Marriage, in the collection of Signore Nelli.

The ALDOBRANDINI MARRIAGE is a celebrated relic of antiquity. It was sawn or cut out from a wall, forming part of the Baths of Titus, and has been often copied by celebrated painters, especially by Niccolo Poussin: a very beautiful picture from his pencil of this precious bequest of time may be seen in the Doria Palace. The ancient painting consists of ten figures, all of them female, with the exception of the bridegroom, at the bottom of the couch of the bride, who is sitting beautifully attired in white drapery, accompanied by a female, who seems to be addressing her; three other females appear on the left, (on looking towards the picture,) then follows a nymph near an altar, in

an attitude of pouring liquid from a small vase to offer to the bride; on the right of the bridegroom are three figures, seemingly preparing for ablution; and near these is a figure close upon an altar, succeeded by another in a beautiful easy posture, holding a harp of seven strings. The whole painting is in a light sketchy style; the shade of flesh is hatched, or done in lines with a reddish purple, heightened with a warm brown. The only colours used are red, approaching to a crimson brown, (which, indeed, prevail throughout the picture,) greens, inclining to the hue of verdigris, brilliant orange, purple, and a beautiful white. These colours are almost exclusively on the drapery of the figures. The back-ground is principally taken up with a screen, which is of a whitish purple, the vacant ground being surrounded with a pale green. As a work of art it has great merit, chiefly for the purity of taste which it displays; and when we consider that it is but a specimen of the house ornament painting of ancient times, it certainly excites our surprise in a very high degree, and seems to prove that the ancient painters are justly entitled to the great name which they had acquired, since they excelled in the essential and mental part of the art.

The Baths of Titus are full of curious examples of ancient painting, from simple ornament, and fanciful figures, which even Raphael has deigned

to study in his more carefully finished paintings. But I shall lead you regularly through these ancient ruins, till we come to the apartments where the finest ornaments and pictures are to be seen. The earth and rubbish had nearly filled the galleries and chambers of these baths: the walls near the roof, and the roof itself, in some places, are written over with innumerable names. They have, however, been lately excavated, and exhibit apartments of considerable size. In one of these, which is open to the light of day, there is a collection of various articles found in clearing away the rubbish, such as amphorae, terra cotta ornaments, colours in vases, fragments of columns, capitals, glass, bricks and jars, with the maker's name distinctly stamped upon them, such as AVRILLA BASCANI, C,CLVENTI, AMPLIATI, &c. The ancient ornament painting in the inferior or smaller divisions of the building is by no means good, nor is it well coloured—red, orange, and blue predominate.

From one apartment we were led to others, and found the painting improved as we advanced. The roofs being at least 30 feet in height, and no daylight being admitted in the apartments, a person held up wax lights on the top of a pole, and by these we examined the pictures. A MUSE of the most graceful form, with a musical instrument in her hand, delighted us much: some CATTLE, too, grouped together, in the style of Cuyp's etch-

ing, were very natural. A BACCANTE, full of ideal beauty, and a NYMPH AND FAUN, are in the finest taste. SHEEP AND LIONS, and various ornaments, prettily designed, commanded our admiration; these, together with the various figures, are all painted on a white ground. The gallery discovered in the time of Raphael, is extremely interesting, not only from his having improved his mind in studying there, but because the painting is perhaps superior to what we found in the other chambers. On the roof is a picture, which has been copied by Annibal Caracci, said to represent CORIOLANUS AND HIS MOTHER, quite upon the principle of a finished painting: the figures are highly relieved upon a dark ground; the moisture, which was dropping from it through a fissure, enabled us to see it as if it were varnished, and we found the colouring and drawing extremely beautiful. In the same apartment is A WINGED MERCURY, and a figure of VICTORY, both in excellent taste. I have mentioned only a few of the subjects in these chambers; there are many others that equally exhibit refinement of mind. These invaluable remains, when seen by the eye of genius, after the arts in Italy were again rising from the shade of barbarism which had been cast upon them, must have elicited ideas of grace and beauty, and afforded a glimpse into the region of perfection. We know not, indeed, how much we are indebted

to these, and similar paintings discovered in Herculaneum: no one can examine even the prints from them, without confessing the superiority of taste discoverable in ancient art. We unfortunately know nothing of the merits of their more elaborate and highly finished, pictures, further than what is handed down to us by various writers of antiquity; the remains, however, in the Bath of Titus, the Aldobrandini painting, and the pictures discovered at Herculaneum, are sufficiently striking examples of what they were capable of performing, especially when we reflect that all these were painted on walls, and many of them in subordinate buildings. The great sums which both the Grecians and Romans gave for paintings, must have stimulated the ancient artists to every exertion of the mind, to the poetry, to the acquisition of that heavenly fire which kindled the purest feelings of the soul, and enabled them to call upon the voice of fame to sound their praise through endless generations.* To those pecuniary en-

* Pliny, speaking of a picture of Aristides, says it was bought or redeemed by King Attalus for 100 talents, L. 19,375.

When the Romans became acquainted with the value of pictures, the Medea and Ajax of Timomachus were bought by Julius Cæsar for 80 talents, L. 15,500. Hortensius paid for the Argonauts of Cydias L. 1162, 10s.

The Venus Anadyomene, by Apelles, was valued at 100 talents, (for so much tribute was remitted for it,) L. 19,375.

couragements must be added the incentives of emulation, and the light of science. The Greek artists glowed with a republican love of glory, and were conversant at the same time with a refined philosophy. Their genius was elevated with the most sublime ideas of perfection, and they had thus the power of combining those high views of art, which individual nature does not present.

The public colossal statues of CASTOR AND POLLUX, said to be by Phidias and Praxiteles, on Monte Cavallo, are superior to all the statues of that description which I have seen in Italy. Both of the figures are in the act of guiding their horses, and are remarkable for lightness and manly beauty; suggesting no idea of huge blocks of marble, as most of the colossal statues do. The proportions of these figures are exquisite, and from certain points they appear little inferior to the finest statues in the world. The horses, however, are not so well proportioned. That the sculptors might give dignity to the figures, they

Apelles was paid, for his Alexander holding the thunder (which was put up in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus) 20 talents of gold, which, according to the decuple proportion, is L. 38,750. It would come to more, if reckoned according to our proportion betwixt gold and silver.

Nicias the painter refused for Necromantiæ Homeri 60 talents, L. 11,625.—*Arbuthnot's Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, &c.*

have made the horses comparatively small,—a liberty which will not be condemned by the judicious critic. The ancients do not appear to have given so great sums, comparatively speaking, for their colossi, as for their paintings. The colossal statues, considering the length of time required to finish them, have been but indifferently paid. *

The famous statue of MOSES, by Michael Angelo, in the church of St Peter in Vincoli, is one of those works which startle the beholder, and will always excite a diversity of opinion. The daring boldness and seeming defiance of public sentiment is very striking. That it is a magnificent work, at the head of modern art, cannot be denied. It is grand, and the display of anatomical knowledge is astonishing; the whole is complete, every part is in unison; but the union is so uncommon, that it leads us always to hesitate and doubt, though we feel and know it to be a great performance. The

* The Colossus of the Sun at Rhodes, made in twelve years, by Chares of Lindus, was 105 feet in height, and cost 300 talents, or L. 58,125. The statue of Apollo in the Capitol, brought from Pontus by Lucullus, 45 feet in height, cost 150 talents, L. 29,062, 10s. The Mercury of Zenodorus, set up in the city of Auvergne, which, Pliny says, exceeded all the statues of his time in magnitude, and the making of which occupied the artist for ten years, cost only 400 sestertia, or L. 3229, 3s. 4d.—*Arbuthnot's Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures*, pp. 166, 167.

figure is somewhat colossal, in a sitting attitude; his forehead is furnished with horns, and his prodigious flowing beard would reach to his knee, were he to stand upright. His right arm rests on the Commandments, and his left hand presses on his belly, as if he were suffering from pain. The lower part of the figure is clothed in drapery, not so simply treated as perhaps the figure demands; and the legs, from the peculiar way in which they are clothed, comparing them with ancient statues of warriors, have a martial appearance. Viewing the statue from the right, on the left hand of the beholder, the countenance is pleasing and mild, from the front it is severe, and from the left it has a very particular and goatish look. In point of execution the sculpture is perfect, bold, and decided, and the deep chiselling in many parts gives great relief to the larger folds of the drapery; a part of the neck is left unfinished, but this does not in the slightest degree interfere with the general effect.

LETTER XXXVIII.

ROME.

Paintings in the Doria Palace.

In the Doria Palace are several landscapes in size colours, painted on the walls. The best are by Gaspar Poussin. Their character is lightness and freedom of pencilling; but, with few exceptions, they have a chalky appearance, and seem more like preparations to receive rich glazings, than paintings intended to remain in their present state. Indeed, by painting first with opaque water colours, and afterwards varnishing and finishing with oil colours, a greater degree of splendour may perhaps be obtained, than by painting wholly with either kind. By this method, innumerable beautiful and natural tones are obtained; the accidental varieties are continually suggesting hints, of which a skilful artist will know how to avail himself. This method seems, besides, to have the advantage of checking the mannerism of style, which a painter is likely to acquire, by keeping wholly to one mode of paint-

ing. Indeed, the curious and successful experiments which you yourself have made, together with those of Mr Geddes and Mr Andrew Wilson, are sufficient to prove the advantages arising from uniting the captivating qualities of oil and water colours.

But to return to the Doria Palace, the collection of pictures there is among the first in Rome; varied with landscapes of Gaspar Poussin and Claude, and pictures of the different schools, it excites an interest peculiar to itself. The first room is wholly covered with landscapes in size colours, by Poussin, Ciccio Napolitano, and Rosa. The second apartment, which is of considerable dimensions, is likewise filled almost exclusively with large pictures by Poussin. None of them, however, are very good; they are ill composed, black and heavy: but as no landscape by Gaspar Poussin can be wholly without attractions, we discovered many beautiful episodes or subordinate parts. One of his subjects in water colours, consisting of a few stems of trees, with a winding road towards some poplars, is likewise painted in oil; but the former is infinitely superior, and seems to have retained its colouring without any change whatever, while the latter has entirely lost its brilliancy.

The third, fourth, fifth and sixth rooms contain many pictures by Titian, A. Caracci, Caravaggio, Bassan, Rubens, Vandyke, Francisco Mola, Holbein, and others: none of these, however, are en-

titled to be classed with the high productions of art. The great gallery, however, abounds in admirable and choice works, chiefly of the following masters: Raphael, Claude, Velasquez, Titian, the Carraccis, Domenichino, Fra. Bartolommeo, Guido, Parmigiano, Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, Guercino, and N. Poussin. It were vain to attempt to describe this great collection; I shall therefore only notice the principal pictures by Claude, Lorain, and perhaps one or two others. You must, indeed, be heartily sick of the monotonous and tiresome remarks which I have already sent you, remarks which can give no idea of the beautiful and interesting works to which they allude, and which I fear it may have been presumptuous in me to offer.

There are five Claudes in this gallery, two large and three small. The former, which are the best, and are of the highest class, are both engraved by Viveres; the one is called the MULINO, and the other the TEMPLE OF APOLLO, in the island of Delos. The former consists of a beautiful expansive river, over which is a bridge of many arches, and near the eye are several fishing boats; to the left, among some ruins of ancient edifices, the mill appears, which gives the name to the picture; on the right some temples, with a sacrifice, grace the opposite bank; and behind is part of a city stretching towards the distant mountains, which are connected with a sloping hill and beauteous waterfalls; nearer the eye, towards the

mill, is a lovely group of trees pleasingly diversified by various foliage; below there is a small bridge with cattle drinking, and immediately on the fore-ground are several figures, a dance, and a display of silver urns. The figures are partly in light and partly in shade, under the branches of magnificent spreading trees, whose deep shadows, with the dark green ivy on their stems, suggest ideas of freshness, and of a cool retreat from the heat and splendour of an evening sun. The general effect is luminous and rich, and the pencilling of the trees is without a fault. The air, too, which envelopes the distance, is of the purest tone,—a tone of pearly clearness, which can only be seen in this delightful country.

Were I to offer any censure upon this beautiful painting, I would say, that perhaps there is something heterogeneous in combining mills with classic temples, and fishing and dancing with sacrifices. I might likewise observe, that, from the few openings among the foliage, there is an appearance of heaviness in the trees, which is not improved by the repeated glazings. The picture of the Temple of Apollo is the finer composition of the two; but it is not so pleasing in point of colouring, the sun being in the centre, beaming among few but noble objects, a greater degree of splendour might have been expected. On the right appears the temple, a beautiful building, and evidently suggested by the

Mausoleum of Hadrian as it was in ancient times. Near the base of this building the horizontal line of the sea runs with little interruption to the opposite side of the picture: below the horizon (for the point of sight is high) are various ruins and interesting objects enveloped in mysterious air, the sun revealing, but sparingly, their local colours: near the middle of the picture, a stately group of trees rises over a bridge with characteristic figures. The fore-ground (different from the print) is simple; a few figures in the deepest shadow are sitting near some noble stems on the left, which reach to the top of the picture, and afford points of the deepest shade and colour, to contrast with the splendour of the sun. The whole is natural, without any great effect of colour, the sun claiming the greatest field of light, and giving but little to the edges of the varied objects. *

A Landscape with Figures, by Annibal Caracci, which hangs near the landscape by Claude, appears cold and chalky contrasted with it, though in colouring it is rich. The brilliancy of light in the

* In my letter from Florence, (page 108,) I promised to give you some of my remarks on the compositions of Claude Lorain, after seeing the pictures by that master in the Doria Palace in Rome. I have since preferred introducing these remarks in my letter on the use which the great masters have made of the edifices in Rome, (page 321, Vol. I.)

skies of Claude's pictures gives a value to every hue. One of the finest pictures in the gallery is that of Pope Pamphili by Velasquez,—a duplicate of the picture in Mr Alexander Gordon's collection; the mind of the man seems to be beaming from his countenance, which is characteristic in the highest degree. I have seldom seen a picture that pleased me more; it has all the truth of Raphael, combined with the facility of Rembrandt. The works of this master are by no means common in Italy; but when they do occur, they are greatly prized. Some small landscapes by Domenichino are truly excellent, rich in colouring and finely generalized. A Virgin and Sleeping Child, by Guido, is inimitable in the expression of quiet and repose. It is in his light manner, and always has a circle of admirers about it; beauty of colouring pleases every eye. Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa, is a picture that would do honour to any master; it is rich and grand without mannerism. I am greatly tempted to speak of a beautiful drawing by Correggio, and many excellent pictures by the various masters, but for the reason already stated, I must at least delay till I have an opportunity of describing them to you in person. Besides, it is natural to suppose, that you may wish to know something of the collections in the other palaces in this interesting city.

LETTER XXXIX.

ROME.

Pictures in the Colonna Palace.—Description of the Gallery.—Corsini Collection of Pictures.—Corsini Villa.

In the anti-room of the splendid Gallery of Colonna Palace, there are many pictures in size colours by Gaspar Poussin, Horizonti, and others. Gaspar Poussin's are infinitely the best, though somewhat raw and green, and with the same chalky effect of those in the Palazzo Doria. They are all sketchy and slight, with a happy union of nature and science in the various compositions: a straight and uninterrupted line seems to be a favourite feature with this great master. In the same apartment, there is a large landscape by Claude Lorain, but neither the colouring nor composition are to be compared with the Mulino or the Temple of Apollo; the trees too at the top, especially the one nearly in the centre of the picture, are by much too heavy. Claude's usual taste is not perceptible in the forms of his stems, nor is his choice of his buildings good; altogether, indeed,

it is unlike a work from his sunny mind and luminous pencil. Opposite to this painting is a picture by Berghem, of the ANGELS APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS. Nothing can afford a more convincing proof than this picture, that common nature is unequal to these sublime representations. The cattle, sheep, and figures, are all painted in Berghem's usual manner: but one can hardly believe that an angel would be seen among objects so familiar. Bassan's style, low as it occasionally is, would be more appropriate for such a subject, which seems to exceed the powers even of Berghem's admirable pencil. The angel might be brushed out, and the picture would remain a pretty little Cattle-piece.

The cabinets in this apartment, which are superbly rich with carved ivory and precious stones, attract more eyes than the pictures; indeed, I have often observed, that paintings have little chance of being admired, especially by the fair sex, when rubies and emeralds are beaming before their eyes. In looking up the Gallery, which is certainly the finest we have met with in Rome, we were struck with its superb appearance. Between two noble columns of yellow antique, (a rare and valuable stone,) the magnificent apartment, finished in a similar manner at the opposite end, but with numerous steps ascending to a high room, is seen to great advantage. On the roof of the

gallery, is painted the Battle of Lepanto, and not an inch of it is uncovered with painting or with gold; the brackets which support the noble cornice are all highly ornamented and gilded, and the pilasters, twenty-four in number, are of the yellow antique. Trophies in gold are placed between each pilaster, and the numerous mirrors are painted by Carlo Maratti. The tables are of Pietra Dura, entirely of precious stones. The floor is composed of various and uncommon marbles, curiously ornamented. From the roof are suspended thirty-two splendid lustres. The furniture is of satin and gold, and the whole, with the pictures and antique statues, * forms an extraordinary assemblage of riches and taste. A subdued amber light over all produces a captivating appearance, and the highly polished marble floor reflects every object, and keeps up the general and splendid effect. There are but few paintings, for which, indeed, the profusion of ornament leaves little space; at each end, however, there are some by Guido, Salvator Rosa, Tintoretto, Spagniolet, Travasane, Guercino, &c. And in the upper room, at the head of the Gallery, are a few by Titian, Albano, Bor-

* A statue called Homer's Venus, a Nymph, and a statue of Diana, are among the best; Venus is dividing her hair with both hands; the figure is heavy, and the drapery, which is modern, bad. They are all supposed to be of Grecian art.

gognone, and Paul Veronese; but they are not pictures of distinguished eminence.

The St Sebástian, by Guido, in the Great Gallery, is splendid in effect and colour; two females appear to be picking out the darts from his side. The subject cannot be said to be a pleasing one, but, as treated by Guido, it is not offensive. Salvator Rosa's St John Preaching in the Wilderness is full of character, and painted with all the power of the master. Guercino's pictures are not so pleasing. The Family of Colonna, by Paul Veronese, and a picture by Titian, of a Family in Heaven, both in the higher room, are excellent pictures; but I still object to the common portrait in vulgar attire, being surrounded with angels and celestial glory.

In the upper apartments are some landscapes in size by Gaspar Poussin, but not so good as those below.* A Female Head called the Cince, said to be by Guido, but more like a picture by Guercino, is extremely beautiful and much admired. The story attached to it gives it inter-

*Landscapes in water colours, by Gaspar Poussin, are not confined to the Doria and Colonna Palaces; many of them are likewise to be seen in the Church of the Carmelites, with figures said to be painted by Niccolo Poussin. These have lately been etched by a Roman engraver, but the designs, though they have the character of Gaspar's compositions, are not remarkably good.

est; it is supposed to be the portrait of a Girl who murdered her Father while he attempted to offer her violence: she has a white turban on her head, and appears about fifteen years of age, with a melancholy yet pleasing countenance. The finest picture in the Palace is a MAGDALENE by Guido; her hands are placed across each other, and her golden hair (a colour in great favour with the poet and the painter) flows in lovely ringlets. The countenance is divinely beautiful, and perhaps would have been rendered still more so by the introduction of a tear.

The various apartments are filled with pictures. The best are a VIRGIN AND CHILD in Raphael's second manner; A MAN EATING MACARONI by Annibal Caracci; A DEAD CHRIST by G. Bassan; The HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF AN ANGEL by Guercino; Two SAINTS, said to be by Carlo Dolci; Two of Backhausen's SEA PIECES; as many of Zeeman's; and POPE CORSINI by Rosalba. There are innumerable pictures by Lucatelli and Horizonti. The latter, an imitator of Poussin, makes great use of the Roman buildings in his compositions, but they are seldom introduced in a natural manner, generally appearing forced and out of place.

CORSINI PALACE.

The Corsini Palace contains a few Landscapes,

by Gaspar Poussin. Many of them are undoubtedly fine, but not to be compared with several in the private collections in England. The best is engraved by Gmelen, and is called RINALDO AND ARMIDA. The composition consists of beautifully wooded mountains, and rocks crowned with buildings, below which appears a waterfall. The fore-ground is composed of broken ground, with a winding road, and on each side of the picture are lofty trees. The fault in this painting is the total want of clearness in the shadows. It makes a beautiful print, but the engraver has given more distinctness to the detail than is perceptible in the painting. The small landscapes of romantic scenes by Poussin are fresh and vigorous, without the defects in Rinaldo and Armida. In one instance, he has left the canvas uncovered, for the colour of the shadows of the rocks; in effect, at some distance it answers very well, but on examination it appears slight and unsatisfactory. Two or three small pictures, by Salvator Rosa, are very pleasing compositions; they are chiefly painted with a brownish colour, with warm yellowish lights, and but little grain on the vegetation. A HEAD OF CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS, by Guercino, is an astonishing and an affecting picture, remarkable for expression; indeed, it is the best I have seen by that master. It cannot fail to command the admiration of every beholder. A MOTHER AND

CHILD, too, by Caravaggio, has great effect, with all the simplicity of nature. Fra. Bartolommeo's picture of a HOLY FAMILY is splendid in colour, and full of classical conception of character. There is likewise in the same room a pretty little upright picture with a white horse, by Both.; it is sweetly pencilled, but somewhat foxy in the general colouring. POPE JULIUS II. by Raphael, makes the third original picture of this subject, viz. one in the Tribune in Florence, another in the Palazzo Pitti, and a third in the Corsini Palace; they are all three extremely like each other; indeed, I could not perceive any material deviation. The only difference that occurred to me, on comparing this picture with the impression which the others have produced on my mind, is, that the hands seem somewhat colder in the colouring. Pictures by Bassan are numerous in this palace; indeed, they are everywhere, as well as the works of Rubens. By the latter master, there is here a splendid TIGER HUNT full of spirit. The ferocious animal has sprung upon a man on horseback, and there is something so dreadful in the conflict, that we involuntarily start back. Rubens always addresses the mind. One of the apartments contains a painting of VENUS in a reclining attitude, surrounded with satyrs and dogs; it is a good picture, but the principal lights are too much detached from each other. The landscape back-

ground is gloomy and grand, indicating the first appearance of the rising day. On asking the custodi, whether he thought it an original painting, his eyes started in his head, and he bellowed *Secura, originalissimo signore!*

In the green room there is a pretty picture of a VIRGIN AND CHILD by Murillo, but very tame, compared with Fra. Bartolommeo's painting of the same subjects. The harmony of colouring, however, is pleasing, and is as follows. First, white and flesh; next, leaden-coloured grey, crimson, pink; then a return of flesh, blue, purple, and brown. Brueghel is a master of great repute in Italy: there is no collection without one or two of his works, and certainly they are superior to any thing I have seen from his pencil in England. In this palace there is a BOAR HUNT of his painting; the colouring of the figures and the fore-ground are quite inimitable, and not unlike the best pictures by Watteau: the rural beauty perceptible in the subordinate parts of the distant scenery is extremely fine. The red room exhibits some small pictures by Guido, and a painting of CHRIST IN THE GARDEN, which the custodi said was by Correggio; but on looking him in the face, and repeating his word *originalissimo*, I received no answer. I required none, the picture being evidently an indifferent copy. A painting, by Salvator Rosa, of a Vulture tearing out the entrails of a Human Being,

(TITYUS AND THE VULTURE,) only excited disgust and horror, and I may add regret, that such a master could employ his splendid talents on a subject so revolting.

I have mentioned but a few of the paintings in the Corsini Palace; there are many others worthy of notice, by Italian, Venetian, and Flemish masters.

In the Villa Corsini we were much gratified by the basso relievos of Canova, representing PIETY, A MOTHER TEACHING HER CHILDREN, together with some allegorical subjects. In one of the rooms we perceived a very glaring instance of bad taste,—some busts painted in the ceiling with their faces downwards, presenting a very ridiculous and unnatural appearance. The views from the villa are beautiful; especially as we look towards St Peter's, the combinations of wood and building form the finest pictures.

LETTER XL.

ROME.

Paintings in the Spada Palace.—Statue of Pompey supposed to be the Statue at which Cæsar fell by the arm of Brutus.—Collection of Pictures in the Sciarra Palace.—Barberini Pictures.—Frescoes by A. Caracci.—The Farnese Palace.

THE paintings in the Spada Palace are all of an inferior class. They have great names, but the originality of most of them may be doubted; at least, if they be original, they only prove that good painters have produced very indifferent works. There is, however, a clever sketch or two by Annibal Caracci and Salvator Rosa. The pictures of JUDITH and of LUCRETIA appear to be copies of the celebrated pictures by Guido, in the collection of Mr Alexander Gordon of Edinburgh. As these pictures have been much admired for their harmony of colouring, I have made a note of it. The harmony of Judith is as follows: White against flesh; then follows blue with a border of gold, on a drapery which inclines to dark grey, opposed to blue, and succeeded by orange: a dark olive-green curtain appears in the back-ground, and is a pleas-

ing relief to the whole. In the picture of Lucretia, white is also opposed to the flesh colour; next to which is a greenish grey, succeeded by blue, crimson, and purple, with a curtain behind, of the colour of red lake.

There are likewise two other pictures, said to be by Guido and Guercino; the one the RAPE OF HELEN, and the other the DEATH OF DIDO; both pictures have considerable merit in painting, but the subjects are poorly treated. Indeed, the beholder can hardly imagine any thing more absurd or out of character than the former. Helen is proceeding down the steps of a palace, with her hand in that of her lover's, while her female attendant (more beautiful than herself) is carrying her lap-dog! a Boy, too, appears below with her monkey and a snarling cur! Dido by Guercino, upon her funeral pile, has a sword like a huge spit through her body, yet there is no expression of pain in her countenance, or any indication of approaching death. What painting could be admired with such inconsistencies?

The principal attraction in the Spada Palace is the STATUE OF POMPEY, said to be the identical statue at the foot of which great Cæsar fell. * It is colossal, about nine feet in height; the figure rests

* "The history of this statue," says Eustace, "deserves to be recorded. It was first placed, during Pompey's life, in

upon the right leg, the left having been drawn back; the right hand is extended, as if about to

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the Senate House which he had erected; and when that edifice was shut up, it was raised, by order of Augustus, on a double arch or gateway of marble, opposite the grand entrance of Pompey's theatre. It was thrown down, or fell, during the convulsion of the Gothic wars, and for many ages it lay buried in the ruins. It was at length discovered, I believe, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in a partition wall between two houses. After some altercation, the proprietors of the two houses agreed to cut the statue asunder, and to divide the marble; when fortunately the Cardinal de Spada heard the circumstance, and, by a timely purchase, prevented the accomplishment of the barbarous agreement, and the destruction of one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity.

Another danger awaited Pompey's statue at a much later period, and from an unexpected quarter. While the French occupied Rome in the years 1798-99, &c. they erected in the centre of the Coliseum a temporary theatre, where they acted various republican pieces, for the amusement of the army, and for the improvement of such Romans as might be disposed to fraternize with them, and to adopt their principles. Voltaire's Brutus was a favourite tragedy; and, in order to give it more effect, it was resolved to transport the very statue of Pompey, at the feet of which the Dictator fell, to the Coliseum, and to erect it upon the stage. The colossal size of the statue, and its extended arm, rendered it difficult to displace it; the arm was therefore sawed off for the conveyance, and put on again at the Coliseum; and on the second removal of the statue, it was again taken off, and again replaced at the Palazza de Spada."

Classical Tour, Vol. II. p. 32, 33.

give action to speech, and the left holds a globe, expressive of dominion; a belt appears round the body suspending a sword, and a little drapery hangs over the left shoulder as low as the groin; all the rest of the figure is nude. Speaking of it as a work of art, I would say that it is heavy in appearance. The anatomy, nevertheless, is well expressed, and the limbs are in good proportion; but, in expression, the countenance is gruff and disagreeable.

This celebrated statue is an illustrious instance of the triumph of art. While the race of the Cæsars has been for many centuries extinct, and even their empire exists only in the page of history, this work of art still survives, to attract the curiosity of the scholar and the connoisseur, and to teach the politician an important lesson of the vicissitudes of human fortune, the nothingness of human grandeur. Yet, though the lords of mankind have passed away, they have, as patrons of the arts, secured to themselves what may almost be called an immortality upon earth: we tread with veneration where they have trodden, and view with regard the magnificent works which were executed under their direction. The youth, the hero, the statesman, and the sage, are all employed with these productions; or, to speak in other terms, are studying the lessons which they taught. Since their time, many new paths of science have been struck out, and vast

improvements have been made in many of the arts which embellish life; but, in the fine arts, little has been done, which bears not a reference to antiquity, and the pride of modern skill is to imitate the works of the ancient masters.

There are other statues in the Spada Palace, but comparing them with the incomparable excellent marbles in Rome, they do not merit particular examination. The Spada Palace, like several other palaces in Rome, has been dispossessed of its best paintings; and the few that remain, mixed with copies and indifferent works, only excite regret, that the noble families should, from mercenary motives, poverty, or misfortunes, have parted with their more precious works of art.

One of the most select small collection of paintings in Rome is in the Sciarra Palace; the best pictures are those by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Agostino Caracci, Guido, Claude, Garofalo, Guercino, N. Poussin, Teniers, and others. There is likewise a good copy, by Carlo Neapolitano, of the Transfiguration by Raphael, and some pictures by Valentino of very considerable merit. On leaving the last mentioned paintings, we met in other apartments with a beautiful, rich, and mellow picture of CHRIST AT THE WELL by Garofalo; A VIRGIN AND CHILD by Titian: Some Bassans, very good: A clever sketchy Landscape by N. Poussin: A Picture or two by J. Both; and a

small Picture by Claude, full of effect and truth: An admirable picture of MOSES by Guido, broad and masterly, which, in point of style, might do honour to Michael Angelo: Two pictures, ST MATTHEW and ST JOHN, by Guercino, both excellent: St John is represented young, and his head is wholly in shade: A PORTRAIT by Raphael, exquisitely painted, and full of expression: Two pictures of MARY MAGDALENE by Guido, almost exactly the same, except that the one is in red drapery with the bosom more exposed; and the other is in light purple, with white next the skin; the last picture has a lighter and better effect than the first, though it is not superior in painting, nor perhaps so expressive of her penitent state; they are, indeed, beautiful pictures in his silvery style, yet without any of that chalky green appearance which we often find in the works of Guido.

Leonardo's picture of MODESTY and VANITY, supposed by some to be a copy by Luini of the picture in Lucien Buonaparte's possession, is a perfect little gem of finishing, and the same remarks I have already made to the picture in Palazzo Luciano applies to this; one can hardly believe the common instruments of painting can finish so divinely. ABRAHAM SACRIFICING ISAAC, by Gerhard dalle Notti, though well painted, is a most unpleasing picture: Isaac does not appear to be at all resigned to his fate; his mouth has the ex-

pression of bellowing, while his father is thrusting his thumb into it, to keep him quiet: a sheep killing by a common butcher could not be more revolting. Whatever may be the faults of modern painters, they would certainly not shew such a depravity of taste. In painting gamesters, Michael Angelo Caravaggio appears to shine, and here is an admirable specimen of his great talent; nothing is out of character, and I could almost wish that he had kept to subjects which do not require a greater refinement of mind. A portrait of a FEMALE, said to be by Titian, attracts all eyes; the expression is winning, and the effect and painting excellent. N. Poussin's Martrydom of St Erasmus, on the other hand, is unpleasing in the extreme: surely a representation of the tearing out the bowels of a human being must disgust every beholder. It is one of those subjects, which, the more nearly they resemble nature, must be only the more hideous.

The excellent painting of ST JEROLOMO, by Guercino, is a happy relief from such a picture; and even the Brueghels and subordinate masters have greater claims to our attention. Agostino Caracci's portrait of a MALE AND FEMALE, HOLDING EACH OTHER BY THE HAND, is extremely natural and easy, without that set and stiff appearance which such portraits occasionally have, not even excepting occasionally the works of the inimitable Vandyke.

We were informed that this collection was considerably larger, and that many of the best pictures have been transferred to the Barberini Palace.* These, at least the choice of them, cannot be seen at present, as the King of Spain occupies the apartments where they are hung; such as are shewn to the public are not remarkable for excellence, nor do they require any particular notice. A HOLY FAMILY, said to be by Titian; ST MATTHEW AND ST MARK, by Guercino; a small EARLY LANDSCAPE by Claude; a small picture by Parmigiano, and a few others, were the best that were shewn to us.

In the Farnese Palace there are a few marbles, but none of them remarkably fine. The famous HERCULES, which once adorned it, is now at Naples, and a common cast placed in its former situation. There is a naked EQUESTRIAN FIGURE OF CALIGULA, and a most forbidding, ferocious, yet pitiful looking wretch, he appears to have been. On examining his contemptible figure, one cannot imagine how a noble and magnanimous people could have endured his cruelties so long. A statue of MERCURY, in the same apartment, can only be called pretty good; there is nothing of the beau ideal in it; a pair of duck's wings, upon a common figure, makes but a poor representation of the mes-

* The Palazzo Sciarra belongs to the Prince Barberini.

senger of the gods. A beautiful sarcophagus, on which are sculptured many beautiful Bacchanalian figures, is perhaps the best piece of antiquity in the collection.

This palace, however, will always be interesting to the man of taste, from the admirable fresco paintings by Annibal Caracci and Domenichino. They are all in fine condition, and seem as if they had been but lately painted. The picture representing GALATEA AMIDST SPORTING TRITONS, NYMPHS, AND CUPIDS, is an admirable work in every respect, except that the colouring is perhaps a little too red; Caracci, with the view of obtaining breadth, has introduced very little variety. Flesh is the only prevailing colour. The BACCHUS AND ARIADNE is a noble picture. They are in their cars, drawn by goats and tigers, admirably painted; Silenus appears on the shoulders of a set of joyous Bacchanals; the whole is sustained with great spirit and character.

In another apartment, we see PAN OFFERING WOOL TO DIANA; and in another, DIANA CARESSING ENDYMION, a clever picture; two little Cupids above are beautifully drawn, especially a little arch creature with his finger at his mouth. In the fresco of HERCULES AND OMPHALE, Omphale is in possession of the club of Hercules, while he has her timbrel in his hand. This change of attributes may be all very well, but the

lady, I should think, would have done more execution with her eyes, than she is likely to do with the club; as for Hercules, he certainly looks abundantly silly with the musical instrument.

Another fresco represents ANCHISES DRAWING THE BUSKIN FROM THE FOOT OF VENUS. Anchises is by no means a fine figure, at least not such as one would imagine likely to allure the goddess from the skies: he looks so cold too, that we were quite provoked with him. An urchin of a Cupid, however, who appears at the foot of Anchises, plainly tells, from the expression of his countenance, how highly privileged the mortal is, who is permitted to touch the foot of the Goddess of Beauty. The picture of PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA cannot be pronounced pleasing. Perseus, an indifferent figure, appears very unfit for his undertaking, and the attitude of Andromeda reminds me of the arms on the Isle of Man halfpenny. The picture, notwithstanding, has some good points, the principal of which is colouring. There is another picture of Perseus, representing him petrifying Phineus and his companions, by the Medusa's head. The figure of Perseus is clumsy, and from his wild look, he seems to be as much afraid of the head, as if it were to petrify himself. Besides these, there are several others of various sizes, and all of considerable merit.

LETTER XLI.

ROME.

Amusements of the Carnival.—Rules to be observed by the People.—Religious Ceremonies in the Holy Week.—Illumination of the Dome of St Peter's.—Music called the Miserere.—Beautiful Effect in St Peter's.—Silence and Temperature, &c.

The Carnival.

Previous to the commencement of the Carnival the cavalry parade the Corso, the street where it is held. For a time the masks are thinly scattered; but the plot soon thickens, and various characters make their appearance, such as the Doctor of Bologna, Harlequin, &c. Both sides of the street are fitted up with benches, scaffolds, and chairs for the spectators; and the windows, filled with people of every rank, are ornamented with crimson velvet and gold. Innumerable open carriages, with all the fashion of Rome, crowd the streets, and move slowly forward. These, as well as the pedestrian masks, are provided with baskets full of balls of Pozzolana sand, about the size of comfits, covered with marble dust, and these

they fling as their fancy directs, whitening and almost blinding each other. In a short time, the confusion becomes complete, and such a scene of merriment and absurdity is rarely to be witnessed. Showers of pozzolana fly from the lower windows, and are returned from the carriages, which, on the other hand, are assailed from the street. The unfortunate person who may think himself safe, is sure to be completely whitened, and laughed at by the multitude. Squeaking voices from the masks annoy the ear in every direction, and if a person stops to speak, he may be led into a snare, and overwhelmed with pozzolana. In a short time the monotony of the scene becomes extremely tiresome. The characters are rarely well sustained, and the strangest figures, without meaning, are constantly in motion. At a certain period a gun is fired, when all the carriages must move off as quickly as possible, and for a time, the Corso is left entirely to the pedestrians, who continue to pelt each other,* and act their various characters, till a third gun announces that the horse race is about to begin. All the people then hurry to the benches and scaffolds, and fix their eyes towards the bottom of the street, from whence (in the

* I observed, that the strangers were more enthusiastic in the various amusements than the natives, and that, under the mask, they laid aside their gravity, and were more agreeable.

Piazza del Popolo) the horses, six in number, start without riders. Before they are let loose, they are goaded, pricked, and tortured in various ways; even fire is fixed upon their backs to urge them forwards. Of course, they ran with furious speed, being almost frantic with pain. As soon as they arrive at the head of the Corso, they are caught in nets, and the race is over for the day. The prize does not generally exceed 30 or 40 dollars, and a piece of silk given by the Jews. An English horse, belonging to the Duke of Bracciano, gained all the prizes at this Carnival.

Were such extraordinary exhibitions to take place in London, there can hardly be a doubt but they would be attended with serious consequences. In Rome, however, every thing went on without the slightest insult, or any accident whatever. The meanest beggar wears a mask; and a mixture of regret, even while we are enjoying the singularity of the scene, crosses our mind, when we reflect that such idleness should continue for several days.

In the regulations which are pasted up in the conspicuous places, we observed that no person is allowed to assume the dress of a priest or a magistrate; that no carriages are permitted to stop to take up any person in the Corso; that the balls of pozzolana must not be above a certain size; that every one must govern his temper, and wear no offensive weapon of any kind; and that all respect

must be paid to the commands of magistrates and soldiers. The slightest violence or offence is punished by a fine or otherwise, according to the rank of the person; even immediate imprisonment and the galleys are held up *in terrorem*.

In the evening there is a curious exhibition of lights in the streets and windows, called *Moccole*. Every person attempts to obtain a light, which is blown out by the person next him, almost as soon as it is kindled; this is continued for a time, and is not a little amusing. The whole concludes with a masquerade and dancing in the principal theatre. The theatres are shut after the Carnival, and the holy week offers, I would almost say, another source of idleness to the people.

The splendid exhibitions, and religious ceremonies of the Catholic Church during that period, are very imposing. It is a custom of this period, that the Pope washes the feet of a certain number of pilgrims, and waits upon them at dinner; and these lowly offices were performed with such humility and sincerity by the good old man, that it drew a tear from many an eye. In opposition to this homely but affecting ceremony, that of the pope giving his benediction to the people was truly sublime; not less than 20,000 persons assembled before him, while he appeared in his throne surrounded by his cardinals, at one of the great windows of St Peter's. After praying for a time, he

suddenly started up, like one inspired, and, with extended arms,' he blessed the multitude. The whole mass of people instantly fell upon their knees, and a death like silence prevailed, as if the tens of thousands had then resigned their spirits into the hands of their merciful Creator.

Among the magnificent spectacles of this festive period, the grandest by far is the illumination of the Dome of St Peter's. Conceive this mighty fabric towering through the blackness of night, to the elevation of nearly 500 feet, and shining with innumerable lights, as if all the stars of heaven were clustered together, while some of superior splendour, placed at greater intervals on its ample sides, appeared like stars of the first magnitude, or like Venus and Jupiter in all their brilliancy. So stupendous a structure, thus beaming in splendour beneath the sable vault of night, seemed like a celestial palace descended from the skies.

While this superb spectacle, certainly unequalled in this world, thus elevates the imagination to the bright regions of the blessed, the sublime and affecting music of the Miserere, * impresses the soul with the idea of the pure and holy melody of

* This divine music, which can only be performed in Rome, and which requires months of preparation, was invented by Palestrina, but it has been greatly enriched by Alligri and Jomilli.

the heavenly choirs; and it is impossible to listen, without exclaiming with Milton,

> Can any mortal mixture of *earth's* mould
> Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?

During the holy week, the fireworks at the castle of S. Angelo offers another extraordinary sight, and is indeed next in magnificence to the illumination of St Peter's. On other occasions, we have seen many of the principal functions and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship, and notwithstanding the prevalence of formality and apparent mummery, have been much struck with their pomp and grandeur. Upon one occasion, when the pope was carried on men's shoulders within St Peter's, the spectacle was very splendid. The cardinals,* patriarchs, and priests of every order, were in their richest attire, and the pope himself wore his triple crown, studded with the rarest jewels: when advancing to the great altar of St Peter, with his splendid train of dignified clergy, the sight was extremely imposing;

* The cardinals are all elderly men, very gentlemenlike in their appearance, and sufficiently consequential. The dignity of a future pope is not out of every countenance; one of them, in the midst of this ceremony, handed his snuff-box to his brother cardinal, and with great *sang froid* eyed the congregation through his glass.

when he ascended the altar itself, the effect was still grander, but particularly on the elevation of the host, when, by an opening in a curtain, a ray of light was made to fall on the pope and the costly dresses surrounding him. The whole of St Peter's was in Mezzo shade, save that single ray, which was intentionally introduced to give effect and splendour, and certainly was astonishingly beautiful: but the trick intruded a little on our minds, and perhaps interfered with the unqualified pleasure we should otherwise have had in beholding so uncommon a sight.

Notwithstanding the prodigious crowds that attend these grand functions in St Peter's, I do not remember ever seeing it above half filled, that is to say, when the people crowded together; neither have I felt any great variation of heat. The thermometer in the beginning of January, on a clear sunny day, outside of St Peter's, was 47, and in the inside 61 degrees: on opening the first and second gallery in the dome, the heated air which rushes out is very perceptible, but in the opening in the highest dome, the air is cooler than the atmosphere. When few people are within this mighty building, the silence is remarkably impressive; you see human beings, like little spots, moving to and fro, but never hear them. The steady flame of a single lamp in the chapels adds greatly to the sentiment which this

silence inspires. In solitary places, and various parts of the cathedral, individuals may be seen praying. Even after service, I have observed a priest withdraw from the rest and pray by himself.

LETTER XLII.

ROME.

Raphael's Frescocs in the Lodges of the Vatican, and in his Villa.—Epitaphs of Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine.—Music at the Chiesa del Giesu.—Holy Staircase.—Tivoli and other Towns near Rome.—Adieu to Rome.

You would certainly be disappointed if I should leave Rome, without sending you some account of the fresco paintings by Raphael, in the lodges of the Vatican; and that I might be the more minute in my description of them, I have reserved it to the last. But fate, which often interferes with my arrangements, as well as with others more important, has so determined matters, that we must leave this interesting city before it can be in my power to fulfil my intention. This, perhaps, is the less to be regretted, since you can always command the beautiful prints engraved from them, which will afford you a better idea of their innumerable beauties, than any attempt of mine to describe them hastily. In these prints, the fine composition, the expression, and, in a great degree, the drawing, is fairly given. Yet, as prints from fresco pictures are not different from prints after oil paintings, notwithstanding the decided difference between these two styles, you will not, of course,

be able, from the engravings, to form a correct notion of the energetic expression of Raphael's greatest works. They certainly have not that laboured appearance which is perceptible in his oil paintings, there is a freshness of colouring, too, and grandeur, (partly arising, no doubt, from their great dimensions,) which his easel works never exhibit; nor do the best engravings convey a just idea of the peculiar and ennobling character given by the hand of Raphael, which, like the animation that the countenance occasionally catches from the soul, is too subtile to be detected, defying any language to do it justice.

His fresco paintings of the SYBILS, in the church of St Mary of Peace, and his GALATEA, in the Farnesina are likewise inexpressibly fine. For the same reason that prevents me from being minute in my description of these great works, I must not attempt to give you a detailed account of many others of inferior note. I shall lead you, however, to his villa where he studied; in the casino of which may be seen several of his small pictures in fresco. One of these is engraved by Marc Antonio, consisting of a number of naked youths shooting at a Terminus. In this casino, likewise, is a painting of ALEXANDER AND ROXANA, a TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS, and a few PORTRAITS OF WOMEN, supposed to have been his favourite mistresses. To be in the house where Raphael retired to enjoy repose, and where, perhaps, he

invented many of his noble compositions, and to see his works on the walls of the room in which he studied, impressed us with feelings of profound reverence. The houses, too, of Claude Lorraine, N. Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, all of which we have entered, had a similar effect on our minds, but the house and gardens of Raphael, offering so many objects to recall its once illustrious possessor, almost deceived us into the idea that he was still alive, adorning this splendid city, and elevating and improving the human mind.

The fresco paintings by Guido and Domenichino, in the church of St Gregory, and also the famous picture by the latter of St SEBASTIAN, in the church of St Mary of the Angels, the latter so remarkable for exquisite colouring and taste, together with many other works of the greatest masters, must be passed over in silence.

In the church of St Mary of the Angels is the tomb of Salvator Rosa, on which is the following inscription:

D. O. M.
Salvatorem Rosam Neapolitanum,
Pictorum svi Temporis
Nvlli secundum,
Poetarum omnium Temporum,
Principibus Parem,
Augustus Filius,
Hic Moerens composuit.
Sexagenario minor obiit,
Anno Salvtis: M. D. C. LXXOII.
Idibus Martis.

The Chiesa della S. S^{t}. Trinita de Monte contain the ashes of Claude Lorraine, whose epitaph may be seen on a marble slab upon the floor.

D. O. M.

Claudio Gillee Lotharingo, ex loco de Champagna orto, Pictore eximio, qui ipsos orientis et occidentis solis radios in Campestribus mirifice pingendis effinxit; hic, in urbe ubi artem coluit, summam laudem, inter magnates, consecutus est, obiit ix. Kal. Decemb. 1682, aetatis suae anno 82.

Johannes et Josephus Gillee, Patrui carissimi, monumentum hoc sibi posterisque suis poni curarunt.

I could have wished to give you some account of the music which we have heard in many of the churches, especially in the Chiesa del Giesu, one of the most magnificent in Rome. It is impossible, however, to convey any idea of such music except by its effects; and you can conceive, better than I can attempt to express, the emotions of mingled solemnity and transport, which made the tear fall from every eye, while the divine sopranos sounded triumphantly, like the voice of angels amidst the grandest harmony.

When I consider how much I have yet left untold of the treasures and wonders of this interesting city, and look around me at the same time, on all that I have attempted to describe, I feel how impossible it would be, without spending many years in it, to comprehend, even in a cursory survey, one half of the objects which are well en

titled to notice. Without attempting, therefore, any further detail, let me inform you in one breath, that we have visited the prison of St Peter; that we have touched his chains in the church of St Peter in Vincoli; that we have been on the ground where St Paul was beheaded; that we have touched the table of the last supper; * and seen the holy staircase brought from Pilate's Palace at Jerusalem, sanctified by the feet of Jesus, †

* This curious relic is exhibited in the church of St John Laterano, and held by the Romans in great veneration. At one time it was covered with silver, but the constable Bourbon thought proper to strip it off at the sacking of Rome. The board is about an inch and a half in thickness, quite black, and much worm-eaten. Near this church there is an arch through which, with few exceptions, persons are prohibited to pass under pain of excommunication. Women especially are expressly forbidden. We entered before we were informed of the prohibition, which caused great alarm in our valet du place. He, however, said, for our consolation, that as we were foresteri (strangers) we should escape from the censure of the church.

† The steps (28 in number) are, and have been more than once, cased with wood. Innumerable enthusiasts and wretched sinners ascend them on their knees, uttering a short prayer at every step, which affords a certain number of years of indulgence. I have observed, that several of those persons went up fast, others slow, according to their age or power of volubility. The young people mounted easily; in general they looked round at the spectators below, while they were muttering their prayers; which plainly shewed that the heart

together with innumerable other singular and curious things. Roman antiquities of every description, both profane, as they are called, and Christian, abound in the museum of the Vatican: the most remarkable among the former are several lettered stamps for various purposes, which seemed so obvious and important a step towards printing, that it is surprising it did not lead to the invention of that invaluable art: the collection of the latter contains a variety of instruments of torture, curious funeral glass, adorned pictures of saints, amber caps, and rich carvings in ivory, &c. The crypt of the church of the Conception presents one of the most extraordinary sights in Rome. There we may see the bodies of innumerable monks, in habits of their order, placed in niches, holding candles in their hands, reminding one of the poem of Tam o' Shanter: "each in their cauld hand held a light." The walls too

had nothing to do with their devotions. One huge fellow, with a great-coat flung upon his brawny shoulders, prayed and mounted with incredible rapidity; he had the look of a villain, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he was anxious to relieve his conscience from the load of some wicked deed of which he had been guilty. The highest step is almost kissed away. No heretics are allowed to go up this holy stair [illegible] upon their knees; they ascend one parallel to it, which leads to the chapel of the Saviour.

are covered with bones, arranged in curious ornaments.

We have visited the various towns which sparkle in the distance; delightful retreats from the heat and bad air of the capital during the summer months. The classical sojourn of Tivoli, with its exquisite scenery; the Sabine farm of Horace; the hospitable villa of Maecenas, and the extensive ruins of the villa of Hadrian, which has preserved to modern times a larger collection of the sculptures of antiquity than any other Roman ruins; Frescati exhibiting splendid edifices and fountains, combining with the Campagna and distant views of Rome, offering inimitable subjects for the pencil; Albano with its lovely lake; the melancholy Ostia, too, which only presents its own grave, stretching over a great extent of country, and affording to the foxes a secure retreat among its ancient ruins,—furnish ample scope for meditation.

The characteristic beauties of these well known scenes it is unnecessary to detail. I have already, I fear, intruded too much upon your valuable time, by my feeble attempts to give you some idea of what we have seen since our arrival in Rome. To-morrow we shall bid adieu to this great city, which, though described by the poet, the painter, and historian, still exhibits to the eye and to the imagination new and exhaust-

less objects of interest. As I see her now, the sun shining on her varied features, through the morning mist of silvery grey, how noble does she appear! The yellow Tiber flowing from distant azure scenes, derives an air of august solemnity from the classical relics, which it reflects through its whole course. The russet robe of Campagna, too, becomes her: no vivid green, nor gaudy colouring, could so well accord with the venerable ruins of this long celebrated city.

LETTER XLIII.

NAPLES.

Journey to Naples.—Mount Vesuvius.—Herculaneum.—Pompeii.—Collection of Paintings and Antiquities in the Museum at Portici.—Goitres between Naples and Portici.—Amusements at Naples.

January 1, 1817.

We travelled rapidly through the Pontine marsh, Terracina, Fondi, Mola de Gaeta, and Capua, and reached Naples in safety. Troops are stationed at short intervals; and though one dragoon was shot by the robbers a short time since, the road may now be regarded as perfectly free from danger. A greater variety of exquisite scenery, with the finest combination of mountains, woods, rocks, noble buildings, and tranquil seas, is nowhere, perhaps, to be found in the same extent of country. Albano, Velletri, Terracina, Mola de Gaeta, and Sessa, may challenge the world for beauty; but we passed through them so hurriedly, that I cannot pretend to describe them. You can fully sympathize in my regret at being obliged to leave such scenes, without having it in my power to take the slightest sketch. The approach to

Naples is peculiarly interesting. It conjures up so many associations, historical and poetical, and presents so many objects to engage the curiosity of the antiquary, and please the painter's eye, as cannot fail to impart no ordinary pleasure to minds at all prepared to view such objects in their proper light.

Mount Vesuvius is so well known, that any minute description of it would be superfluous; but to the traveller it is by far the most interesting feature in this delightful country. Though much inferior to Etna, it presents to one who sees, for the first time, the effects of volcanic fire, a spectacle at once novel, pleasing, and terrific. I speak of the ascent to the summit, for its appearance at a distance is less striking than I had imagined. The mountain is not above 3600 feet in height. After quitting the mules which carried us for about two hours over the black scoriae of many eruptions, the ascent to the top of the cone (or chimney of the volcano) occupied us about forty minutes. At present there is a considerable stream of lava continually overflowing, and the crater is discharging incessant showers of ashes and glowing stones. The projectile force, however, is but trifling: the stones are not thrown above 200 or 300 feet in perpendicular height. We saw the summit at night, and its appearance was truly awful and sublime.

Herculaneum is completely covered with an im-

durated substance, supposed, by the Chevalier de la Condamine, to be composed "of ashes, earth, gravel, sand, coal, pumice stones, and other substances, launched up from the mouth of the volcano, at a time of its eruption; and fallen down all around it. These at first buried all the buildings, and afterwards by degrees got into the inside of them by their own weight, and the drift of winds and rain, and lastly, by the falling in of the roofs and floors. This mixture, clung together by the infiltration of water, became condensed by time, forming a kind of sandstone, more or less hard, but easily penetrable." Penetrable as it is, however, its removal has cost incredible trouble; indeed, the process of excavation has been found so difficult and tedious, that it is for the present relinquished. We were led through the corridors to the orchestra of a theatre by torch light.

Pompeii, which was entombed in a softer substance, is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbary below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a centry-box, in which the skeleton of a sol-

dier was found with a lamp in its hand; proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone: we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones, for the purpose of fastening animals in the market-place; and in certain situations are placed stepping stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation room of which chirurgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school in which was a small pulpit with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre, about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricli-

niums, beautiful Mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with a part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city, long before its burial, pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and the rooms are small, I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Every thing seems to be in proportion; the principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements of about 3 feet; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side pavements in proportion; these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height; they are made of tuffa with stucco: one third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble, but in general poorly executed. I have observed, on the walls of an eating room, various kinds of food and

game tolerably represented; one *woman's* apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love; and a *man's* with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which is excavated, may be about four miles. It is said that Murat employed no less than 2000 men in clearing Pompeii; and that Madame Murat attended the excavations in person every week. The present government have not retained above 100.

After visiting this extraordinary place, which certainly is the most interesting of all the wonders of Naples, we examined the museum of antiquities at Portici. The collections of ancient paintings are curious and instructing, some of them containing exquisite pieces of art; one room is filled with representations of fruit and flowers, well painted and freely handled; some grapes in particular are remarkable for execution, quite transparent, with the touches of light on them judiciously placed to give effect and clearness. A second room contains various ornaments painted in a masterly manner, and with considerable ingenuity in the design. A third is covered with various animals and birds. Another apartment is filled with landscapes, but these are all extreme-

ly bad, having no perspective, nor any truth of colouring; indeed, it would seem that the ancient painters had never given their mind to that delightful branch of the art. One landscape, however, with all its faults, interested me greatly, and that was a view of ancient Puteoli, (now Puzzuolo,) about six miles from Naples, supposed to have been painted before St Paul landed there. The picture is, of course, very different from the present state of the city, but still a likeness may be traced, if we keep in view the site of the various temples and other objects, the foundations of which are still visible. Among the innumerable pictures which are crowded in several rooms, I shall mention the following, which, on slight examination, appeared to be among the best: SOPHONISBA DRINKING THE JUICE OF HEMLOCK, admirable in expression: AN INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING SERPENTS: JOVE: LEDA AND THE SWAN: THE GRACES: A VENUS: EDUCATION OF BACCHUS: A MEDUSA'S HEAD: —these are all slight, but it is that slightness which conveys character and refinement of taste: A THESEUS as large as life, in a fine attitude and good expression: Two allegorical figures, representing the river NILE AND EGYPT: THE EDUCATION OF ACHILLES: A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE SUCKLING AN AGED MAN, (corresponding to the Roman Charity,) most delicately expressed: An ACADEMY OF MUSIC, the figures small, exquisitely

painted; harps and flageolets are the only instruments. Among the curious pictures is the interior of a school, in which the master is represented flogging a boy, who is upon another boy's back; so that the practice of *horsing* is sanctioned by very ancient authority. Our attention was likewise attracted by a shoemaker's and a cook' shop; these last are but indifferently designed and painted; a Wilkie or an Allan would smile at such productions. All these are in fresco, on stucco grounds, and with a considerable polish on the surface. It does not seem that any glazing colours have been used, the effect being produced entirely by body colour. The ancients, however, as Pliny informs us, had a dark yet transparent mixture, which they laid over their highly finished works, to give the delusion required. From the freshness and clearness of the colouring, they seem to have the advantage of painting in oil, so far, at least, as durability is of advantage.

The museum at Portici likewise contains many statues and busts of considerable merit; besides a great variety of culinary articles, and specimens of calcined barley, beans, paste for bread, part of a roll, mustard-seed, straw, rye, pine tops, figs, cloth like tinder, fish, nets with cork attached to them, spunge, soap, rings, ear-rings, combs, thimbles, looking-glasses of polished metal, and a variety of emblems of luxury and taste, admirably executed.

We examined them all with the keenest interest, though the impression would have been more gratifying, had they been left in the ancient towns in which they were discovered.

Returning to Naples from Portici, we saw three instances of women with goitres, a circumstance which greatly surprised us. Fiorin grass is not uncommon, but it is not cultivated in the fields.

To the west of Naples is the tomb of Virgil; the Isle of Nisida, where Brutus took his last farewell of Portia; Puteoli, where, as mentioned in the Acts of the Apotles, St Paul landed from Regium, in his way to Rome, and where he found Christians even at that early age; the Sybils' Cave, Lake Avernus, Cuma, the exquisite Bay of Baiæ, with the islands Ischia and Capri; and the Elysian fields, still appropriated to the mansions of the dead. The ancient villas of the luxurious Romans lie scattered along this delightful shore, with the remains of amphitheatres, temples, and baths. Solfaterra, a scarcely extinguished volcano, still smokes, and the phenomenon of Monte Nuovo, thrown up in a single night about 80 years ago, and now covered entirely with vines, remains to attest the wonders of volcanic power.

A passion for play seems to be the prevailing vice of the Neapolitans, and masquerading * is the

* The masquerading in the principal street is not unlike that in the Corso at Rome, with the exception of throwing

fashion of the day. At the Academia, where all strangers of respectability are admitted free, there is a dancing assembly twice a-week, with *rouge et noire* and cards. The opera warbles and glitters in the theatre of San Carlo, one of the most splendid in Europe, * after which, during the Carnival, the house is filled with masks, dancing, and play. The lovely bay, as smooth and clear as a Highland lake, reflects a vast variety of gay and pleasing objects. Pæstum lies onward to the south about 60 miles, in a plain partly surrounded with noble mountains, and is one of the finest combinations of pillared ruins that antiquity has left us; it is an excursion of three days to visit it and return. In my next letter I shall give you some account of our journey thither, and of those very magnificent remains.

pozzolana earth. I must, however, mention one disgusting practice which characterizes the Neapolitan masquerades, and that is, the people constantly protruding their tongues through their masks. Some of the Carnival dances, with the castanet and tabour, are expressive of considerable elegance, and superior to any similar amusement we have seen in Rome.

* Each person has a seat with arms to rest upon, and a ticket is given at the entrance of the pit, with the number of the seat which he is to occupy.

LETTER XLIV.

NAPLES.

Journey to Pæstum.—Character of the Temples.—Return to Naples.—Statues in the Studii.—Antiquities.—Pictures.—Papyri, or Herculaneum MSS.—Departure from Naples.

Naples, 8th February.

In our journey to Pæstum we passed through Terra del Annunciata, Cava, Salerno, and Ebboli, and found the scenery fully equal to any we have seen in Italy; partaking of every character from the beautiful to the grand and picturesque. No country, indeed, exhibits greater charms for the painter. Salvator Rosa obtained some of his choicest subjects among the wild, yet noble mountain-views of Cava. For my own part, the tempting compositions, beautified with the azure air and smiling sun of Italy, almost overpowered me: my eye was never idle, but, unfortunately, the hasty mode in which we were obliged to travel, would not permit the individual scenes to make a lasting impression on the mind. Like delightful visions, they just appeared and fled, yet doubtless enriching the imagination by their endless variety. In general, the country between Naples and Ebboli is well cultivated

with various grain, but chiefly Indian corn. No division of property appears. The whole country seems to belong in common to all. The peach, apricot, and almond, were in blossom, and the golden oranges and citrons sparkled on the trees; every bird was singing, and, as I thought, new tunes, their little pipes being quite unknown to me.

The peasantry were often in the strangest dress, and reminded us of the prints in Robinson Crusoe; their coats and breeches being made of goat's skin with long shaggy hair; to this strange attire was added a brown conical hat, and sandals in place of shoes. In one instance we observed a horse, a mule, and an ox, in the same cart. Beans were in blossom, (5th of February,) and in many places were cut as a green crop.

Ebboli, which stands on the acclivity of a hill, commands the bay of Pæstum, and is itself a noble feature in the scenery. Wealth, comfort, and cleanliness, however, are not to be found within its walls; the jaundiced countenance, and the unsettled eye of misery, only command our sympathy. Thirteen robbers had just been taken, and were upon their way to Naples. At Ebboli we learned that the road to Pæstum was infested with banditti; after coming so far, however, we were not to be intimidated. We advanced, and, I must confess, were suddenly appalled at finding on the road, in a lonely wood, a recently murdered corpse. Con-

sulting with ourselves for a moment, and examining the strength of our party, we resolved to proceed upon our journey, and entered an extensive uncultivated plain, overgrown with myrtle, violets, and aromatic plants, wasting "their fragrance in the desert air." Some houses were scattered in the wilderness, but all of them were tenantless: this description of country continued the whole of the way to Pæstum.

When the lonely temples first appeared in their field of desolation, they did not strike us as noble objects; but when we approached nearer, and advanced close up to them, they soon realized our most sanguine expectations. The simple dignity of the Doric order was irresistibly striking, and we could not but confess, that, though these structures are small in dimensions, they inspired us with higher ideas of grandeur than any building we had yet seen. The palaces in Florence, even St Peter's itself, or the Coliseum, notwithstanding their enormous size, did not convey such a pure conception of strength and dignity. The sentiment which they excited we felt as new to us, owing, I should think, to the daring severity of style, or the just proportion of every part towards the expression of eternal duration. They are three in number; the temple of Neptune, the temple of Ceres, and a Basilica for the administration of justice. The temple of Neptune, which is by much the finest and most

entire, has six columns in each front, and fourteen on each side. These rest on a basement of three steps, surrounding the temple; the pediment is massive and high.

The temple of Céres, which appeared somewhat smaller, had likewise six columns in front, but only thirteen on each side. The Basilica has nine pillars in front, and eighteen on the flank, which, like those of the other temples, are placed on steps. The shafts of the columns of this last edifice are greater in the swell, and more bulky in appearance.

Perinisi's engravings give the best representations of these ancient structures, and I think will prove that the expression of strength and grandeur does not depend upon enormous magnitude, if the component parts of buildings (even should they be small) are massive and distinctly seen. Within the walls, which are three miles in circuit, are likewise the remains of an amphitheatre and a theatre, and these, with the temples, are all that time has left to remind us of the ancient Grecian city of Posidonia, where, if we may judge from the architecture I have just described, a general and noble taste must have prevailed. Who, after examining such examples of purity, will not agree with a well known writer, in hoping that this "precious legacy, bequeathed by the first born, and most favoured sons of taste, may finally triumph over the degraded sub-

stitution, compiled by the modern architects, and that we may soon see it appropriated in all public works of a severe and dignified character?"

On our return to Ebboli for the night, we perceived the murdered corpse still lying on the road, and discovered that he was supposed to be killed in a quarrel by his companion. Passing through Portici, we observed written over the door of a church, "Here is no asylum," (meaning for people guilty of atrocious deeds:) and most sincerely it were to be wished, that the same words were written over the entrance of every place of worship in the Catholic dominions.

Naples at present is not a school or cradle of art, which is consequently lower and more degraded here, than in any other considerable city in Italy. There are, however, several private collections of paintings: at the Capo de Monte, likewise, and in the churches, may be seen some of the works of the best mastes. In the Studii there is a small collection of pictures; and some admirable statues of rare antiquity. The famous HERCULES appears pre-eminent, and is well entitled to the society of the lovely FLORA, who accompanied him to Naples from the Farnese Palace in Rome. JUNO, magnificent and grand, is a companion fit for JOVE AND JUPITER AMMON. The statues of BACCHUS are likewise excellent, as also several GLADIATORS and statues of the Balbo family. The noble statue of

ARISTIDES THE JUST exhibits a superiority over the DECLAIMING CICERO. The VENUS has charms too great for APOLLO. He is better suited for the MUSES, some of whom are replete with character and beauty. The exquisite statue of AGRIPPINA, sitting in a pleasing natural attitude, is without a rival; she is so lady-like; the finger of age has gently pressed upon her, and gives an additional interest to her engaging countenance.

The collection is very great, and is particularly rich in busts. Those in transparent alabaster have a bad effect, nor can I admire the mixture of red porphyry and white marble in a figure of an APOLLO, nor slaves with black heads and hands, and drapery of the colour and appearance of Castile soap. It is indeed surprising that the ancient sculptors, whose taste was in general so correct, should, in many instances, have adopted so unseemly a style.

The collection of Greek Vases in the Studii is considerable, and many of them are of exquisite forms. Those discovered at Pompeii are all of a common description, and much inferior to the vases found in Sicily and Calabria. These precious remains are often imitated by modern potters, and the unskilful are occasionally imposed upon by the imitation. The ancient Vases are infinitely lighter in weight than those of recent manufacture. They likewise resist the action of acids,

which is not the case with the former; and by this difference imposition is often detected. The room of Bronzes contains many singular antiques, we were particularly struck with a stop-cock of a bath, still containing water, which it had received nearly 2000 years ago.

The pictures in the studii are but indifferent. A MADONNA in fresco by Correggio; a STUDY FOR A HOLY FAMILY; a PORTRAIT OF A POPE, and a SINGLE HEAD, by Sebastian del Piombo; a Cartoon by Raphael, called THE REPOSE OF MOSES, in a grand style, also a large Cartoon said to be by Michael Angelo; a fresco sketch of figures by Polidoro;, a picture by Parmigiano, and the SACKING OF ROME, by Julio Romano, are among the best: those by Sebastian del Piombo are painted on blackish grey grounds, and have a dark and dismal character.

The unfolding of the Papyri discovered at Herculaneum is extremely curious and interesting. From the frailty of the material, the process is extremely slow: perhaps not more than half an inch is unfolded at a time, and is fixed upon gold-beater's leaf. In appearance, the Papyri might be mistaken for parts of calcined branches of trees, the circular folds seeming like the growth of the wood. In looking at these black and indurated masses, it requires an effort to believe them to be full of human knowledge. The number of the

rolls is very great; only two volumes of them, however, have as yet been published; the last contains fragments of a work of Epicurus, and a Latin poem in hexameters, very much mutilated, apparently descriptive of the contest for empire between Anthony and Octavius. In the next volume will be published a treatise of the philosopher Chrysippus concerning Providence. I believe there was found rolled up in his works a bust inscribed *Epicurus*, which may, perhaps, form a standard for identifying the different heads of that philosopher.

We are now about to set out for the Continent of Greece; but the weather is so unfavourable for a sea voyage of any extent, and there are so many objections to trusting ourselves in the month of February to the Adriatic, beyond what is absolutely necessary to our plans, that we have determined to travel from this city to Otranto, if, upon inquiry here, we should not find it to be impracticable. The little information we could collect, respecting this route, while at Rome, was far from satisfactory. We heard of many difficulties in performing the journey, and here they were swelled into perils, such as our Neapolitan friends urged it mere rashness to encounter. We have, however, been long enough in Italy to know how much the Italians magnify the dangers of travelling in their country, having had more than one opportunity of ascertaining how little reliance is to be placed on

the accounts of murders and robberies, which our informers solemnly asserted to have occurred at no great distance. On applying for information concerning the places through which we are to pass in our journey, at the bureaus of the public offices here, we have been disappointed. A very extraordinary degree of ignorance appears to prevail with regard to the interior, although Lecce, which lies upon our route, is the second city in the continental dominions of the King of Naples, with a population of 20,000 souls, and a considerable trade. There is a diligence, indeed, as far as Bari, and there, as well as at Otranto, are English vice-consuls, not indeed Englishmen, but Italians, as little acquainted with the language as with the feelings of the British. To these we have letters of introduction from Sir Henry Lushington, our consul-general at Naples, and notwithstanding the many difficulties, doubts, and dangers, we have fixed our departure for an early period, and if we are successful, shall sail from Otranto to the Ionian Islands, and, after examining them, proceed to the Continent of Greece.

LETTER XLV.

CORFU.

*Journey to Otranto.**

We left Naples on the night of 15th-16th of February, having sent our baggage in a ship of war returning from Naples to Corfu, so that we retained little to excite the cupidity of the banditti we were assured we should meet with before we reached Otranto. We have seen a country seldom visited by Englishmen. The first day's journey lay through defiles of the Apennines, full of the

* Our journey to Otranto lay through the following towns:—From Naples to Marigliano, Cardinalle, Avellino, Dentecane, Grottaminarda, Ariano, (first day's journey.) From Ariano to Savignano, Ponte di Bovino, Ordona, Cirignola, S. Cassano, Burletta, Biscaglie, Giovenazzo, Bari, (second day's journey.) From Bari to Mola, Monopoli, (third day's journey.) From Monopoli to Fasano, Ostuni, S. Vito, (fourth day's journey.) From St Vito to Mesagne, to Celina, Lecci, (fifth day's journey.) From Lecci to Martano, Otranto, (sixth day's journey.) In all not above 255 miles.

grandest scenes, romantic villages, and castellated mountain tops. The hills were covered with brushwood, and the vallies with vines; yet the people are wretched, and though not, perhaps, naturally vicious, are driven to the highway by extreme want. Our heavy lumbering diligence was always escorted by a couple of gens d'armes.

After the pass of Cardinalle, we enter on a more open country, exhibiting more of corn cultivation. Several large populous villages are seen glittering on the summits of the distant heights, but none is more singularly situated than Ariano, (where we passed the first night,) pinnacled on a mountain top, its sides cut into deep ravines, with various chains of mountains, ridge above ridge, and extensive plains between, stretching into the distance as far as the eye can reach. The bleak and wild appearance of this mountain-track, forcibly recalled the features of Highland scenery. The soil is volcanic, and volcanic appearances extended through the greatest part of our day's journey. The hill on which the town Ariano is built is wholly composed of tuffa. We perceived that the dwellings of the poor were dug in it, and these were not uncomfortable in appearance; they were similar to the excavations of the same material in the neighbourhood of Naples. This country has, at different periods, been greatly desolated by earthquakes.

We left Ariano early in the morning, and arrived

at the bridge of Bovino, near which the Apennines terminate, and the country becomes tame and open. The bridge of Bovino, and its neighbourhood, we had been warned at Naples to dread as infamous from the depredations of banditti! there was another reason for apprehension,—it was the termination of the good road. A former king of Naples had caused a royal road to be constructed from Naples to Bovino, for the sake of the fine sporting which the forest of Bovino afforded. At the bridge we were informed that the troops stationed there had been employed, all the preceding night, in the chace of the banditti of the neighbourhood, and were too fatigued to supply a guard for the diligence. We discovered, however, that the object was to induce us to give money to the officer for a guard, and we therefore determined to proceed without one. From the bridge we drove under a large vaulted archway into the body of the house; from this opened four large apartments, like barns, supported by coarse pillars, without any other entrance than that by the arched gateway. The two farthest of these barns were occupied by mules and carts; the third had a trap-door in the middle; the fourth was a dark and dismal place, without any light, but that afforded by a feeble fire, which glimmered on a raised hearth in the centre. The whole was like a den of thieves. Various figures stood around; and as our eyes be-

came accustomed to the smoky atmosphere, we discovered other groups and strange faces in the remoter corners of the chamber. The day was cold, and some soldiers came in to warm themselves. One of them appeared feeble and emaciated, and apparently in the last stage of decline; he came forward with more respect than the rest; we noticed him, and placed him near the fire, and gave him a little money and food. While we were observing his wan countenance and feeble limbs, we overheard a bystander inquire, if the English were Christians? "Yes!" continued he, "they must be so, from their humanity to that poor man: we Neapolitans are worse than Turks."

Our late guard quitting us at the bridge, we passed through this country, so dreaded by the Neapolitans, without attack or even alarm, and soon gained the plains of Puglia, the ancient Apulia. We travelled long without meeting with any interesting objects. In general the country towards Burletta is flat, or rises gently into extensive downs. The agriculture is different from that in the rest of Italy. Large and neatly built farm establishments occur; fields of wheat, of perhaps 200 acres together, and wide tracks of pasture land. The towns are open, airy, and well built; very different from the miserable post-house of Bovino. We passed the field of the battle of Conrad, and the Ofanto, the ancient Aufidus, before arriving at Barlet-

ta, a considerable town on the Adriatic Gulf. From this town there is an export of corn, which sufficiently accounted for the improved state of the country between Barletta and Bovino.

The country in the neighbourhood of Barletta, and all the way to Bari, assumes a new character. The substratum of the soil is limestone, which is covered with a finely pulverized red, to the depth of about a foot. Grapes, olives, wheat, lupins, and fruit trees, especially figs, are cultivated with great care. The fields are inclosed with dry stone walls; and the houses, which are numerous, though in general very small, and universally flat roofed, have a very lively appearance from their extreme whiteness, in the midst of the fresh green of the fields and orchards.

Bari has an imposing appearance from a distance; it is populous, though not in proportion to the size of the town: the principal exports are oil, and some raw cotton. Like the other towns of this part of the country, it stood a siege in the middle age; it had even at one period a Saracen garrison, which was commanded by an Arabian Emir, but surrendered to a grandson of Charlemagne. We found lying in the port a vessel for Corfu with Capo d'Istria, brother to the Russian minister, on board. We might have had a passage with him, but the necessity of submitting to a quarantine of fourteen days deterred us from

taking advantage of his offer. The Italian, who bore the title of Vice Consul, lived in a hovel by the sea side. He, and the host of the little inn where we took up our abode, endeavoured to alarm us with their assurances of the number of banditti close to the town, and the accounts of their depredations upon travellers: we were, however, inflexible in our determination to set out, and proceeded, accordingly, the next morning, in a miserable kind of covered carriage.

The road, if road it may be called, was such as no man in Britain would think practicable almost for a horse. Thirty miles a-day was all that we could accomplish; and for the greater part, we found it more convenient to travel on foot. The road to Monopoli lies chiefly along the sea shore: the hills run parallel, about six or eight miles inland, and almost the whole country is covered with olive, of the growth probably of 500 years: they are all pollards, and have stems like old willows, but as large and as grotesque as the oaks of Sherwood Forest: some of these look more like blocks of grey granite than trees; so entirely have they lost the appearance of vegetable life, except where the young branches spring. This forest of olives continues, with few interruptions, for nearly 100 miles. The hills are clothed with vineyards and corn growing under them.

In this route we carried our provisions along

with us, dining under an olive tree, or among wild aromatic flowers. On arriving at Monopoli, we immediately went to market, and bought our provisions; such as kid, cauliflower, fish, figs, and wine. The latter is excellent all along this coast. The best is red, and not unlike our Port, and costs about 2d. a flaggon.

The little town of Monopoli possesses much external magnificence. Domes, spires, and minarets, rise above its bastions and flanking walls; but every thing is in miniature. The streets are narrow and extremely clean, crowded, however, with wretched beings, old and young, in whose pale and sickly countenances all the diseases incidental to want are too legibly written. They flocked about us in crowds, as, indeed, the innumerable living skeletons did in every town; and a small sum, divided among them, gave a temporary gladness to many a heart. They bought and devoured greedily a large species of white bean, which is kept ready boiled in the streets as food for the poor. We have seen them picking bits of decayed lettuce and offal from the dunghills, and devouring it with avidity!

Leaving Monopoli, along a road in many places hedged with luxuriant opuntia, (the Indian fig,) we travel on for a time through olive groves, and then along the coast, which rises here into sandy hillocks, covered with bent-grass. Our notice

was here directed to a neat farm-house, from which the Algerines, about a year ago, carried off by surprise three of the inhabitants. The character of the coast is lonely rather than wild, and the ruins of the ancient Greek city of Egnatia, its broken citadel, the circuit of its walls, only indicated by heaps of stones, and one low arch, are quite in harmony with the scene. We learn from a modern inscription, that it was once famed for its fisheries, olives, orchards, and commerce. It cannot now boast of a single living thing, but the lizard, the serpent, and the hooded-crow!

We dined in a beautiful olive grove, within view of Ostuni, which stands on an elevated ground, enriched with the foliage of the olive: the monotony of these groves is sometimes relieved by the locust tree, and the date-palm. From the locust is produced the caruba, similar to a large bean pod, flat, brown, and sweet, having much of the flavour of the tamarind. In times of scarcity it is used by the poor in Rome, Naples, and the south. Our day's journey was to San Vito, but our veturino avoided the Ostuni road, as it was said to be infested by brigands.

You will smile at our having actually beat up the quarters of St Vitus; but we had no reason to smile: for a long time we were doubtful whether the town would afford us beds for the night, and some of us fared hardly enough. The

inn, as it was called, was without provisions; and had it not been for the contents of our basket, we should have had nothing to eat in the town of the "dancing saint." One of our party solicited and obtained a bed at a convent, but when he proceeded to occupy it, he found the filth so disgusting as to induce him to resign it. There are several convents and paltry churches in this town, all dedicated to St Vitus.

By the break of morn we left San Vito; the sun rose in splendour above the snowy mountains of Albania, and we hailed in distant prospect the classic land of Greece. The mountains of Chimæra, and the famed Acrocèraunus, were mingled with the clouds; but as we approached Otranto, they gradually assumed the form, the grandeur, and livery of the Alps. We now cross over extensive downs, covered with flocks of goats and sheep.* The latter are of various shades and colours, black, brown, and grey; and the cloth of the country is made of the undyed wool. Leaving the town of Masagne, and its hedges of American aloe, and a pretty village a little farther to the south, we enter into an extensive plain, stretching to the horizon on every side, and entirely in a state of nature. Nothing meets

* The sheep in appearance are so like goats, that I suspected there must be a crossing of the different species.

the eye but interminable thickets of wild aromatic plants. Here flourish lentiscus, privet, myrtle, muchia, and the dwarf laburnum; around the taller arbutus grow wild lavender, sage, rosemary, the squill, and the garden thyme. The euphorbia was unfolding its luxuriant yellow flower. A variety of rich heaths emulated in size their more aspiring neighbours; anemonies and other flowers bespangled the green sward below. We observed many flower stalks of the aloe, not less than thirty feet in length; when in full blow, it is certainly the most superb of flowers. * Through them we worked our way for several hours, sometimes on one track and sometimes on another, for there is no regular road till we again entered among ancient olives, and arrived at Cellino, a beautiful village, in a still more beautiful country. God has done everything, but man nothing. Three hours after leaving Cellino, we reached the commercial town of Lecce, which, I have already observed, is the second city of the kingdom of Naples. In the streets, which are narrow, may be found every Greek and Roman order, and every Gothic corruption. The sculptor's art is facili-

* The birds most common are, the crow, kite, ringtail hawk, cuckoo, goldfinch, chaffinch, magpie, blackbird, thrush, red-breast, plover, lapwing, a few snipe and wild pigeons, blue and small.

tated by the softness of the stone. Many of the ornaments are turned in a turning lath for a mere trifle; consequently the poorest people continue to have ornamented houses. Immediately after being taken from the quarry, the stone may be cut with a knife; it is said, however, to become so hard in a few days, as almost to resist the chisel; and where plainness has been intended, the weather has worn it into vermicular forms like madrepore. The rustic appearance of the lower stones of some of the public buildings in England, may have been imitated from this fancy work of nature. The churches and principal houses are sculptured in the richest style, with birds, flowers, animals, and angels. The balconies are supported by brackets, finely and fancifully ornamented. Every perversion of taste and torturing of simplicity may be seen in the streets of Lecce,* but with all its corruptions, an architect would find much to admire and perhaps to imitate.

This city once carried on an immense trade in oil and wine, and was the great store-house of Eastern Calabria. It still has all the bustle and activity of commerce. It is much to be regretted,

* The equestrian statues we saw are not larger than life; they consequently have a very diminutive and insignificant appearance at a short distance. Such statues, to have a commanding effect, should always be colossal.

however, for the sake of the population, that the olive and the vine should usurp the soil, to the exclusion of grain. The cultivation of these leaves much idle time on the hands of the peasant, which corn-agriculture would profitably employ. This idleness does infinite mischief to morals, and when an unfavourable season occurs, encourages crime, by adding the impulse of necessity to the want of principle. This, I am persuaded, is a principal cause of those frequent robberies which are said to take place; though certainly they are much exaggerated by the timidity of the Italians. If the people were more courageous, these depredations would be more frequent, for the olive harvest has failed in three successive years, and the necessities of the lower classes are extreme.

From Lecce to Otranto the distance is 28 miles. The fields are divided with stone walls; the stone appears to be an aggregation of stalactites. The agriculture is not good, but the barley was in the ear. The Greek village of Kalimara struck us, as greatly resembling the ancient city of Pompeii. We stopped for refreshment at the village of Cerpignano, and for 1s. 4d. had as much bread, cheese, and excellent red wine, as seven people required; here we observed that weights were made of rude stone.

The country towards Otranto becomes desolate and bare, extensive downs covered with thyme, with



occasionally the dwarf holly, the Rosa marina, and lavender, stretch around like wild moorlands. The Lake Alemenie, on the left, varies a little the monotony of this district, but nothing is seen of Otranto till we drop upon it unexpectedly.

It is a poor looking town, situate on an elevated projecting point, between two small bays, and is walled and mounted with cannon. Finding, on our arrival, that there was no inn, we sent for the British vice-consul, who lodged us in the house of an Italian marquis. We laid down our beds, which we borrowed, in a large damp and comfortless apartment, without furniture of any sort, and in another squatted ourselves around a pan of charcoal. During the nights we were disturbed, and most of us kept sleepless, by the swarms of musquitos and fleas, the room having probably not been visited by a broom, during the time of the present generation of the noble proprietors of the palace.

The celebrated castle of Otranto is an imposing object of considerable size. It owes all its reputation in England to the interesting romance of that name. I have made drawings of it from every point of view, not omitting the court-yard, where the gigantic helmet appeared. The gateway is particularly splendid, and has a dignified and chivalric air, as indeed has the whole building. Some palm trees, which are opposed to the aged and crumbling walls, had a fine effect, and heightened the senti-

ment inspired by the romance and the building itself.

Otranto, though a miserable place to live in, (having been lately scourged by famine,) affords some excellent subjects for the pencil, such as a Gertin would have painted upon the spot, or Blore would delineate with scrupulous accuracy. The principal church, with its round Gothic window, and some houses near it, with their brackets, balustrades, and rich friezes, are most attractive objects. We entered the church during the time of service, and saw the corpse of a man lying with his common clothes on. In the crypt below, which is very ancient, are two curious marble columns, said to have been brought from the Holy Land; the shafts are richly covered, and have inscriptions from the Sacred Writings.

The Inquisition is not abolished in Otranto, but its pains and punishments, as in other Catholic countries, are inflicted for opinion, and not for acts of violence. The magistrates have little power. A person cannot be apprehended on suspicion of robbery or murder: this might possibly interfere with the privileges of the sanctuary of the church. Sad consternation prevailed while we were there, about some robbers that were lurking in the neighbourhood of the town. They were even seen and pointed out to our party by the governor, who took no measures to apprehend them; and more villanous-

looking fellows, my friends informed me, could not be seen. When I returned to our palazzo, having separated at an early hour from my companions, my appearance was a welcome sight to the magistrates, who were consulting with my friends what steps should be taken, being apprehensive that I might have been attacked, while I was sketching the castle at some distance from the town; as it seems it was only single persons that the ruffians ventured to rob. The governor was urged strongly to have them arrested, which he promised to do, upon further consultation with his friends the clergy.

The harbour of Otranto is not so good as some of the other ports on the Adriatic, in the King of Naples' dominions, but it serves as a shelter in bad weather. Happily for us, a vessel with corn from Brindisi was compelled to put in by stress of weather, and we agreed with the Greek captain and his crew (for in the Greek vessels it is usual for each of the sailors to have a share in the ship) to take us to Corfu, whither he was bound.

Before embarking, having some time to write, I shall supply a few slight omissions which I have observed in this letter. It is not a little remarkable, that, in all the distance from Barletta to Otranto, about 130 miles, we crossed only a single paltry stream. The substratum is entirely lime, and almost wholly mixed with marine shells, the oyster, the cockle, and scallop, but none of an antediluvian de-

scription, like those in France, or on the Apennines. The soil is thin but rich; to make it produce as it does, the dews must be extremely heavy during the summer heats. To supply the deficiency of water, tanks, or underground reservoirs, have been built in very ancient times, and are still kept up with the most anxious care. Into these every little spring is turned, and the rain water preserved. The houses all along the coast are built of square blocks of limestone, which they procure soft and of a chalky whiteness: it forms a cement when mixed with earth, without being burned.* The country houses are all inclosed in walls, and secured with a strong gate, as a precaution against Italian robbers, or more properly against the piratical incursions of the Algerines. The roofs, for the most part, form a flat terrace, and above this a sort of watch-tower or look-out is frequently constructed.

The people are well-bred and respectful; they wear full large great-coats and the taper-crowned hat, and were always, when we met them in the country, provided with fire-arms. We saw few women, and those very plain and unhealthy,

* We admired the beauty of many of the chimneys, especially in the towns; like those in Florence and Rome, the variety was without end, and often gave a consequence to the poorest dwelling.

perhaps from poverty and bad food. The mode of travelling is remarkable; the saddle is made with brackets of wood, so as to form a seat on each side of the horse, like two conversation stools; we tried it, and found it very comfortable and commodious. Among the vines the hoe is the instrument in use: at this season, the earth is collected into pyramidal heaps, and the roots laid almost bare. The vine is cut within two feet of the ground, and the excellence of the produce shews the utility of the practice. In the north of Italy, where the vines are trained in sweeping festoons from tree to tree, the wine is almost invariably thin and acid. On the evening of the 24th of February we embarked, attended by the consul to the water side.

LETTER XLVI.

CORFU.

Voyage to Corfu.—Albanian Shore.—View in approaching Corfu.—Arrival at Corfu.—Hospitality of Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor-General.—His Character.

The vessel in which we took our passage was in quarantine, and our interview with the captain, while making our bargain, took place on the open shore, under the superintendence of a guard from the health office, who, with his wand, kept us at such a distance from each other, as to prevent contagion. The captain was placed about eight feet to leeward. At present all persons coming from the Ionian Islands perform a quarantine of twenty-eight days. The recent plague at Corfu and Cephalonia seem to justify the measure. On the other hand, there is a retaliatory quarantine of ten days on all vessels from the coast of Calabria, in consequence of the appearance of pestilence last year in the town of Noja.

We embarked in the evening, and as the night was chill, we stretched ourselves on the wheat with shut hatches. About midnight we were awakened by the violent pitching of the boat; a

storm had come on, and the waves had several times come over us, and forced their way into the hold, through the loosely joined hatches. The morning found us drifting up the Adriatic under a foresail, with the Acroceraunian promontory under our lee, which the ancients describe as so fatal to mariners. We passed repeatedly between it and the Island of Saseno, and cast anchor in two feet water, at a few miles distance from the town of Canina, and at least eighty to the north of Corfu. We were now in the territory of Ali Pasha, from which, at Corfu, there is a quarantine of thirty days. It was necessary, therefore, to avoid all communication with the natives, and we ventured on shore, not without apprehension of some accident which might unintentionally involve us in some disagreeable predicament. The day, however, was inviting, and though we did not go beyond the small headland, under which our bark lay, we enjoyed, nevertheless, a very interesting view of the romantic region before us. On the S. E. the great bay of Avlona, bounded by the Acroceraunian promontory, and the Chimariote mountains, disappeared into the country among fine mountain scenery, snow-capped like the Alps. To the north of our little cape lay a spacious hollow bay, inclosed like a lake, with a large and beautifully wooded island, and a monastery embowered. Innumerable wild fowl, particularly coots,

lined the margin, or skimmed upon the surface, which was perfectly calm. This is a famous fishing-station, and several fishing-boats from the island resort hither annually, and pay for the privilege. We counted at one time six pelicans securing their share of the finny spoil. The high mountain of the Sopra Canina, as the Italians call it, rises nobly off the town, and at the foot, a fortification belonging to Ali Pasha. Here Ali Pasha was taken prisoner in his youth by the Pasha of Avlona, and mercifully spared. He repaid this act of mercy, by possessing himself of the Pachalic, by the united means of treachery and arms.

The rocks around our station were composed of a sandstone curiously stratified, and of different degrees of hardness. High round knobs and prominences were left by the waters, worn into very fantastic shapes, and perforated like madrepore. Albanians on horseback passed us frequently at a short distance. They were the first we had seen, and partly on account of quarantine, and partly from other considerations, we did not feel disposed to hold any communication.

In the course of the day, we were a little surprised, and not quite at ease, on seeing two horsemen with large turbans and flowing robes, gallop their horses into the sea close to our bark, and remain some time in conversation. We found.

however, that they were only two Greek merchants, making inquiries relative to trade. In the evening we re-embarked with a fair wind for Corfu, and had a strong and steady breeze during the night.

"Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks and Pindus' inland peak,
Rob'd half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise, and as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer."

Before us lay Corfu stretching to the right, and in the same direction, and nearer to Otranto, rose the small rocky islands of Merlera and Fano, the latter supposed by some to have been the Island of Calypso, and so, indeed, denominated in D'Anville's map of Greece. We drove along with a strong fresh wind and fine sunshine, through the narrow channel which divides Corfu from Epirus, passed Casiopo, where stood the Temple of Jupiter in ancient times, and on the opposite side the advancing shores of Butrinto, when the woody and variegated shores and hills of Corcyra, forming the western boundary of an extensive bay, expanded before us. The grand mountains of Albania, and the more distant coast of Greece, receding to the south, uniting to the eye with the castellated rocks of the city, and fortified Island

of Vido, presented a combination of objects, no less interesting than delightful.

We landed at the health office, and a small adjoining house within the precincts of the office, and inclosed with palisades, was allotted for our residence during our days of quarantine. In the evening notice was sent, that our quarantine would expire on the following morning. After our introduction to the Governor-General, Sir Thomas Maitland, we were invited by his excellency to dine with him, and an apartment was provided for us in the palace. We remained there about ten days, and nothing could exceed the kindness of Sir Thomas Maitland. He lives in a princely style, and is no less remarkable for his rigid economy of the public revenue, than his acts of private munificence. To a wiser head or a nobler heart, the interests of Great Britain in the Grecian islands could not be intrusted. He is admired, beloved, and feared. The former sentiment is general, and he is only feared by those who apprehend the detection of some sinister scheme of private gain at the public expence. Three things he cannot endure,—intrigue, injustice, and thanks. To all who have deserved his confidence, his attachment is permanent and growing. He possesses, in a very uncommon measure, that penetrating sagacity which discovers, almost at a glance, the whole character of those with whom he has occasion to act;—a

quality of inestimable value in the situation which he fills, among a people distinguished by artifice, ability, and absence of moral principle. He has a deep knowledge of jurisprudence, and a thorough acquaintance with policy and trade;—an excellent lawyer, without the technicalities of a special pleader, and a statesman nearly divested of party. The islands profess the fullest confidence in his integrity, capacity, and firmness. He began by studying, most attentively, for upwards of a year, the disposition and character of the leading men of the Septinsular Aristocracy. This directed him in the choice of the primary council, from whom the new constitution was to receive its first sanction. The eleven members of this council are a constituent part of the legislative body, which is composed of forty persons, and will naturally have considerable influence over the remaining twenty-nine, who are to be elected in a fixed proportion from the "Sincliti" of the different islands. These Sincliti are the noblesse, possessing a certain qualification, and enrolled and dated under the constitution of 1803. Hence the government has been hitherto purely aristocratical. But the most important benefit which British supremacy will confer on these islands, will be in purifying the administration of justice, which has been, and still is, shamefully corrupt; and Sir Thomas Maitland, as the courts of Malta evince, is admirably quali-

fied for the task. The national character itself may receive a radical and even rapid reform. The Greek succession of masters, the instability of the government, and the ignorance of the governors, opened every situation to the assaults of political intrigue, artifice, and misrepresentation. Among an ingenious people, these vices are carried to an extreme. But when no longer available under an enlightened government, these arts will cease to be employed, and the public character will regain a more upright and a finer carriage. Already has the Lord Commissioner abashed duplicity and intrigue, and infused a relish for fair and honourable dealing, by his own perfect candour, openness, and consistency. He has possessed himself of the hearts of the people, by the wise measures which he is adopting to shield them from the intolerable tyranny of the noblesse, and the venality of justice; and he has gained the admiration of the noblesse, by his noble candour, at the same time that his commanding talent has overawed their understanding. They see now no refuge but in honesty. A new and happy era has commenced, and we may hope it will draw after it important and fortunate results.

LETTER XLVII.

CORFU.

City of Corfu.—Castradis.—Cottage of the Governor-General.—Ship of Ulysses.—General Appearance of the Island.—Village of Potamo.—View from the Mountain of St Salvador.—Ball.—Laxity of Morals.—Aristocracy divided into Russian and English Parties.—Assassinations.—Superstitions and Immorality of the People.—Events in the Ancient History of Corcyra.

When we left the Lazaretto, we were particularly struck with the variety of nations and costumes mingling in the streets,—Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Italians, British soldiers, officers and their wives, and I may add English T. G's. (travelling gentlemen,) each distinguishable by the air, dress, or occupation, characteristic of the individual and the country. The city of Corfu is of considerable extent, the houses two and three stories high, the streets narrow, with small arcades on each side. The military esplanade is spacious and open, commanding extensive views in front of the palace and fortifications; and behind the palace are two high conical rocks, (like those of Dumbarton Castle,) projecting into the sea, and strongly fortified.

After the taking of Candia in 1670, the Turks besieged the castle of Corfu for five years, and were at length defeated, when on the eve of success, by an unexpected and desperate sally from the garrison by night. Austria, Italy, and Hungary, aided the Venetians in repelling this obstinate and long protracted siege. On the land side, the French have thrown up most laborious and expensive works; much too extensive to be defended by any force which Great Britain would employ, except in very particular circumstances, for such an object. Corfu would require for that purpose at least 10,000 men on this line. A little to the south of the city lies the village of Castradis, the site most probably of the ancient city of Corcyra. In cutting the fosse, quantities of broken pottery and marble were found, and nearer the surface, and of course more recent, fragments of Roman tessellated pavement; farther on, large blocks of marble, with joints and capitals, and columns, lie in heaps together. In the village, a little Greek church is pointed out as occupying the site of an ancient temple of Janus. Sir Thomas Maitland's cottage lies about a mile farther towards the one gun battery, in a most romantic situation, full of classical interest and natural beauty. On one side is the Grecian continent; the view inland, embracing what is called the old harbour, stretches over a country varied with mountains and

valleys richly clothed; olive groves, among which picturesque villages are partially concealed, or displayed on rocky eminences, and mountain slopes rising above the forest. The forms of the mountains are peculiarly graceful, and the richness of the whole scenery recalls those views of the islands in the Pacific Ocean, with which the engravings in Cook's voyages have so often delighted me. At the entrance to the old harbour is the rock called the Ship of Ulysses, represented by Homer as a perpetual monument of the wrath of Neptune, when he found that Ulysses had escaped the storm.

> "The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
> And roots her down, an everlasting rock."

By the way, it bears not the least resemblance to any thing in the nature of a ship, ancient or modern. But Homer thought otherwise; and this evidence will satisfy nine-tenths of our modern unbelievers in the truth of Christianity.

We made several excursions into the country; it is every where full of beauty, but the olive sadly prevails to the exclusion of corn cultivation. A change in this particular would introduce industry and abundance together, and would make Corfu equally independent of Turkey and Russia for its deficiency of bread-corn.

In one of these excursions to the top of Mount Pilica, I was struck with the resemblance of the

island to the blade of a sickle, which its ancient name *Drepane* implies. The country on this side is low, rich, and wooded, but in great need of drainage, and hence the malaria is very prevalent and fatal: great numbers die annually of the fever which it occasions. Orange and lemon orchards are numerous over the island; and at this season they were loaded with golden fruit, though so early in the spring. The olive woods beneath were enamelled with wild flowers, "Iris all hues," and anemonies of every shade, from the deepest purple to the palest damask. Heaths of uncommon size and richness bloomed among the rocky clefts.

> "Thro' every season blooms the tender rose,
> The shelter'd violet here for ever blows,
> And wintry suns, with more than vernal power,
> Mature the fruit, and court the opening flower."

Farther west of the ancient city was probably the garden of Alcinous, so beautifully described in the Odyssey.

> "Close to the gate a spacious garden lies,
> From storms defended and inclement skies,
> Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould,
> The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
> Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
> With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
> The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
> And verdant olives flourish round the year;

The balmy spirit of the western gale,
"Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail,"
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruit to grow."

This might be a literal description of any garden in this delightful island. On the opposite shore of the large salt water lake, called the Old Harbour, is supposed to exist the fountain Cressida, where Ulysses presented himself to Nausicaä, the daughter of Alcinous. It emits a copious stream, which turns a mill a few hundred yards from its source. An ugly white parapet props a foot-path above it, and destroys the quiet and retirement of the spot. In other respects, it corresponds sufficiently with Homer's account.

The village of Potamo, with its high church-tower, embosomed among hills, tufted with olive, is a pleasing object, and the old Venetian port, now in disuse, with the buildings going to ruin, possesses considerable beauty. Before leaving Corfu, we made an excursion partly by water to the top of St Salvador, a high mountain twelve miles to the north of the city. Early in the morning we landed our boat on a sandy beach at the foot of St Salvador. The ascent by the village of Ceres occupied nearly three hours. The clouds alternately rose and descended, but just as we reached the monastery on the summit, they dissolved in a heavy shower, and the sun bursting

forth, lighted up the whole scenery around. We looked down upon the narrow channel that separates Corcyra from Albania, as on a river. Old Buthrotum, and its lake lay a little inland; and beyond, the snow-covered mountains of Kimara and Pindus, with many vales between, streaked with golden gleams and broken clouds, hung on their varied forms, and seemed to dwell in scenes wild, majestic, and unknown; and, as far as we could judge, the scenery of Epirus appeared to equal any painting of the fancy. To the north lay the petit district of Avos, the Hadriatic Sea, and the Island of Calypso. To the south and south-east the rich scenery of Corfu, the Islands of Paxo, Cephalonia, and Santa Maura, like distant clouds on the blue waters of the Ionian Sea. We rung the bell of the convent, the only sound that broke the silence of this mountain solitude. A poor old Greek monk attended us from the nearest village, to shew the chapel and relics of his wretched convent, and to receive a small and hard earned gratuity. The whole mountain, indeed all the island, is calcareous, and in many places composed of marine shells. The strata is vertical, full of air holes, and frequently of a green and vitrified appearance. Below the conical summit is a long flat ridge, broken and uneven, with innumerable little patches of black earth bearing Turkey corn, and each from 40 to 100 yards in breadth.

We passed in our way down through the thickets of wild myrtle, arbutus, valony, and bay, with vast numbers of wild flowers quite unknown to me. Passing a beautiful village with its terraces and groves of orange, lemon, cypress, and olive, we found it difficult to scramble through the brushwood, and the dry channels of torrents. We reached the shore near a sweet country-box, the owner of which came out to welcome us with flowers, violets, orange blossoms, &c. Sir Thomas Maitland, with his yacht, was ready to receive us, and when we came on board, we found such a feast of fish, as a London epicure would go far to enjoy. It was the produce of a few hours fishing, and consisted of 80 red mullets, soles, eels, John Dories, with the sea scorpion, and the calamara or ink fish; appetite was not wanting, and the porter, champagne, and maraskina, might have served for a banquet of the gods.

A few days after our arrival, we had a splendid ball and supper at the palace; the ladies were numerous and well dressed, but in the French taste. * They were not in general handsome, though among them were one or two that might

* At a former ball, or entertainment, which I believe was the first given to the natives by the Governor, the ladies were attired in Greek dresses, and must have been infinitely more interesting in their appearance.

be called beautiful. The ladies of the islands are much secluded. In Corfu, however, the French introduced a considerable change in manners, and unfortunately in morals too, which here, and, indeed, throughout the seven islands, are extremely lax. A sort of agreement is not unfrequent, by which a young woman is made over by her parents to her admirer (her own consent being first obtained) at a stipulated sum. The usual sum is 200 dollars, and a small provision for life. This species of concubinage frequently terminates in marriage, when the girl is respectable, and there happen to be children. It produces, at the same time, much infidelity in the married state. The society of Corfu was chiefly military, and at the general's ball, almost all the gentlemen were in uniform, except the members of the primary council: they were for the most part intelligent Greeks. French, Italian, and English, were the medium of conversation; but Romaic, a barbarous Greek dialect, is the language of all the islands, as well as of the Continent of Greece. Several of the Greek nobility speak English tolerably well.

Among the number was one very noted character, Count A—— the richest nobleman of Cephalonia. During the imbecility of the Russian government, he headed a party, and having defeated his adversaries in a battle, he in one morning decapitated twenty-three of his prisoners. The

bloody proscription of Sylla and the triumvirate differ from this butchery in nothing, but in the quantity of civil blood which those monsters shed to their private revenge. Count A—— is regarded as a kind of political curiosity. We may judge by this example, what should be the value of a strong and upright government among such a people.

The aristocracy is divided into two parties,—the Russian and the English. The Russian at first threatened to be formidable, having at its head Count Capo d'Istria, the father of the favourite minister of the Russian Emperor. But the Count is too old to be very active, and the declarations of Alexander have held out no encouragement. The able management of the Lord High Commissioner has left this party without hope. In the formation of his primary council, he prudently introduced a few of the most violent of the Russian party, well knowing that this violence would disgust their associates in the council, and produce opposition, and that, if he should obtain their concurrence in his plan of the constitution, it implied the acquiescence at least, and perhaps the approbation, of the party. He has found them, I believe, as tractable as the rest; but though unfelt under his firm, conciliatory, and powerful control, the party might not improbably be revived, should any event emerge favourable to their views. Russia is a mere pretext; their real object, as I conceive,

being independence on other powers, in order that they may tyrannize at home. But the natural weakness and position of the Ionian islands, and all their past history, demonstrate, that they must ever be an appendage of some more powerful state; powerful at sea, and able to protect them as well as to command.

The similarity of religion (the Greek Church) may indeed produce a sympathetic preference in favour of Russia; but I should think this circumstance is of no account. It is now in contemplation to make the Greek the Established Church. This point being secured, they can wish for nothing more from Russia, on the score of conformity of faith. Heretofore, the Catholic has been on the same footing as the Greek Church, and has subsisted in perfect harmony with its less orthodox rival. In both, the ceremonial would seem to comprehend everything. The fasts, particularly those of the Greek Church, are rigidly observed by the lower ranks, but morality and true religion, reverence towards God, and love to man, seem almost unknown. Private revenge had been carried to a most flagrant excess. In Zante, immediately previous to our occupation of that island, sixty persons, in six months, were assassinated in the streets. Each family had its deadly feuds; when one family came to the city, others were obliged to retire to their estates to avoid the dagger or the pistol of

the hired assassin. If any man in Cephalonia was offensive to Count A—— a hint was sufficient. At a convenient time he was quietly dispatched. The trade of the islanders was piracy, robbery, and murder on the seas. But conscience was always quieted by the severity of their fasts. I have heard it mentioned, that when one of Count A——'s myrmidons once came to acquaint him with an assassination, and was ordered dinner, he absolutely refused to taste animal food, because it was the season of the fast. Far be it from me to think, or to say, that either the Greek or Roman ritual countenances such crimes; but it is nevertheless my firm opinion, that all religions, which ascribe the chief merit to ceremonial observances, are in that proportion unfavourable to moral conduct. In the multiplicity of sacraments, offerings, fasts, processions, external forms, and ostentatious parade, the religion of the heart is forgot. It is not rare, I have been told, for people to frequent both churches, to profess both creeds, and to alternate between them, according to caprice. Indifference is the consequence. At present, among the higher ranks, there is very little religion, but plenty of superstition and parade. The body of St Speridion is a source of considerable gain to a noble family in Corfu, to whom it belongs. He is carried in grand procession through the streets, and worshipped on bended knees as he passes along. St Car-

lambro patronizes the island of Paxo; St Jerassimo, Cephalonia; and St Dionysio, Zante; they are all saluted with discharges of artillery, and the vulgar are taught to believe in the efficacy of their intercession. The plague at Corfu was declared to have been stayed by St Speridion. The rigorous military police of Sir Thomas Maitland was on that occasion a most powerful auxiliary to the saint. Even the patents issued by the health office bear to be "in the name of God, and by the intercession of St Speridion," &c.

But I have detained you so long with these dry details, that by this time you will be glad to change the scene, and visit the remaining islands. I shall therefore reserve some important particulars, relative to agriculture, commerce, revenue, &c. for a future letter.

Corcyra was celebrated for having been the island on which Ulysses is represented in the Odyssey as having been entertained by Alcinous, king of Phaeacia; as the place where Cato and Cicero met after the battle of Pharsalia; and where Cato, after having entreated Cicero to take the command of the last legions which remained faithful to the republic, separated from him to lose his life at Utica, while Cicero went to lose his head to the triumvirate; as being the place to which Aristotle was once exiled; as having been visited by the youthful

Alexander; as the place where the tragical nuptials of Anthony and Cleopatra were celebrated; as the place where Agrippina touched, bringing from Egypt the body of the murdered Germanicus in the midst of winter. Corcyra was a great naval power, and drew the Athenians into the war with the Lacedemonians, and their allies; called the Peloponnesian war, which lasted 27 years, and terminated fatally for Athens, which was reduced to subjection by the Lacedemonians.

LETTER XLVIII.

ZANTE.

Islands of Paxo and Zante.

From the Island of Corfu, we embarked in a fine armed schooner belonging to the government, and passed southward between Corfu and the coast of Albania, which here is deeply indented with bays and promontories. We observed some large villages at a distance from the shore, backed by high mountains of a brown, parched appearance. The southern point of Corfu is low and rich, but very unhealthy. We lay too off Parga, and in the night had violent squalls: about day-break three water-spouts fell around us. To make the most of a foul wind, we ran into the beautiful harbour of St Gajo, the capital of the little wooded Island of Paxo. The town is wholly concealed by two small inlets; the outer having a ruined church, and part of an ancient Cyclopean wall; the inner is high, and surmounted with a modern fort and barrack. Sailing up a deep and narrow sound between limestone rocks, tufted with euphorbia, and

quantities of narcissus, we come abruptly on the town, forming an amphitheatre round a small and shallow harbour, with rich olive woods, and occasionally cypress groves rising above. No town which we have lately seen, surpasses in neatness this miniature of a capital city. The quays are paved, the streets clean and well lined; the houses extremely neat, and ornamented on this occasion with olive boughs, in expectation of a visit from the Lord High Commissioner, in whose honour a little triumphal arch had been erected.

Lieutenant Simpson (capo di governo) has the chief merit of these reforms. He received us most kindly, and shewed and explained to us every thing worthy of attention. The island is composed of a light grey limestone, layer above layer, with a gentle dip to the east. It is covered with debris, but wherever this has been cleared away, a fine black mould appears, extremely rich. The gardens are quickly overrun with rank weeds, particularly the *volpe*, so called from its destroying every other vegetable near it. The interior of the island is highly beautiful, much inclosed, and nearly covered with olive trees. The villages are neat and picturesque; the houses within were extremely clean, and the people were sitting before them, enjoying the evening sun, amusing themselves with various sports, and apparently very happy. Notwithstanding appearances, we were assured that the proprietors are, like

the Greeks of the other islands, discerning, quick, jealous of each other, and full of finesse, extremely litigious, and oppressing the lower ranks with all the forms of legal injustice. The proprietors are connected, and the judges are unjust from influence and bribes.

The manners of the islanders are correct; the women are much retired, except on festivals, when they flock to St Gajo in their richest attire, and dance in the open air to the sound of the pipe; some, however, have never been so far from home as the capital. They are all uneducated; the sister, for instance, of the Countess N—— can neither read nor write. We went into one of the cottages, where the daughter of the owner immediately retired and hid herself. Querns, as formerly used in Scotland, are here used for grinding corn; this work, as in the most ancient times, is left to the women. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, and the other left."

The population of the island is 3968; the annual produce in wine, corn, oil, and fine honey, is estimated at 104,018 dollars. The returns from exports 96,000, and the revenue 7500, which is capable of being further raised to 10,000 dollars; of this sum 2000 would be requisite for roads, which are at present so rocky and slippery, that the mules are used without shoes, to prevent them from falling with their loads. Wheeled carts or carriages

are quite unknown, except in the cities of Corfu and Zante. The oil is transported in sheep's skins, and much is lost by the falling of the beasts of burthen on the slippery roads. The oil seasons are alternate, and the produce of them averages at about 17,000 barrels, of 128 pints English each, and valued at present (a dear year) at 17½ dollars the barrel. They raise only one month's supply of corn and wine for three: a considerable part of the defect might, it is thought, be supplied by the cultivation of the fine soil of the little chalky Isle of Anti-Paxo. It is separated by the channel about a mile in breadth, and is at present abandoned to the feeding of mules, and fifteen or sixteen poor Albanians. From 400 to 500 of the inhabitants of Paxo find annually three months employment on the opposite coast of Epire, and return with their wages in bread-corn.

Property is curiously enjoyed, one man possessing the soil, and another the olive trees which cover it. The proprietor of the soil has little more than the *dominium directum*: the *dominium utile* is in the person of the tenant, or rather vassal. All calculations are in dollars. Their lira or lb. is of different weights; the grosser lira being 14 oz., and their lira sottile of 8. Three public schools have been established, at which 100 children are educated, at six dollars a-year. Among the inconveniences, want of water is the greatest.

The island contains about 40 tanks. The surface of these is covered with flags, sloping to a hole in the centre, through which the collected rain is received. A large reservoir was begun by the Russians for the use of the town, but remains unfinished. Near the Lazaretto is a curious intermittent spring, the water of which appeared to me to be above the temperature of the sea, into which it flows. The island contains 36 churches; 12 are sufficient: 28 ecclesiastics, some of whom are fishermen, none I believe apostles: 56 vessels, including boats, belong to it.

Four hundred species of plants, twelve of which are unknown in Corfu, are natives of this island: Flora of both have been printed by Signor Pieri. Near the town euphorbia appears a large shrub; ranunculus, narcissus, rue, chamomile, oranges and lemons are ingrafted on the same stock. Vast numbers of turtle doves resort hither in the spring. A species of broom, called sparto, is here converted into coarse cloth, with which the poor are clad. It is macerated in water 15 days, and the bark is spun into thread: bad cables are also made of it. Bruce describes a storm in the Bay of Alexandria, in which several ships broke their cables, made of the spartian, and being very weak.

Inconsiderable as this island is, it still prefers its claim to a place in classic history. The Madonna Island, at the entrance to the harbour, is said

to have been honoured with the presence of Marc Anthony, the day before the battle of Actium, when 13 kings attended at his levee. The battle was fought on the opposite coast.

About half an hour's walk from the town may be seen, near the south-east point, the ruinous remains of the old Greek church, built on the site of the ancient Temple of Pan. Mr Simpson found here a rude marble capital, of the Doric order. Plutarch, in his Treatise *De Defectu Oraculorum*, mentions this temple, and says that its oracle had ceased. Milton, in his Hymn on the Nativity, probably alludes to it when he calls upon the Dryads, or Nymphs of the Woods, to announce the departure of their god:

> "The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard,
> And loud lament."

The view from the hill above Porto Puzzo is very pleasing. At the Church of the Holy Virgin, below, a gold coin of Philip of Macedon was found about four months since. The whole island is truly described as embowered in olive shades.

Zante was our destination, but squally weather again obliged us to seek a port. We ran into the harbour of Viscarda, near the northern point of Cephalonia. Though the weather was stormy, we

had a fine passing view of the famous Leucadian Cape, called Sappho's Leap. *

It is a high chalky cliff, at the point of Santa Maura, which anciently had the name of Leucate. A Temple of Apollo once stood upon the promontory, but no vestige of it remains. Sappho, a female of Lesbos, and an exquisite poet, flourished about 600 years before the Christian æra; being slighted by Phaon, she threw herself in despair from this bold precipice. Her hopeless passion is painted strongly by Ovid, in Sappho and Phaon, which is beautifully translated by Pope. Such was the sweetness of her poetry, and the sublimity of her genius, that she was called the tenth muse; she has made this lofty cape for ever memorable.

"Here as I lay, I swelled with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood!
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
Fly hence and seek the fair Leucadian main,
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep,
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below."

"For ever sacred be the foaming tide,
That breaks against thy hoarse resounding side;
What though thy long forsaken steep retain
No mouldering vestige of its marble fane?
Yet shall thy cliffs deserve eternal fame
From Sappho's plaintive verse, and hopeless flame."

Santa Maura was separated by the inhabitants from the Grecian Continent, after the close of the Peloponnesian war, near 400 years before Christ.

We left Viscarda in a fine sunny morning, passing down the narrow channel between Cephalonia and Ithaca:

"Full oft' recalling, as we sail'd along,
The hero's glory, or the poet's song."

Behind us were Leucate's chalky cliffs, rising above the dark blue waves. To the left lay Ithaca, high and barren; and the Cyclopean walls of the castle and city of Ulysses. To the right was Cephalonia, on whose elevated and arid sides were the villages of Pelagia, Commitata, and Dolicha, with numerous lines of stone walls covering the hills like the meshes of a net. The insulated rock Dascallio, supposed to be the Asteris of Homer, was at hand. In the distance was the snow-topped mountain Neritos, and at its foot the plain, the ruins, and the spacious bay of ancient Samos.

As the channel opened, we successively descri-

ed the Islands, and Gulf of Patras, the mountains of the Morea, Castello Tornese, projecting to the south, and then the hills of Zante gradually emerging from the waves like distant islets, and at length discovering distinctly the pointed summit of Scopo, the castle, the olive groves, and the mountains behind.

The city lies in the angle of the bay, and rises upon the lower slopes of the high precipitous hill on which the castle stands. This hill is supposed to have been the site of the ancient city of Zacynthus. The streets of Zante are narrow, but clean and well lined; the houses are good; the churches numerous, but the steeples low, to guard against the danger to which they are exposed, from the frequency of earthquakes. Pliny mentions the splendour of this city. The harbour is shallow and much exposed, but the anchorage is good. The castle commands a noble view of almost the whole island. To the north lie olive groves and country seats; the channel and Island of Cephalonia. the sister Islands, and the Grecian coast, stretching round towards the east. Towards the west and south is spread out, like a richly variegated carpet, the fertile and beautiful vale of Zante, covered with the currant-vine, (the great staple of Zante,) finely subdivided, and speckled with olive gardens and the villages of the noblesse. Bounding the plain is a continuous

ridge of bare mountains, extending southward to the sea. I could count eleven villages on their lower slopes; and on their tops, and among their vallies, I am told, lie numerous picturesque monasteries still inhabited. From the southern extremity of the mountain, a large bay, containing several rocky islets, sweeps round, till it is terminated toward the east by the precipices of Scopo. * The lower part of this mountain is ornamented with olive woods, orange gardens, vineyards, cottages, and villas; near the summit stands the large monastery of the Panagia, with its old evergreen oaks; the remains, perhaps, of the venerable grove where stood the Temple of Diana, to whom, along with Apollo, the island was dedicated. From this monastery I looked round upon Elis, the famous Olympia, the Pylean Strand, and a part of the Pastoral Arcadia. About 30 miles to the south, I could discover, scarcely rising above the ocean, the noted Strophades. To these islands, as the abode of the Harpies, Virgil has given a high classical interest, by interweaving them with the story of his much-enduring hero Æneas. Every one will remember the prophetic denunciation of the Harpy Queen. I could discern, too, the sandy æstuary of the Alpheus, which repels and freshens the tide with its weight of waters, bearing

* This island has a circumference of sixty miles.

to the shores of the Strophades shoals of autumnal leaves. These islands are now called Strivali, and contain a monastery of Greek and Kalayeri, founded in the reign of Justinian. Vast flights of turtle-doves frequent them in the spring.

Zante is called by Virgil Nemerosa. Homer speaks of Zacynthus crowned "with shady mountains," and "Zacynthus sylvan reign;" but these epithets are no longer characteristical; the appearance of its northern coast might, perhaps, justify these expressions from the pen of a poet, but more probably the forests of Zacynthus have disappeared since their times. Neither its history nor its antiquities possess much present interest. At Melinado, however, was a Temple of Diana, and in the modern church may still be seen some granite pillars with plinths and capitals of white marble. Romandini, a Catholic Bishop, relates, in his account of this place published in the seventeenth century, that, in digging the foundation of the church and convent of Santa Maria della Grazia in 1550, the following inscription was discovered on a stone: M. T. CICERO HAVE. ET. TU. TERTIA ANTONIA. Beneath this stone were two urns, the largest, of an octagonal form, contained ashes, and around the bottom the words MAR. TVL. HAVE. What became of the corpse of Cicero is unknown. The above can scarcely aid conjecture; it is just possible that these may have been the re-

mains of almost the greatest orator of all antiquity. I have been told by Count —— that this cinerary urn is to be found among the treasures of the British Museum.

One authentic natural phenomenon is mentioned by Herodotus, and is in itself so curious, as to deserve a particular description. I allude to the pitch wells of Cheri, about 12 miles from the city, towards the south. They are situate in a marshy plain, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, and about the same distance from each other. The little plain is inclosed with hills, except towards the sea, in the surface of which, the overflowings of these wells can be discerned in smooth weather a furlong from the shore. The plain, like that of the Solfaterra near Naples, has all the aspect of the crater of an extinguished volcano. The pitch is of the kind called asphaltum. On one side of the marsh it rises up from nine circular wells, of eight or nine feet diameter each. The space between is wholly composed of this pitch, and so firm, as to bear a person without yielding to his weight. These are the most productive. The other on the south side corresponds to the account given by Herodotus, and is probably the most ancient. It is surrounded with coarse stone work, and is eight feet in diameter, about two feet deep, and filled with water, having one outlet through the marsh into the sea. From the bottom of this well, streams of li-

quid mineral ore incessantly ooze, and unfold their coils like Medusa's snakes, or, rising from the bottom like bottles of Indian rubber, swell till they burst and allow the water which has raised them to escape. Spear grass and wild mint were growing round the well, and the sedges and rushes which lined the outlet were black and foul with the pitchy stream. The substance is still collected as of old, by dipping into it a myrtle bough. It is used for sheds and shipping, being first mixed up with fir-tar and boiled. At the northern extremity of the island is another liquid mineral of a white and fat appearance. The whole island is calcareous, with numerous beds of gypsum. It is evidently volcanic, and is much subject to the shock of earthquakes; a slight one was experienced the day preceding our arrival. We regretted being a day too late; not a year passes without several; on these occasions I am assured that there is a heaviness in the air, and an oppression on the spirits, that forewarns one of its approach, and in a very marked degree precedes each shock.

I need not acquaint you that the Uva passa, Corinthian grape or currant, is one of the chief staples of Zante, and olive-oil another. Zante produces annually about 8,000,000 pounds of currants, almost the whole of which is shipped for [illegible]land. The currants when gathered are spread on the ground to dry for fourteen days; at this

season, (latter end of March,) one heavy shower would destroy the hopes of the harvest, and a passing cloud will darken every countenance in Zante. The wines are deservedly much esteemed. The white, in particular, is dry, high flavoured, and of a strong body: after the first season, it keeps for any number of years. The oil of the finest quality is used for the table, the second quality for burning, the third and fourth for soap. An ingenious method has been practised of making salt-water incorporate with oil; this practice has been detected lately, and the culprit fined 1500 dollars. It was supposed he had made 6000 by the fraud. The island yields a revenue of 157,795 dollars, of which the currants, previous to embarkation, afford 55,000. The expenditure may be stated yearly at upwards of 100,000. The produce in 1715 was valued at 1,066,145, and the exports at 591,000. Its population, in the same year, amounted to 33,353.

The society of Zante might be excellent, were the people inclined to be social. A town life is preferred by the noblesse, who are numerous, and many of them very opulent; one person is supposed to be worth 1,000,000 of dollars: the legal interest is 10 per cent. We received great attention from Count Reverola, the local head of the government, and from Prince Comuto, so called, as having been chosen Princeps, or chief of the executive govern-

ment of the Ionian Islands, during the existence of the Russian constitution. He is brother-in-law to Mr George Foresti, and a finished specimen of the old school. The ladies of Zante do not seem to mingle in society. The only evening parties are given by the Countess Macri. Among the higher ranks, almost every man has a mistress; the children are legitimated by subsequent marriage, even in cases where the *legal fiction* of an original private marriage is impossible; as, for instance, when the woman was herself married at the time to another person. Such legitimated children succeed to all but entailed property, and take the title of their father if he belongs to the nobility. The lower orders are more rigid in their morals, but some of their customs will scarce admit of being revealed to more modest ears.

I mentioned the frequency of private assassinations; but it was the consequence of venal justice and weak government. At the election of the seven representatives for the island, one of the voters present had, directly or indirectly, assassinated fifteen persons: an indemnity, or even a licence, could be purchased for such atrocities. Since the English obtained possession, only one instance of assassination has occurred. Four persons from the Morea came secretly into the island, and put to death in open day three young men: they also secured their retreat. General Campbell resolved to make a

rigorous example, and by means of a high reward, and such a representation to the Pasha of Tripolezza, as was not to be resisted, three of them were apprehended, and hung in chains on a high hill above the city. This occurred three years ago, since which time, not a single murder has been perpetrated. It was proposed to take down the gallows, as an unseemly deformity to the city. Count Comuto disapproved of the proposal, and said it would be removing the palladium of Zante. About a year back, 1000 dollars were about to be exacted as a sufficient debt to justice, from a person who had forcibly carried off a young woman from the arms of her husband, on the evening of her marriage day. Mr Wood, the public resident, (universally beloved for his many amiable virtues, and high sense of honour and justice,) suspecting the bribery of the judges, had notes taken of the evidence, which he threatened to send home. The judges, apprehensive of the consequences, sentenced the offender to the galleys for ten years, and such a crime is not likely to recur. Those who know best the character of the islanders, say, that, in ten years, the effect of English protection will be a radical reform. A circuit court is to be established to go round every island, and the sentences of the local judicatory are under prudent limitations, reviewable and reversable on appeal to the High Court at Corfu.

The vegetable productions of Zante are so rich and various, that it has been named the Garden of the Levant. On the 22d of March, notwithstanding the tardy spring, we had a profusion of flowers, roses, anemonies, stock-gilly-flowers, carnations, pinks, large, full, and clustering. Towards the end of May, the blossoms of the currant-vine fill the air with their perfume.

The tenures are unfavourable to agriculture. The richness of the land, and the value of the produce, render it superior to the culture of the other islands, though it is still far short of what it ought to be. A large and valuable district, the property of Count Macri, is a melancholy waste, though part of the plain. It is a marsh from want of drainage, and a desert from the absence of a spirit liberal enough in granting leases, which might indemnify the tenant for his expences in the outset. Zante does not supply the fourth part of its annual consumption of bread-corn; cows are not used for milk; goat milk is preferred. The only milk cow in Zante belongs to Dr Thomas, the Inspector of Health; to whose polite and friendly attentions we have been indebted for many conveniences.

Here, as in the other islands, the proprietor has oppressed the peasant but the latter is still light-hearted and gay. Two species of rustic pipes are in use among them; one, a joint of a large reed, perforated like a flageolet, the other, resembling

the common bagpipe. The bagpipe, I may remark, seems common to almost every country in Europe, from Caledonia to Greece. We have heard it sounding the warlike gathering of the Highland clans, and have seen it in Rome, Naples, and Calabria, playing the hymn of the Virgin. Among the Ionian isles, and in Greece, it is the music of their festivals.

The ancient history of Zante is not of great importance. Saguntum in Spain, the origin of the second Punic war, was originally founded by a colony from Zante. Dion, the scholar of Plato, received here the small armament with which he dethroned Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse. The Romans afterwards subdued Zante, and used it as a military station, during the Mithridatic war. It subsequently formed a part of the eastern empire. In the reign of Andronicus Pæleologus the Elder, (A. D. 129,) it was seized by the Spaniards of Catalonia, and was afterwards possessed in sovereignty for 100 years by a French family. It fell, with Constantinople, under the dominion of the Turks, and, towards the end of the fifteenth century, was sold by them to the Venetians, whose fortunes it has followed, up to the dissolution of that republic by the French.

LETTER XLIX.

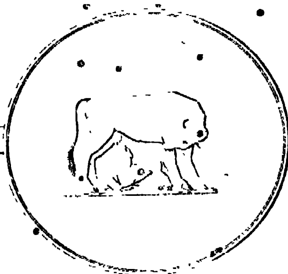
CEPHALONIA.

Mount Ænos.—Town.—Malaria.—Vines.—Fine Arts.—Ancient Cities.—Temple of Jupiter.—Tombs.—Cyclopean Ruins.—Hills.—Propensity of the Natives to Navigation.

SAILING from Zante, a few hours brought us to the coast of Cephalonia, at the foot of Mount Ænos; but we had to beat all night to the west, before we could make the entrance of the long bay, near the top of which Argostoli the capital is situate. In passing up the bay, we almost touched Lixuri, a pretty and thriving town on its western shore. The country near it is well cultivated, light, and pleasant. On the opposite side, within a branch of the great bay, which has here the appearance of an inland lake, stands the town of Argostoli. The approach is beautiful, even grand, from the majesty of Mount Ænos, and the variety of surface below, cultivated or wild. The town, which is upwards of a mile in length, is improving in neatness, cleanliness, and health. In the last particular, there yet remains much to be done. The malaria fever prevailed at times like a pestilence.

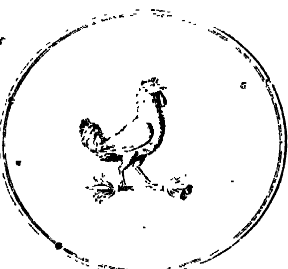


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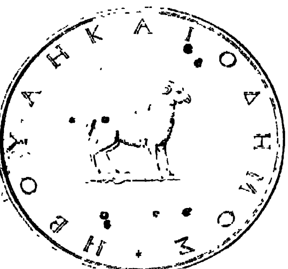


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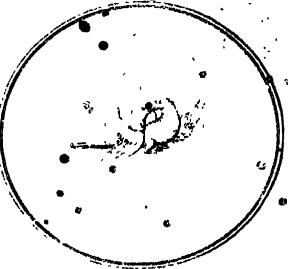


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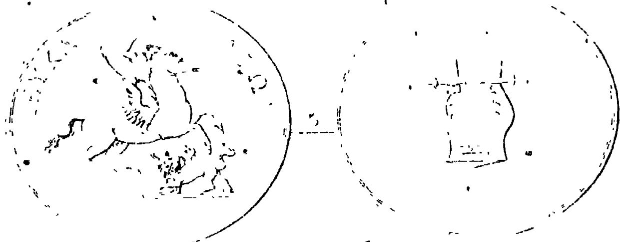


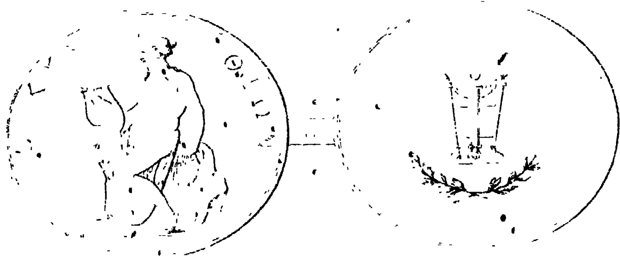


4



For the Description of these Medals see the Appendix to this Volume







The town was poisoned with stagnant pools, which some of the inhabitants still assert were favourable to health. The itch, too, which is prevalent in Argostoli, they will not have cured, believing it to be a preventive of the malaria fever; their medical men, it is said, are of the same opinion. Many of the inhabitants are consequently miserable and disgusting in their appearance, from the baneful effect of that disorder. The Capo di Governo has filled up the stagnant pools; yet, even now the spring fever is very prevalent.

The neighbourhood is rich in vines, and the produce is highly esteemed. We dined with the Capo di Governo, and the regimental band played to a late hour a variety of Scotch airs, which, at this distance from home, were truly delightful. The fine arts in the Ionian Islands are not very high, yet there is a wish, especially in Corfu, that they should be cultivated, and some young people have shewn considerable talent. Cephalonia has to boast of giving birth to Signor Pizzamano, an artist and an architect of great ability. We met with that gentleman in Italy, and to him I am indebted for some beautiful drawings of ancient medallions, emblematic of the Ionian Islands, together with a plan, said to be meditated by the government, in conjunction with the Earl of Guildford, the friend and patron of Modern Greece, for the building of an university in Corfu or Ithaca.

Cephalonia is enumerated by Homer among the dominions of Ulysses, who conducted its heroes to the Trojan war. It was divided into four districts, with each its capital, and hence called Tetrapolis. The ancient cities were Cranii, near Argostoli, Pronii, Samè or Samos, and Pallè in the sea; at the south point, ruins perhaps of Pallè can be seen in clear weather. Samè defied the Roman power under Marcus Fulvius, in the 563d year of the city.

On Mount Ænos was an ancient temple of Jupiter Ænesius. Many ancient tombs are still to be seen; some of them have been opened, and have been found to contain quantities of pottery, bones, and defaced coins: further excavations may lead to more curious discoveries. At the top of the little bay, about a mile and a half from Argostoli, are some curious Cyclopean remains, covering an extent of about a mile, on the ascent of a mountain: were it not that parts of the wall still stand undemolished, and from the orderly disposition of the ruins, one would hardly believe that such a collection of massive stones had been brought together by human hands. Earthquakes doubtless have shaken them down. Among the ruins are small fields of barley, to which they serve as a fence. Immediately below stood ancient Cranii, in what is now a very rich and small inclosed little plain, covered with the currant vine. Squared stones and marble are oc-

occasionally dug up, and two silver medals of Alexander were lately found.

The hills above are composed of a coarse white marble: a few plants of wild asparagus were growing among the rocks; and on the way to the town, the road is lined with American aloe. The salt-water lake is here very shallow, and well stocked with teal, coots, and other wild fowl. The natives of Cephalonia seem partial to the sea. We were informed by an intelligent gentleman, that the cultivation of the island is almost abandoned, old men and women being in some villages the only stationary population. The Cephaleiotes, like most of the Greek navigators, trade principally to the Black Sea for corn, and lose every year a great number of their vessels; as they take, however, six or seven weeks to make a voyage, which British transports with the same winds make in a fortnight, it is probable the Odessa trade will ultimately fall into the hands of the British capitalists. At present the island has 120 vessels, from 50 to 250 tons, engaged in this trade for corn.

Being anxious to proceed as soon as possible for the continent of Greece, we shall hasten from this island, of which I have given but a poor account. Our vessel sails to Ithaca before us, to be in readiness to convey us to Patras, and we have determined to take a shorter way, and cross the mountains towards that classic island.

LETTER L.

ITHACA.

Sail to Ithaca.—Counterfeit Coins.—Cave of D[illegible]ia.—Guitena.—Palace of Ulysses.—Relics of Antiquity.—Rock of Corax.—Fountain of Arethusa.—Hills composed of Limestone.—Homer's School.—Vathi.—Population.—Climate.—Wines.

WE left Argostoli by daybreak, and travelling over a mountainous country, arrived about noon at a miserable little village called Samos, deserted and in ruins, from its unhealthy situation. There we were to find a boat from the Capo of Ithaca to convey us to that island; the boat arrived in the course of the morning, bringing over a sergeant of the 4th, with a month's pay of the little guard which was stationed there, to enforce the quarantine regulations. Our sail to Ithaca occupied about three hours, with a fine breeze in our favour. We landed at Opiso Aito, near the Castle of Ulysses, and proceeded along a road extremely rocky and uneven. The rain fell fast, and we took shelter in the cottage of an Ithacan shepherd, who was playing to his family on an instrument well known in Scotland by the name of the stock and horn. A miserable abode it was,

where knavery sometimes entered, and appeared to have given lessons to the whole family, for they all crowded round us with something or other to sell, which they called relics of Odysseps.* They then produced some copper coins, which they wished to sell as the coinage of Ulysses, though one was a Venetian halfpenny, and the letters S. C. on the reverse of the others, shewed that they had been struck by the authority of the senate of Rome. † Every thing in this island is referred to Odysseps.

We proceeded to Vathi the capital, and found a boat on the opposite side of the hill, to convey us thither. In our way we passed, upon our right, the Cave of Dexia, where, according to Homer, Ulysses was landed when asleep by the Phaeacians.

* Such is the manner in which the name of the hero of the Odyssey is pronounced by the modern Greeks.

† In Florence, Rome, and in all the Ionian Islands, people have attempted to impose upon us with counterfeit coins. I have been told, that there are manufactories of them in Italy. They are easily detected; the smooth enamel of age, especially round the edge of ancient medals or coins, cannot be imitated, nor is it easily removed; whereas, the crust upon the counterfeits, produced by acid, comes off with the slightest friction. The colour of the metal, too, is another distinguishing circumstance; the ancient metal has more of a brassy hue. The few coins which we have picked up, were found in tombs, fields of battle, or in cities destroyed by fire.

The small Island of Cazurbo with its Lazaretto rose on our left; passing this, the town of Vathi came full in view; and on a hill to the right, the ruins of the ancient town of Guiteria might be partially seen intermixed with olives; the whole forming a beautiful scene, and quite different in character from any other part of Ithaca we had yet seen. In general, the island still deserves the appellations of *rocky* and *barren*, which the classic authors so frequently employ when writing of this celebrated spot. Major Temple received us very kindly, and gave us billets of lodging on the principal inhabitants. Our quarters are extremely comfortable. Early the next morning, our host brought us coffee and sweatmeat before we rose. He is a physician; occupies a good house; possesses several books, among which are Italian translations of some English authors; and displays considerable intelligence.

We should have been devoid of all enthusiasm, had we not immediately visited the Palace of Ulysses. Indeed, Ulysses seemed still, in our imagination, King of Ithaca, and our curiosity was stimulated by every circumstance which popular belief or ancient poetry had connected with his story and that of the Trojan war. Obeying the impulse of this natural feeling, we visited the ruins of what is denominated his Castle, near Opiso Aito, where we first landed on the island. For this

purpose, we were provided with a boat and guide. In our way, we were tempted to land at the Cave of Dexia, but, to our great disappointment, the cave has been lately destroyed by a recent alteration of the public road: there is now no appearance of its ever having been a cave. The name, however, and the concurrent testimony of the inhabitants of Vathi, give somewhat of probability to the belief. From the cave we coasted to the foot of the hill, which is covered with the remains of the castle of Ulysses. The first remarkable feature is the Cyclopean wall, reaching from the castle to the bottom of the hill. The stones in the wall are of all shapes and sizes; but near the castle, the remains consist of huge square stones, evidently the work of art. These ruins are very insignificant, but, seen from a little distance, their appearance is imposing. The platform, partly inclosed by them, gives a diameter of 90 or 100 feet. Within this are two keeps, as they are called; but to all appearance they are ancient tanks, though now quite dry. In these, especially the largest, into which we with some difficulty descended, are a few names of travellers inscribed on the wall where the plaster* remained fit for the purpose: you may suppose that we availed ourselves of these very perishable

* This is supposed to be a sufficient proof of it being of a more modern day, as the ancient Greeks did not use cement.

means, for recording our visit to this far-famed palace.

From the commanding eminence on which the castle stands, the view of the *Laertia Regna*, in which Mount Neritos is a principal feature, is extensive, various, and interesting consisting of sea and continent, and distant classic isles Returning from the castle, we met with quantities of broken ancient pottery, turned up by the plough; indeed, the plough can never penetrate this soil, without revealing some relic, enough at least to interest the feelings, and send back the imagination into the regions of antiquity. Several ancient graves have been opened at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands, and many silver and gold coins have rewarded the researches of the antiquary. *

We reached Vathi in time for dinner, and drank to the memory of old Homer and Ulysses, in some of the delicious wines of Ithaca, " as luscious

* We were informed that a helmet and various ornaments in silver and gold have been dug up. The classical reader will be horrified to learn that these were melted down, and formed into a coffee pot, and many duplicates of the silver coins into skewers, which the person who gave us the information assured us that he had seen. A late Capo (not an Englishman) was the person guilty of this most barbarous metamorphosis, and it was done with the view of enhancing the value! Of the coins which remained 1500 are still entire.

as the bee's nectareous dew." To be in Ithaca, and not to visit the Coracian Rock, where "Arethusa's sable water glides," was impossible. The walk to it was over rocky heights, and rugged and sharply pointed limestone, which characterize the country: once or twice, however, in the course of the walk, we saw below us a pretty valley. The Rock of Corax, rising above the Fountain Arethusa to a great height, is wholly composed of limestone, and presents a variety of horizontal strata. There is nothing at the Fountain of Arethusa, which, divested of the classical interest connected with such a spot, is particularly deserving of notice. In crossing Cephalonia, we saw no streams of water, and consequently none of those deep picturesque ravines, which occasionally enrich the landscape of most other countries. Here, however, the stream, though at present just perceptible, has, by the united operation of time and floods, excavated a deep ravine for its outlet, fully as high as those of the Esk at Hawthornden. The water of the Fountain of Arethusa is cool and agreeable to the taste, and it is said the people in its neighbourhood who drink of it live to a great age,—in a few instances to the age of 100 and 120: the cattle, also, live long, but never grow fat.

Returning from the Fountain of Arethusa, we examined the limestone of which the hills are composed, and found it full of nodules of flint

quite round, and of various sizes, from the dimensions of a walnut, to the size of a small cannon ball. When these nodules are disengaged by the weather, the rocks have a singular honeycombed appearance. On breaking several of them, we observed that the white opaque flint in some was uniform, while others had rings of various colours, with pure limestone in the centre, precisely the same as that in which the nodules were fixed. The veins which run through the great mass are black, or of the colour of brown-soap; the same appearances were observable in the hills, on our journey from Argostoli to Samos in Cephalonia.

Next day we attempted to see the antiquities of Homer's School, as it is called, supposed to be the remains of the Temple of Minerva. For this purpose, the Capo accommodated us with his boat, to convey us as far as we could go by water, but the wind was so high, that it was considered dangerous to proceed. We were therefore landed at a nearer point, at the bottom of a mountain, and from this, pursued our way over many precipitous heights and deep ravines, till we reached the village of Mavrona, where we learned it would be impossible for us to get to Homer's School that evening. Failing in this enterprise, we returned to our boat, having seen little worth recording, except some fine combinations of scenery. Occasionally we were assailed by dogs

of a gigantic and savage species, which guarded habitations, not very dissimilar to that of Eumæus, and barked as loudly at the approaching stranger.*

The town of Vathi contains about two thousand inhabitants. The name signifies deep, and is probably derived from its situation, at the termination of a deep bay. In the port there are several vessels belonging to the town. The people of Ithaca are said, however, to be less attached to sea speculation, than the natives of some of the neighbouring islands.

In those houses which we have entered, (and they are I believe the principal,) there is a higher degree of comfort apparent than I had expected to find. Our host has a little garden to his house planted with orange trees, under the shade of which he and his family enjoy their tobacco-pipes, the favourite luxury of the Levant. In the shops I perceived caviare, herring, pickled salmon, and dried fish of various kinds, which constitute the principal food of the Greeks: occasionally they have a

* "Soon as Ulysses near the inclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sat the sage, and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls.
With showers of stones he drives them far away
The scattering dogs around at distance bay."

little salt butter from England, but it is used only among the English.

The population of Ithaca, and several interesting particulars relative to the statistics of the island, have formed an object of Major Temple's inquiries. The population, according to his returns of Ithaca, and two little islands its dependencies, which, from their vicinity to the continent, it is thought necessary to keep always in quarantine, is stated at 9400 souls. The heat at Ithaca, during the summer, must, in consequence of the rays of the sun being reflected so generally from limestone rock and mountains little intruded upon by vegetation, be very great; at Vathi, however, it is not, we understand, found to be oppressive, being moderated by local circumstances. In one respect, the island is greatly favoured in comparison with its neighbours, being said to be free from malaria, so destructive at the neighbouring island of Cephalonia. Of the Corinthian grape, the currant of commerce, which forms the riches of Zante, Ithaca affords only a moderate supply; not more, probably, than the twelfth part of what is produced at Zante. The soil must be in general too poor for the cultivation of that species of grape, which does not agree with so hard a bed, and makes large de-

* For a very correct and curious account of the state of Ithaca in 1816, see Appendix, No. III.

mands upon the soil. From some circumstance or other, they have never been able to introduce the currant-grape at Corfu: it has refused to flourish there, but in Cephalonia a considerable number are produced, and form an export. Ithaca stands at the head of the seven islands, perhaps of all Greece, for its wine. The red Ithaca wine is excellent, superior to that of Tenedos, the Greek wine which it most resembles; but it is generally much injured, sometimes spoiled, by the injudicious manner in which it is kept. In the possession and management of the British commandants at Cephalonia and Ithaca, we found it a delightful wine, with a hermitage flavour, and a good sound body. The great difficulty in bringing the wines of these islands into commerce, when they are to be sent a distant voyage, arises from the want of brandying them sufficiently to make them keep.

We were fortunate in obtaining the best information concerning the government, revenues, and statistics of the Septinsular republic, which I have reserved for the Appendix.

LETTER LI.

PATRAS.

Doubts concerning the Antiquities of Ithaca.—Appearance of the Ionian Islands from the Sea.—Knavery of our Greek Skipper.—Land on the Coast of Albania.—River Achelöus.—Skipper's hatred of Ali Pasha.—Coast of the Gulf of Lepanto.—Appearance of Patras from the Sea.—Tomb of St Andrew.—Greek Festival.—Costumes.—Streets.—Slovenly Disposition of the Inhabitants.—Steam Bath.—Fragments of Marbles.—Ancient Gate at Ephesus spoiled of its Ornaments.—Port of Patras.—Trade.—Consuls.—Expence of Living.—Climate.—Malaria.—Plague.—Greek Wedding.

Patras, April 1817.

We remained only three days in Ithaca; and, except Homer's School, we saw all the antiquities worthy of notice in the island. Much ingenious writing, from an able pen, has been used to prove the Cave of Dexia, the Palace of Ulysses, and the Rock of Corax, to be the antiquities mentioned in the Odyssey. Considerable doubts of this are expressed by the most enlightened people of the island; but, for my part, I cannot pretend to offer an opinion.

The Ionian islands, viewed from the sea, are not without considerable picturesque beauty. In

this respect, Corfu undoubtedly takes the lead; then follow Zante, Cephalonia, Santa Maura, and Ithaca. Paxo offers nothing externally, but within the island there are some very singular scenes.

Our Greek captain, Constande, sailed from Ithaca (1st of April) very much against his will. Unfortunately we had agreed to pay him by the day; and, as the agreement was greatly in his favour, he found it to his advantage to linger, which he did not scruple to do on the slightest pretext; and it was with some difficulty we obliged him to sail from the port of Ithaca. He got the better of us, however, at last; for, on a trifling breeze springing up, he said it would be dangerous to proceed, as he saw certain appearances in the sky which indicated a rising storm; we therefore prudently, or perhaps foolishly, allowed him to put his vessel into a creek near the mouth of the river Achelöus. This river, of a wheyish colour, rises in Mount Pindus, and is one of the largest in Greece. It freshens the sea to a considerable distance, and has united several islands to the mainland since the Christian era. The cattle on its shores are white. The Achelöus is fabled to have been one of the suitors of Dejanira, in the shape of a bull. Hercules defeated him, broke off one of his horns, and carried off Dejanira.

As we expected, no storm arose, but the rogue of a captain thought it unsafe to sail at night.

The rosy morning found us becalmed, and we made little progress in the day. For a few hours we landed on a wild and desert country. I ascended with some difficulty one of the subordinate hills, and from the sharpness of the limestone-rocks, was nearly in the situation of a person picketed. The scenery around was varied and reposed in quietness profound, save the screaming of the hawk for food, which the barrenness of the place would have seemed almost to deny, had I not perceived the feather of a wild fowl borne upon the gently-breathing air.

On a signal from our ship being given, we left this wild yet pleasing scene. Sailing up the coast, some dolphins played about our ship; and wild ducks were hastening to the land. Our captain, who spoke English, was occasionally eloquent against the Turks, and in particular against the Ali Pasha, for whom he seemed to have a malicious hatred: "Oh if I could bite a hole in him, and suck out his blood, and eat a piece of his flesh every day, I should be happy." His enmity to the numerous priests, of which he said there were twelve orders, was not inferior: "If I had power I would trample them to death!" And speaking of the modern Greeks, he observed, that, "from being once the first of men, they were now the last." This was all said while he was employed in *shaving his crew*.

Great part of the coast towards the Gulf of Lepanto is flat, but joins the hills at no great distance. These downs, we were informed, feed numerous flocks of sheep, but occasionally they take the ophthalmia, to remove which, our captain informed us, there is introduced into the eye a fine powder, obtained from the sepia fish. A gentle breeze springing up, we soon entered that part of the Gulf of Lepanto, where the Turks were defeated by the Christians under Don John of Austria, and where the immortal Cervantes lost his arm. We passed the minarets of Mosalongi, and in a short time were brought into the ancient Bay of Patrae, with Patras before us, backed by noble mountains, and on our left the lofty promontories of Ætolia and Achaia, stretching towards the shores of Corinth.

Patras, the ancient Patrae, a town of considerable size, stands upon a rising ground of gentle elevation; the castle, which is almost entirely in ruins, crowns the whole. From the sea the town is an interesting object, at least it possesses the interest of novelty to a stranger yet unaccustomed to the aspect of a Turkish town. The flags erected upon the houses of the different consuls exhibit the colours of their respective nations. The mountains behind well become the continent of Greece. They are lofty, of noble and pleasing forms, especially the snow-capped Vodia; pine trees tip the subordinate

summits, and climb up the gullies and ravines. The pass of Tripolizza appears to the right, and offers to the curious eye many wild and rocky scenes. From our landing place, the whole forms a pleasing picture: magnificent mountains, cultivated plains covered with the vine or currant-grape, and olive; the minarets of the Turkish mosques; the various buildings of the town; the ruins, too, of the ancient church on the site, it is supposed, of the Temple of Jupiter, together with the tomb of St Andrew, our tutelary saint, who, it is said, was martyred here,* form a combination highly gratifying to the eye.

While employed in drawing this curious scene,

* St Andrew, whose opportune assistance to the people of Patras, at the time of its famous siege by the Saracens and Sclavonians, is related by Gibbon. In the last distress of the place, a bold sally was made successfully, the Saracens re-embarked, the Sclavonians submitted, and the glory of the day was ascribed to a phantom, or a stranger who fought in the foremost ranks, under the character of St Andrew the apostle. The shrine which contained the relics of the saint, was decorated with trophies of victory, and the captive race of Sclavonians was ever devoted to the service and vassalage of the metropolitan church of Patras. The Greeks are indulged in a sort of saturnalia by their Turkish despots on that occasion. Their holidays last only, however, two days, and they occupy themselves in licentious riot during their continuance. Patras has another contribution to our saints' calendar; and an inhabitant of Edinburgh may be reminded, that St Giles (a corruption of Ægidius) was a monk of Patras.

I perceived that the Greeks paid their devotions as they passed the shrine of the saint, crossing themselves, and touching their foreheads. Within the little chapel, which contains what was shewn to us as the tomb of St Andrew, we found a burning lamp, and some wretched daubs of the saint. The marble slab, which may be about four feet long, and broad in proportion, is turned upside down, and is much chipped and broken by the devotees, who consider the fragments as charms against the evils of this life. On inquiring what was inscribed upon the tomb, we were told that it is so much destroyed, that only a few letters could be traced: it is therefore to be regretted, that they were so tardy in turning it; yet, if it be really the tomb of St Andrew, it is a miracle that it has been preserved at all in this land of Mahomet. The border round the edge of the marble is partly entire, and seems to have been executed in a good age of art. Here, too, is a sacred well of excellent cool water, which the Greeks seldom pass without tasting.

In the absence of Mr Cartwright, the consul, we were hospitably and politely received by Mr Bartholl, the vice-consul with whom we lived while we remained at Patras. Through his attention, we became acquainted with the customs and manners of the place. Mr Parnell, too, the consul for ——, was indefatigable in his kind offices and obliging communications.

Fortunately we arrived at the time of a festival of the Greeks,—the celebration of the Resurrection of our Saviour. This afforded us an opportunity of seeing some of their gaieties and amusements. Processions with music began at a very early hour, with a constant firing of musquets: fiddles, bagpipes, and tambourins, were to be heard in every street, and never certainly was any thing more distracting or confounding: the discordant union of the bagpipe with the fiddle sounded to our ears like the squealing of children and the squeaking of pigs; yet to this music, if so it may be called, they paraded and danced. The firing of the guns made us start at every instant, for we found that they were often loaded with ball, and there is rarely a festival without some disaster. We heard the balls distinctly in the air, and when we paid our visit to the castle, and the great cypress tree in the plain, balls passed us within a yard or two, whizzing in our ears: one actually went through the room in which Mr Parnell was seated, and a poor child had its knee shattered to pieces! On inquiring what would be done with the transgressors, we were told, that, if they could be discovered, they would be banished; but that there was little chance of finding them, where so many were engaged in the same pastime. This may afford a little insight into the nature of their police, and some idea of the value they have for human

life. In short, the scene, instead of being a tional enjoyment, seemed to be one of uproar and confusion.

Many of the costumes, particularly that of the Albanians, were extremely beautiful and becoming. The dress of the inferior Greeks is a woollen coat, white or brown, sometimes long and sometimes short; over their trowsers they wear a short petticoat or kilt of cotton cloth, edged at the bottom with black, a handkerchief or belt is fixed about the waist; their head dress is composed of twisted white or yellow cotton cloth, with a little scull-cap of red or blue in the centre; their hair is loose and flowing; their necks and breasts are bare.

The superior class of Greeks wear pelisses or flowing robes of various colours, and red shoes, over which they have slippers turned up at the points. The fore part of the head is sometimes shaven, and has a grey appearance, contrasted with the brow: this custom is chiefly confined to the wealthy Greeks. The Greek salutation or salam * is given in a very graceful manner. They first touch their foreheads,

* A Frank passing a Greek in the streets is immediately greeted, as already noticed by our travellers, with a salutation, the meaning of which is, "Christ is risen." Our Greek servant presented us with a nosegay on Easter day, and we noticed coloured eggs, which are to be seen in some Catholic countries at certain seasons.

then place their right hand on their heart, and kiss each other with something like affection.

The streets of Patras are very narrow, and being never cleaned, are disgustingly filthy; the shops are quite contemptible; the roofs of the houses almost meet, which, no doubt, is intended for shade in this warm climate; but the air, corrupted by various nuisances below, can hardly find a way to escape. The Turks and Greeks sit under shelter on the outside of the steps, and appear as if they had no concern or employment to engage their thoughts. It is well they have some baths, to which the better sort of people occasionally resort. The common class are filthy beyond measure, and the cloth they wear next their skin, is seldom changed or washed!

It is generally the steam bath which is used at Patras. The steam is introduced, in almost suffocating abundance, into an apartment in which there is a reclining seat: the person who receives the bath places himself in this seat, and a Greek in attendance proceeds to pull the joints of the fingers and toes, and places one hand under the middle of the back; with the other he presses the breast, till he makes the joints of the back to crack. The whole body is thus at once loosened, and while the skin is soft, it is rubbed violently with a bag stuffed with cotton, till the cuticle peels off, as our informer emphatically said, *like macaroni!* 'We were

advised to take this bath as an excellent preparative for the fatigues which we were about to encounter; but we preferred bathing in the waters of the ocean, which is in this country an inexpressible luxury.

In the wall of one of the baths we perceived a beautiful capital of an ancient marble column, a circumstance which might in some degree have been expected here, considering the demolition of the number of temples which adorned this place in ancient times, from the celebrated one of Diana, mentioned by Pausanias, to others of inferior note. In the walls of the castle, too, we saw some fragments of precious marbles and sculptured ornaments: particularly on the south side, there is a torso of a male figure of admirable workmanship, built in a hollow like the recess of a window, which shews that, notwithstanding all that has been said of the barbarism of the Greeks and Turks, they are not without some esteem for sculpture. The Earl of Guildford was desirous to purchase it, but they demanded too high a price. On the east side of the castle we saw the remains of a female figure without head or arms, the drapery extremely beautiful.

We find the people in Patras a little sceptical regarding the pounding down of the ancient statues for the purpose of making lime, although there are but few visible remains; excavation would probably bring many interesting marbles to light.

Some columns peeping through the earth, and the well-known site of many buildings, point to the places where the spade might be successfully applied: the extensive pavement, too, in the garden of the French consul, offers much for speculation. For centuries past, there has been a trade in the antiquities of Greece, both in medals and sculpture. Whatever relics could be picked up, readily found purchasers among the strangers and merchants who visit this interesting country; consequently, they are spread over a great part of Europe, and there is hardly a collection of any note, which cannot boast of some specimens of Grecian art. When all this is considered, it appears surprising that any valuable remains should still be found, in a country where so little pains is taken to make discoveries by excavation. Grecian marbles and coins may sometimes be purchased at Rome, Paris, London, or even Petersburg, at as cheap a rate as in this country.

The removal of the sculpture from the Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis of Athens, seems to have had the effect of setting other people with more spirit to the work of destruction. It is true, the Turkish government have, since that event, issued a prohibition against taking down any marbles whatever, but the Sublime Porte cannot at all times command obedience. An ancient gate at Ephesus has been robbed a short time since of its

principal beauties. An English gentleman, who is here at present, employed a Greek to take down the frieze, and was successful. A noted chief, to shew his independence of the government, resisted a firman of the Grand Signor, which was in favour of a certain great collector. The English gentleman above mentioned, however, with whom we are acquainted, took a surer method to obtain his object, by engaging a wily Greek to apply to the chief himself; by this scheme he got what the firman of the Grand Signor could not command. The frieze is supposed to be the work of Scopas, and represents the Death of Hector; one piece being cracked, was left behind, the Greek supposing it, on that account, to be of little value. The rogue displayed some ingenuity in taking down these marbles, though at first he was somewhat in despair. By means of brushwood placed in an inclined manner to the top of the gate, he mounted, and with some assistance the frieze was rolled down to the ground without the smallest injury. These precious relics are now in London, that great receptacle of the spoils of Greece. The reward which the Greek got for all his trouble was a golden telescope!

The port of Patras is not very secure; and is, indeed, rather a road than a harbour. By a strange policy, the Turks subject the commerce of their own subjects to higher duties than that of foreign-

ces. The custom-house duty is four per cent. on the goods of subjects of the Porte; while only three per cent. is paid by the Franks. Some of the merchants here are opulent, and, for a Greek town, Patras enjoys a considerable share of commerce. Several of the nations of Europe are represented at Patras by consuls. Those who are now here are a French consul, (M. Pouqueville, brother of the traveller in the Morea,) a consul for Russia, who is a Greek, a Swedish, a Dutch, and an English consul. The English consulate is in the disposal of the Levant Company, but frequently the consul is recommended by our ambassador to the Porte: it is said to be a situation of some emolument.

The consuls with whom we have conversed complain of the expence of living, which seems greatly to exceed what we could have imagined. The price of butchers' meat averages from sixty to eighty *paras* the *oca*, a weight somewhat less than three pounds avoirdupois; so that it fluctuates from fourpence to sixpence a pound. In Arcadia, we have been informed, it is cheaper by one half; nor, indeed, can it be supposed, that, at such a rate, it would be an object of purchase any where in the interior of Greece. At the same time, it is to be recollected, that animal food can scarcely be called one of the necessaries of life to a Greek, whose habits are naturally abstemious, and who is debarred

from such food during a large portion of the year, by the injunctions of his religion. The currants of Patras, we are told, are in greater estimation than those of the islands. The currant-vine continues to bear to a great age; some stocks for about eighty years.

The climate of Patras is exceedingly sultry in the summer months, and the Frank inhabitants find it sometimes necessary, for recruiting their health, to retire to the country among the mountains. Malaria is prevalent at certain seasons, in many parts of Greece; the coasts of the Morea are much infested by it, so are parts of Bœtia and Thessaly; the part of Albania which lies opposite to Corfu, and likewise the plain of Marathon. It was so bad at Gastouni, a place of some trade on the coast of the Morea, that the gentleman who was appointed our vice-consul there told us he should live in the mountainous district, and only go to the port of Gastouni when business should call him thither.

Where there are ancient ruins, it is often to be expected in a particular degree; for such ruins being composed, or connected with, remains of ancient baths, and aqueducts, there is frequently confined water in the neighbourhood. Malaria, in similar situations in Italy, may likewise be expected to prevail. The plague is sometimes imported into Patras, in consequence of its commercial intercourse with Alexandria; but that dreadful scourge

had not been felt for a considerable time previous to our arrival.

To-day we went to the wedding of a Greek lady, daughter of the first physician. As the ceremony was curious, I shall attempt to describe it to you. Cloves and nutmegs, wrapped up in a small parcel, were left at the house of the consul where we lived, and this is the mode of invitation to a wedding at Patras. The poorer class leave only cloves, nutmegs being dear. When we arrived at the door of the court-yard, we found the physician's janissary in waiting in a rich robe of scarlet; his pistols of embossed silver, stuck in his silk girdle, were opposed to a vest of blue velvet trimmed with gold lace; his turban, short petticoat, and trowsers, were of the purest white, and his gaiters were of scarlet velvet embroidered with gold: his dress, indeed, might have suited a prince. Every farthing which these servants receive in wages is laid out on clothes, and they contrive to preserve them well.

The court before the house was miserable and dirty, and the house itself had a very mean appearance. We ascended by a broad ladder, and found the mother of the bride, with some other ladies, standing in the entry, but they did not seem to take any part in the ceremony of receiving the visitors. On entering the room where the marriage ceremony was performed, we found the father of the lady, a fine looking old man, dressed

in rich robes, with a cylinder cap of fur, like a large muff, seated on his divan or sofa, which was about nine feet broad, and went all round the room, provided with cushions at the back. To this we were conducted, and found ourselves raised about eighteen inches from the floor. We squatted down like the Greeks, with our legs under us, when a handsome and elegant attendant in robes of blue and purple stepped forward, and presented each of us with a long pipe, which we smoked, talking and signing to each other as well as we could, in testimony of our pleasure. The room was wretchedly furnished; a few coarse wooden chairs, all different in fashion and size, a wooden clock, a press, three or four barbarous pictures of the Virgin and Child, and the Apostles, the faces and crowns of glory done in raised tin, and the drapery with paint. Shortly after our arrival, seven or eight priests with long beards entered, dressed in black; a small rickety table being then brought to the middle of the room, the robes of the priests, wrapped up in bundles, were laid on it, and opened by the priests. The dresses were different, but all highly ornamented with flowers and embroidery. When their ordinary dress was concealed by their canonicals, these ecclesiastics looked pretty well.

A large book was put upon the table, with some wine in a tumbler, and a roll of bread. Then entered the bridegroom, a man about fifty, in

pelisse of pale blue, and white loose Dutch-looking breeches; his turban as white as snow, and whiskers of tremendous size! Next appeared the lady; about thirty years of age, short, and rather pretty. Her hair, which was hardly to be discovered through the profusion of golden and gilded ornaments, hung down behind, mixed with threads of gold, as low as her haunches. Across her forehead was a band, on which were fixed various gold coins. She wore a dark purple pelisse edged with fur, under which was a short vest of white silk, richly embroidered; a zone of silk, with richly embossed clasps, like small saucers, encircled the lower part of her waist, and hung down upon her loins. She looked very shy and modest. Every eye was fixed upon her. Behind her stood her mother holding her up; the good old lady's hair was dyed *red*, the favourite colour of hair in Greece.

The ceremony, as nearly as I can recollect, was as follows. One of the priests took up some frankincense, which was lighted in a censer; he then wafted the smoke among his brethren. Two wax candles, lighted, were given to the bride and bridegroom by another priest, which they kissed; they also kissed his hand; the candles were then put down, and the same priest read prayers. The rings were then produced, and placed upon the book, with which the priest advanced, and asked the respective parties if they desired to be married.

Upon receiving their answer in the affirmative, he touched their heads three times with their rings, which were delivered to the person who gave away the bride. This person (the Austrian consul) put them on the finger of each, changing them three times alternately from the bride and bridegroom. Then the description of the marriage of Cana in Galilee was read in a chaunting tone. Both seemed much affected, and I thought the poor bride would faint.

Matrimonial crowns were placed upon their heads, and a more whimsical and ridiculous sight I never saw. These crowns were of a conical form, composed of the merest tinsel, *gold leaf and spun glass*. They were changed from one head to the other three times: The rings were taken off by the priest, and again replaced. While six of the priests were singing the service, the seventh took up the roll of bread, and cut out two small pieces, which he put into the wine. The sacrament was then administered, and prayers and chaunting recommenced. While this was going on, the bride and bridegroom were led three times round the table, in the slowest possible manner; looking like condemned criminals, and fully as melancholy as if they had been going to be hanged. At that time smoke from the frankincense was wafted in great profusion among the spectators. When the ceremony was finished, the father kissed his son and daughter, as likewise

the most of their friends. Still the chaunting continued, while the priests were unrobing and packing up their canonicals in bundles, like so many pedlars folding up their wares. The bride and bridegroom marched off with their precious crowns upon their heads.* They are to live together at the lady's father's for eight days, at the expiration of which the lady goes to her husband's house in full procession, with her presents and clothes carried before her on horseback, and exhibited to the people. I shall give you an account of one of these processions in my next letter.

* A finer subject than a Greek wedding can hardly be imagined for the pencil of Mr William Allan, whose talent in painting such scenes will immortalize his name. I am happy to observe, that he is calling in the aid of the *burin* to make his works more generally known; and that he has met with an engraver so well qualified to do justice to his finest productions as his townsman, Mr James Stewart. The style in which that very promising artist has engraved Mr Allan's beautiful little picture of the *Tartar Banditti*, may well warrant the expectation, that his plate of the celebrated painting of the *Circassian Captives*, will be, in every respect, an interesting production of art.

LETTER LII.

PATRAS.

Procession of a newly-married Lady to her Husband's House.—Greek Fast of Lent.—Turkish Fast of Ramazan.—Honourable dealings of the Turks contrasted with the Knavery of the Greeks.—Indolence of the Turks.—Mode of Sepulture.—Cemeteries.—Greek Dances.—Female Slaves.—Partiality to the English.—Views from Patras.—Annual Procession to the River Meilichus.—Mode of Building.—Intermarriages of Turks and Greeks.

In my last letter, I promised to give you some account of the procession of a newly-married lady to her husband's house. While walking amidst a multitude of women and children, she was supported by two females; and seemed to lean her whole weight upon them, as if about to sink to the ground. On her head was a prodigious cushion or pad, stuck full of trumpery flowers made of paper; her cheeks, eye-brows, and lips, were daubed over with gold-leaf; and her hair, interwoven with skeins of brown silk, hung down behind and before. She walked very slowly, and a boy carried a mirror before her, in which she was obliged to look occasionally, as a symbol of the regard thenceforth due even to her external carriage and conduct.

The Greek marriages are generally celebrated

after a fast, and chiefly on the first day after its expiration.

Their Lent of 48 days ends at Easter, and is very rigidly observed, not admitting even of fish, unless they are bloodless, such as oysters, ink-fish, and caviare. Next comes the Lent of the Apostles, which continues generally 39 days, but varies both in its term and duration. Fish may be used of every kind. The fast of the blessed Virgin follows in August; it lasts 15 days, and is very rigidly observed. The concluding fast of 40 days terminates at Christmas. Fish may be eaten without reserve, except on Wednesday and Friday. One hundred and forty-two days of the year are thus occupied in fasts. The higher classes, however, are not very scrupulous in regard to them, but the lower orders keep them with a severity prejudicial to their health. The Turks, at the fast of the Ramazan, neither eat, drink, nor smoke, till sunset, but they are very impatient till then, constantly fidgeting and holding their watches in their hands. Apoplexy is common among them, proceeding, it is supposed from the great use of spice and other indulgences.

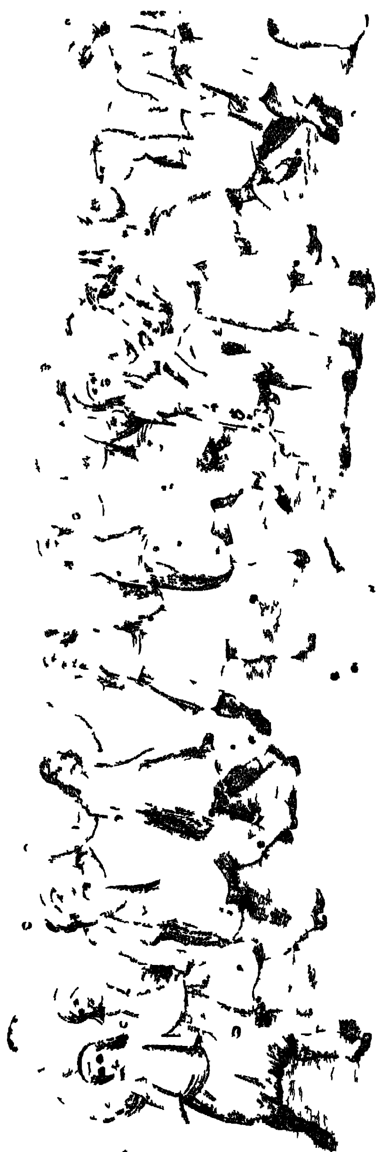
In their dealings, the Turks are considered extremely honourable; their word may be depended on, and they have great confidence in others. They even refuse to take a receipt from those whom they can trust. The Greeks, on the contrary, are said to

be full of deceit and low cunning, often accusing each other, and fermenting quarrels in an under hand way, for the purpose of obtaining money; when this is discovered by the Turks, it occasions their being very roughly handled. The Frank inhabitants, in particular, rate the moral character of the Greeks extremely low; we hear dreadful instances both of the profligacy and ferocity of their manners in the domestic circles of the wealthier merchants, and their want of honesty in commercial dealings is proverbial. Nothing but their forlorn situation, under such masters, can induce us to make any allowance for this conduct, if the charge against them be not unfounded, or greatly exaggerated. Patras is one of those towns in which the Turks are considered to act with more despotic rule over the Greeks than is usual to them.

The Turks, though inferior to the Greeks in mind, are cleanly in their habits, and fond of the bath. Positive indolence has the highest charms for them: give them their pipe and coffee, and they will sit for hours almost without speaking, going fully into the sentiment, that, where "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." They seldom sing, considering it much beneath their dignity; if, however, they do happen to sound their voice, they bellow on a note or two, without melody or expression. When they pray, they pronounce the word Alla, (God,) while they bend their heads,

then they fall on their knees, and lastly, they incline their heads to the very ground, saying, Alla! Alla! Alla! in the most solemn and impressive manner.

When a Turk dies, he is washed with milk-warm water, and clothed in linen, cotton is put between the thumb and finger, and gently laid on his eyes, nose, and mouth; on the bosom is placed a paper, enumerating his good deeds, and recommending him to the prophet. When the body is interred, a board is placed diagonally over it, from the head to the foot of the grave, so that, in many instances, a part of the board projects above the earth. The Turks alone can have upright monuments annexed to the horizontal tomb-stone. Those of the Greeks, Jews, Franks, and Armenians, are all flat, but of different construction. The monuments of the Turkish females, too, are unlike those of the males. According to the size and appearance of the turban placed at the head of the grave, the age and rank of the deceased Turk is denoted. Square holes are cut through the slab which is laid on every grave, to allow, it is said, the soul to have communication with the body, if it should think proper to make a journey from the skies. You will perceive then, that the Turks allow the females to have souls, though they rarely educate them to have ideas. The burying-ground at Patras is a novel object to a stranger from Catholic or Protest-



ant Europe, to the cemeteries of which, a Turkish cemetery has no resemblance. The monumental stones, which are, in many instances, the remains of ancient edifices, will not fail to attract the traveller's attention.

We have seen a couple of Greek dances, which afforded us considerable amusement. The first was circular, and was performed by men, each holding the hands of those next him. The air to which they moved had a very limited range of notes, and was played on a kind of pipe, while a drum beat time. Each person sung it in succession, and moved round with considerable gesticulation, the person at the head threading every opening. This dance is supposed to have some resemblance to that introduced by Theseus, to commemorate the destruction of the Minotaur in the Cretan labyrinth. The second dance was something like the first, circular, and performed by men, but the music was more like a Scotch lilt; each person had a handkerchief in his hand, which was held likewise by his neighbours on each side; under this they stooped, and then sprung up with great activity. In the first dance instrumental music was joined by the voice, the second was performed to instrumental music alone. At a little distance from this scene of merriment, a number of women were sitting together, muffled up to their noses, and seemed to take no part in the amusement, except merely as spectators.

The refreshment was bread, dried eggs, and wine, drawn from a goat or pig's skin. On returning to the consul's we met a party of gypsies enjoying themselves, and apparently as happy as if the world had been their own.

A striking contrast to the gaiety of this free and light-hearted people, was the melancholy spectacle of a young female exposed to sale. She was sold for 80 crowns; and a gleam of delight passed over her dejected countenance at the idea of going to another master in a different part of the country. A fair, beautiful, young, and plump Circassian, has been known to bring 3000 crowns, and even more.

On walking through the town with Mr D. his tartan cloak seemed to catch the fancy of the inhabitants; every eye was pleased with it, and he was repeatedly asked if it was made of handkerchiefs sewed together. In no instance have we perceived the slightest intention to insult us; on the contrary, both Turk and Greek paid the highest compliments to the English, constantly exclaiming, *Bono Inglese!* When I was drawing from a situation near the castle, a number of them flocked around me. They offered every kind of service, cleared the way of a hundred little turbaned boys, who were anxious to see what I was about; one held my gloves, another my drawing materials, and when I gave a pencil to a Greek

who seemed particularly interested with my performance, I never saw a man so much delighted.

The opposite coast of Albania, across the gulf of Lepanto, is particularly striking. Bluff mountain promontories and conical hills rise in great majesty immediately above the sea, while others, capped with snow, retire in the distant regions. The scene of the great sea fight of 1571, in which the Turks were defeated, shews its blue expanse of waters with many a white sail, stealing towards the remote islands of Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Santa Maura, which are just perceptible in their robes of azure. From the subordinate hills, entirely composed of clay, sand, puddingstone, and marine shells, striated and water-worn, there are numberless beautiful views. The ruins of Roman aqueducts, and other masses of ancient building, are features which the painter would fix upon, and delineate with delight. From the stream called Meilichus, too, there is ample subject for study; and here one might even be permitted a little classical decoration. The young people still go in procession to this stream, and deposit in it a garland of corn in the ear; they also carry with them a garland of ivy, which they lay on the ancient foundations of the temple of Bacchus. The origin of this procession is of ancient date, and, as nearly as I can recollect, is this. A youth fell in love with a nymph of

Diana, and ravished her. The goddess was much enraged, and sent a pestilence to the land; the oracle of Delphi was consulted, as to what should be done to appease the wrath of Diana, and it was directed that a young man and woman should be annually sacrificed near the stream, till a statue of Bacchus should appear. This barbarous practice was continued for a considerable time, and the river, on that account, was called Ameilichus, (or the *Implacable*,) a statue and temple of Bacchus however appearing, the sacrifices were given up, and the name of the river was thenceforth called Meilichus, (*Placable.*) Now, is not this a lucky circumstance for a painter, to embellish and give a superior air to his pictures?

This country is subject to earthquakes; the houses, therefore, are generally built of wood, mud, and straw, which are considered safer than stone and lime, against the rocking motion of the ground. The minarets, which are built of stone, are deemed insecure. The largest is rent from top to bottom. This mode of building with wood and clay, which, by the way, is common over a great part of Greece, must prove a considerable preservative to the marble remains. Innumerable hawks nestle unmolested in the roofs of the wretched buildings, and in the castle walls: for these birds the inhabitants seem to entertain a degree of respect.

Occasionally a Turk marries into a Greek fami-

ly, and the lady is allowed to follow her own religion, but the children must adopt that of their father. When a child is christened, it is stripped, and plunged over head and ears in water, then it is carefully dried, and the priest dips his finger into a vessel containing oil, which he places on the crown of its head, eyes, mouth, palms of the hand, the soles of its feet and navel: the name is then given, and prayers and chaunting finish the ceremony. Divorces are obtained through the Patriarch, and sometimes the bishop has the power to grant one.

We are now preparing for our departure to Delphi, from whence I shall write you soon.

LETTER LIII.

VOSTIZZA.

Journey from Patras to Vostizza, anciently Ægium.

We found it difficult to leave our hospitable friends at Patras; and it required considerable resolution to prepare for our departure. Having, however, determined to lose no time in proceeding to Vostizza, our horses and mules were assembled, and though, certainly, we could not boast of having the most respectable appearance, I may venture to say, that no painter could complain of any want of the picturesque. The poor animals appeared so galled and miserable, that we could hardly persuade ourselves they could go through a journey of eight long hours, without repeatedly stumbling under their burthens, and risking our lives. But we were told they would do their business tolerably, and we were not altogether deceived. Our party consisted of six people; that is to say, our janissary, servant, two mule drivers, Mr D. and myself. Our beds were a quite sufficient load for one poor animal,

and our canteens, provisions, and trunks, for a couple more. The charge for each horse, seven in number, might be about 1s. 6d.; this sum also covering the expences of the drivers. It was necessary to make a contract before setting out, for really, to do the Greeks all manner of justice, they are not a little expert at imposition. The sum I have mentioned does not include our janissary and servant, who have each 1s. 6d. a-day, out of which sum they must provide themselves with every necessary. On ridding ourselves of the clamour and confusion of strange tongues, and trusting the future to the direction of our faithful guide, who, I must mention, had the necessary qualification of scolding like a hero, in the language of the country, we proceeded on our journey in full confidence, and free of all annoyances. Our janissary rode behind, to see that all was right, and with a long whip kept his troops in constant motion.

In Greece, a journey is generally computed by time; their tracks or ways have no measured miles. No cart could travel them, and, indeed, I do not believe there is a single vehicle of this description in the whole country. We had not proceeded to any distance, before perceiving the wretchedness of the peasantry who inhabit these wilds. Their conical huts are merely formed of poles of trees rudely put together, and covered with turf. Furniture they have none; a mat to lie up-

on, and a few culinary utensils, is all they seem to require. The few cattle we saw were half starved, and the plough a piece of wood! During the second hour of our journey, the mountains to the right, composed of pudding-stone, assumed finer form. Those on the other [illegible] Lepanto were always interesting [illegible] grounds, however, had no features to combine with them; nor, indeed, till we came opposite to the castles of Morea and Roumeli, (which [illegible] the strait on opposite sides,) was the landscape quite complete. Naupactus smiled in the distant view. The streams are numerous, but much discoloured, very unlike those which rush with sparkling [illegible] from the heathy mountains of Scotland. They have, however, high-sounding names, which, though they say nothing to the eye, address the mind. These Grecian streams, in their violence, have laid waste great tracks of country, and polished many a lovely pebble of every form and colour. Towards the close of the fourth hour, and near the half-way han, a waterfall presents itself, not unlike those denominated grey mares tails in England; but how inferior in beauty! Yet, as it reminded us of home, it was pleasing to our hearts, and welcomed as a friend! Proceeding through wastes of tall heath and brushwood, we at last reached the half-way han. The inhabitants appeared sickly, but they were kind, and invited us to sit down on

bundles of rags. We did so, but were instantly assailed by vermin, which obliged us to retreat. Considering the appearances of our cavalry, we marvelled much they have done so well, having stumbled only twice in four hours. Shortly after leaving our inn, there were some ludicrous scenes of stumbling and falling of bag and baggage. Down fell a driver, and in the act of scolding the poor Greek, our janissary! lastly, Carlo must needs yield to his [illegible] who fell in the middle of a rapid river. This last affair alarmed us much, but fortune favoured both man and horse against the turbulence of the wicked waters. In general, the animals went best in the worst of roads! and the ruts and ways which appeared to us alarming, never discouraged them; they picked their way with care, and seldom erred. In the plains they were less attentive, and it was only then they were in danger of falling on their knees.

Towards the end of our journey, when the shades of night were deepening, the minarets of Vostizza appeared before us, against a solemn gloomy sky. A few copper-coloured, and dusky streaks of light, told us that the day was near a close.

Vostizza may be about 22 miles from Patras, and the streams and rivers we passed are supposed to represent the Meilichus, Charadrus, Solemnus, and Bolinæus, fraught with recollections of ancient

story. The ancient towns of Argyra, Bolinae, and Rhypes, and even ancient Patræ, all which graced these shores in days of old, are gone; and not a vestige remains to shew where they stood.

In Vostizza we have chosen the house of Signor Panaiotti for our residence; he is polite and kind, which, in this distant country, where home is far away, conveys unutterable things. We occupy his best room, which I cannot say is quite so fashionable as some we have seen in England, yet for weary travellers it is very well. Let me describe it to you. In size, it may be about 20 feet by 15; along the sides, and at the top, are placed divans or sofas, about 10 inches high, and 5 feet in breadth; cushions are placed behind to recline upon, and I wish I could say they were a little cleaner than we find them. A clumsy wooden chest stands at the bottom of the room, and near the door an infirm table, of rude construction, the cross bars being made of pieces of wood not even planed. These precious articles, together with a few skeins of yarn, some two-penny-looking prints of monks, and the Virgin and Child, and a little piece of mirror, compose the whole furniture. The walls are of rude unplastered masonry, with a recess to hold some odds and ends. From this Grecian chamber we descend by a trap ladder, very like one of those which we have to our common hay-lofts in good

old England, and find ourselves among the mules and horses in the filthy court-yard. This house of wood and clay is surrounded by an ill-constructed gallery; but above the porch, built in the side-wall, is a most beautiful ancient basso-relievo, representing a Marriage. This gem of ancient art still reminds the modern Greek of his degeneracy, and while shining in its tomb of clay, shews what was, and I trust what yet may be, the power of genius in this dejected country!

The streets, as you may be prepared to expect, are narrow and dirty, and every thing indicates a want of cleanliness in the inhabitants. I saw a crowd of well-dressed Greeks around a fellow who was killing a sheep, in the middle of the street, while the blood and entrails of several others besmeared the pavement of slippery pebbles. Gutters and puddles of filth everywhere offend the senses of sight and smell; and it seems wonderful that they should ever be free of pestilence. Where is the government or police that could suffer such abomination, but in Greece? Their shops have a miserable appearance; yet I am told their cheese is the best in the Morea, and that their currants, gums, fish, oil, and silk, are all of excellent quality. I believe it so, but have not ventured into those dens to ascertain the fact. The palms and cypress trees are beautiful, accompanied by the ocean and distant hills; and what a relief it is to

dwell on them, from the jumble of clay and wooden houses, nauseous smells, and barbarous Turks! True, they have their groves of olive, and gardens of orange and lemon trees. Nature is ever sweet and fair! It is of man, the men of Greece, that I complain.

No remains of antiquity are visible at Vostizza, except some shapeless masses of reticulated walls of brick. On excavation, however, an Englishman found two statues without heads. The mouths of the ancient fountain led through some blind arches of Gothic architecture, and near them is a great plane tree, which, though not remarkable for beauty in itself, assists in forming pictures, when joined with Mount Parnassus in the distance.

On returning to our lodgings, we saw the lady of the house. Her appearance was interesting. Her fine oval face was lighted up with large sparkling eyes, overarched with eyebrows strongly marked; her complexion full, and her nose nearly aquiline; but her mouth and neck was muffled up in the most provoking manner. Beautiful auburn hair fell upon her breast and back, mixed, as usual, with silken threads; above her forehead she wore a golden band. A pelisse of green cloth, its short sleeves trimmed with fur, was extremely becoming. But less taste was displayed in the contracting of her dress about her neck; nor could I admire an opening of a triangular form, from her

breast to the bottom of the waist, shewing her chemise below.

But here my description of our fair hostess must stop, as we have to prepare to sail to-morrow for Apollo's shrine, and the famed Castalian stream.

LETTER LIV.

DELPHI.

Voyage to Scala, and Journey to Delphi.

Delphi, April 1817.

When we had determined to leave Vostizza, we heard of a Greek vessel about to sail for Scala, the port of Salona. This was fortunate, and we hailed the circumstance as a favourable omen to our journey into Greece. With great despatch we entered our little bark, undismayed by the violence of the wind, and agitation of the sea. The hope of being soon at Delphi smoothed every apprehension, and banished all our fears. We had advanced but little way on the Crissean Sea, when the wind increased and the waves rose in awful grandeur, sadly threatening our poor ship. Yet she mounted them in safety, and glided through the valleys of the waters, dashing the foam of the broken billows behind her shining prow. Then she would pitch against the sea, and rise majestically on the coursing and furious waves, which, in their turn, were seized by the rough gale, robbed of their foaming pinnacles, and left in deep Cerulean

green; at times the sunbeams played among the rioting waters, and dark and dismal billows opposed the restless lights, carrying on their monstrous breasts innumerable lesser waves, which with them were soon engulphed; a striking emblem of the dependent multitude who follow in the train of a mighty, but, at length, unfortunate chief, with him to rise, and battle, and shine for a moment, and then to fall and be forgotten. Thank heaven, the sickening gale soon ceased. Parnassus rose in front, but neither it, nor the hills of Locri Ozŏlae, could boast of majesty. In this respect, they yielded to the mountains of the Morea, which appeared extremely grand, some of them robed in snow. Peaks, strange shapes, and chasms, came into view, pleasing yet awful. Gleams of light streamed among the misty vales, and danced among the rocks and woods, as to the music of the waves! Dolphins played about our ship, and rushed along with amazing speed, darting on one side under the vessel, and returning on the other. When near the shore, we perceived the squill in full luxuriance among the rocks of limestone, which were full of holes, and strangely honeycombed by the action of the sea, even a great way up the mountain, which looked as if it had been long exposed to the dashing waves. Sailing along the creeks and windings of the rocky shore, we saw some miserable huts and villages. We turned the

Capes of Dromarki and Salona, and glanced the port of Galaxithi. The town of Crisso then came into view, seated on a slope of proud Parnassus, but too remote to be distinctly seen. Beyond, high crags arose in noble forms, and in the bosom of the vale were verdant pastures, finely diversified with rich olive groves. Projecting promontories enriched the view, combining with Scala, our landing-place, the port of Delphi and Salona. On the shore were broken marbles lately brought from Delphi; *—the ruined symbols of its ancient greatness.

The chariot of Phœbus was hastening to the horizon, when we commenced our journey for the city of his most celebrated oracle. On passing through a small defile the scenery burst upon us, and appeared as if the god had arranged the various forms of the stupendous mountains, to strike the mind of his worshippers with deeper awe, as they approached his hallowed shrine. Crisso, an extensive village, is greatly elevated above the plain, commanding what the dullest eye must dwell upon with admiration. The poles which support the roofs and galleries of the houses have a light effect, and might suggest a better style of architecture.

The near approach to Dephi, from the natural

* A Torso of Bacchus, worthy of a polished age, and some fragments of columns of little value. The sea was dashing over them, depositing yellow mud.

grandeur of the scenery, and from the numberless associations connected with it, was almost overpowering. When we climbed round the lofty precipices, those beautiful lines of Ossian perfectly described the effect before us:

"The night was calm and fair; blue, starry, settled was the sky. The winds with the clouds are gone; they sink beneath the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Bright is the stream of the valley!"

We came at last to ancient tombs cut in the rock which fronts the mountain Cirphis: all was generalized, mysterious, and grand. We could have imagined that the ghosts of the departed were stalking before us. I threw myself into one of the ancient cemeteries with sentiments of melancholy. "The pale traveller of night" shone brightly in the heavens, smiling as she smiled even before Apollo's shrine was here! The rocks of Castalia at last appeared, from the high and mighty tops of which the eagle might almost have feared to soar.

No sound was heard but from the barking dogs of Delphi, alarmed at the stranger's tread at the witching hour of night. The morning's light told us that Delphi is no more. Its everlasting name alone exists: Its boasted attractions are gone: Its temple levelled with the dust: Its sacred fountain infested with washerwomen: Its stadium just vi-

sible, and scarcely the foundations of any of those buildings, which were an ornament to the world, now perceptible above the ground. The repositories of the dead are broken up, and the tablets which held the offerings of the ancients, grey time and barbarism have not spared.

LETTER LV.

DELPHI.

Reception on our arrival at the Priest's.—Description of his House.—Castalian Spring.—Chapel of St John.—Monastery of Panagia.—Village of Castri.—Stadium.—Sepulchres.—Site of the Temple of Apollo.—Desolation of Delphi.—Rocks and Scenery.

Delphi, April 1817.

My last letter brought you to this interesting place; but I was so much absorbed in the contemplation of its natural grandeur and its desolation, that I could not bring my mind to give you the particular details of its humble condition. In this letter, however, I shall mention some of them, and offer a few observations regarding the site of the Temple of Apollo, which some, in the true spirit of antiquarianism, will have in one place, and some in another. My text shall be from Pausanias, and after going over the ground, I shall leave you to judge for yourself. In the meantime, let me tell you of the reception we met with at the Papa's (or priest's) of Castri, the modern name of Delphi.

On our arrival here at night, we made our way

up a ladder stair to the dwelling of the priest, who is in the habit of accommodating strangers. It was late, and the family had gone to rest. We knocked a considerable time before any one came to the door; at last a gruff voice from within demanded what we wanted, and who we were. We are Englishmen, desirous to have quarters:—No! was the reply, you cannot be admitted here; an Englishman has used me ill. Mr D.'s servant Carlo, who had been at Delphi, and lived a considerable time in the house before, made himself known to the priest, and for his sake the door was opened; but, had it not been for him, we should, in all probability have remained without lodging during the night. I was much surprised, that the behaviour of the Greek proceeded from our being Englishmen; but, upon inquiry, I found that a quarrel had arisen between him and one of our countrymen, probably in consequence of some extravagant pecuniary demand which the latter chose to resist.

When we got under his roof we found the family, men, women, and children, lying on mats on various parts of the floor, near the fire. We were shewn into the adjoining apartment, a kind of store room, where our beds were placed; and I think I never suffered more from cold. The morning light peeps through the roof itself, and the planks of the floor are at least an inch asun-

der: but having determined to remain here, at least a day or two, we put up blankets for screens, and stuffed the windows with clothes to keep out the howling wind. Remember we are elevated about 2000 feet above the sea, and the falling snow whitens the summits of the surrounding mountains.

As our breakfast is not quite ready, (tea which we brought with us,) I shall have a moment to look about the house, and give you some idea of the comforts of a dwelling on Parnassus. The room inhabited by the family (consisting of the priest and his wife, an unmarried son and daughter, and his eldest son, with a wife and children) is about [illegible] feet long; no furniture, except a couple of large chests; a trough for making dough; a sieve; a few jars; about a dozen of mugs of various sizes, hung in a row; a multiplicity of blankets, occasionally used as cushions; a shelf with three books of scripture; a wretched print of St George and the Dragon, and another of a monk with his eyes turned upwards, resembling our halfpenny prints in England. In going up to the window, which was a square hole in the wall without glass, I nearly trod a child to death, that was lying among a heap of filthy rags upon the floor.

The outer part of the house has a kind of gallery, hung round with goat-skins for holding wine, a barrel or two, and some sieves and bladders.

The court-yard is hideous. Among the rubbish are some remains of marble, and a piece of the statue of Bacchus, which lies upon the shore. Now, this is the most superb building in modern Delphi! How natural then is it to ask, Could it be here that stood the sacred Temple of Apollo, alike distinguished by its external * splendour, its internal decorations, and by the immense riches which it had acquired from the piety of its votaries? Or, according to the poet:

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* According to Pausanias, "The pediments were adorned with Diana, and Apollo, and the Muses; the setting of Phœbus or the sun; with Bacchus, and the women called Thyades. The architraves were decorated with golden armour, bucklers suspended by the Athenians after the battle of Marathon, and shields taken from the Gauls under Brennus. In the portico were inscribed the celebrated maxims of the Seven Sages of Greece. There was an image of Homer, and in the cell was an altar of Neptune with statues of the Fates, and of Jupiter and Apollo, who were surnamed *Leaders of the Fates*. Near the hearth before the altar, at which Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, was slain by a priest, stood the iron chair of Pindar. In the sanctuary was an image of Apollo gilded. The inclosure was of great extent, and filled with treasuries, in which many cities had consecrated tenths of the spoil taken in war, and with the public donations of renowned states in various ages. It was the grand repository of Ancient Greece, in which the labours of the sculptor and statuary, gods, heroes, and illustrious persons, were seen collected and arranged; the inequalities of the area, or acclivity, contributing to a full display of the noble assemblage."—*Chandler*, p. 295, 296, Vol. I.

Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric, elegant the style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors;
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
The roofs, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
Fram'd their oblations in the holy fane:
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine."

The Castalian spring being quite at hand, we were led to it first. The priest accompanied us, and, with considerable energy, and something like enthusiasm, pointed out the fountain, in which, of course, we immediately placed the Pythia, and saw her in imagination lave her streaming hair. Our classic dreams, however, were soon dismissed by the appearance of a dirty washerwoman trailing a filthy piece of cloth backwards and forwards in the sacred stream—the stream of Castaly! Our airy visions having vanished, we examined the natural state of this celebrated place, which certainly has every claim to the appellation of sublime, even waving recollections of the Muses, the Pythia, and Apollo. The rocks are tremendously high, almost close upon each other, so that the stream,

which is very small, flows in a hollow channel through a dark ravine. The water, which is beautifully transparent, falls in silver lines. I clambered up the rocks, and was tempted to proceed, though the chasm presents a general sameness. Is this the stream of Castaly? this the stream of inspiration? Could I resist drinking of it at its purest channel? No! and if I felt inspired, it was with emotions of respect for the genius of our country. Dripping with the sacred water, and fanned by the eagle's wings, I pronounced the names of Thomson, Burns, Scott, and Campbell; and it required no oracle to say how nearly their lays approach the loftiest inspirations of those ancient favourites of the Muses, who had drunk most copiously of Castalia's spring. In descending, I was forced to be heedful of my steps, fearing I might be made to stumble by the lichens which grow upon the rocks, and which constantly reminded me of my presumption in ascending them.

A little chapel, dedicated to St John, appears above the basin of the fountain, and plainly tells that the torrents are never very great. There is nothing in this chapel except part of a fluted column; but that, indeed, soon engages the eye, and leads the mind from the miserable walls to reflect on brighter ages. From the Castalian fountain we proceeded to the monastery of the Panagia, said to be built on the site of the Delphic

Gymnasium, (or, as some will have it,) on the basement of the Temple of Minerva.

We crossed the stream, which has formed for itself a gully down Parnassus, to meet the waters of the Pleistus, about a mile below. From the monastery, which is but a short distance from the road, we could distinctly perceive the semicircular form of the ground on which ancient Delphi stood: the monastery of the Panagia is almost on the eastern extremity of the curve, and the Chapel of St Elias on the western point; both situations commanding extensive views, and seemingly the points where a skilful architect would choose to place his striking works.

The church of St Elias, which is on higher ground than the monastery of the Panagia, combines to admiration with the frowning rocks of Castalia and the ruinous appearance of foundation-walls. The olive groves waved a moaning sound; and, like the harp of Æolus, "lulled the pensive melancholy mind." Who could repress a sigh where Homer sung?

In the court of the monastery were several fragments of ancient marbles, and some tasteful ornaments in the wall. Four ancient columns support the shed in front of the church; one of them with its capital inverted;—shewing the sad perversion of taste and judgment, and the complete triumph of barbarism over an enlightened age! The chapel, which is dark and dismal within, is full of wretched

daubings of monks and dragons: we left it with disgust, and met a peasant who informed us, that, in excavating for stones on the acclivity of the hill, he had discovered an old inscription. We hastened down to see it; but, alas! it had disappeared. Some men who were building a supporting wall had used the marble, and turned the inscription inwards!

Our next excursion was through the village of Castri, still conducted by the priest. He led us through narrow lanes, where we found several ancient ornaments as fixtures in the walls. The people looked comfortless, especially the women, who, as usual, were muffled up to their noses, dressed in coarse woollen habits, reaching nearly to their ankles. Both the petticoat and pelisse were ornamented round the edges with brown or red. Their stockings were loose, and hung about their heels. None of them seemed idle: some were spinning the whitest cotton with a distaff, and others sat nursing their children, which were bandaged up like mummies and tied with cord; they rocked them between their legs, by lifting up each leg alternately. The vicious barking dogs flew upon us from every alley, and would have been intolerable, had not our attentive priest cudgelled them away. At last we reached the ancient stadium, passing two modern fountains, which are supposed to have fed the once prophetic spring Cassotis. The sta-

dium is quite above the village, and almost close upon the rocks, above the road to Crisso. Its form may be distinctly traced by the massive stones of masonry which support the incumbent earth, and by the edging of carved stone which runs along the top. Much of this, however, is displaced and thrown about the interior of the stadium, which is now a field of corn, not exceeding 100 paces in length. At the end towards Castri are two rows of ancient seats, one above the other: further on, beyond the stadium, is seen a cave, with some square cuttings in the rock.

The sepulchres next attracted notice; we entered them, and found in one cavities for three bodies, with a little niche over each. All of these sepulchres are shaped like an oven, circular at top; shewing that the ancient Greeks, though they had not discovered the method of *building an arch*, were perfectly acquainted with its form. It does appear to me surprising, that so ingenious a people could have allowed this to escape their notice, especially as the circular sepulchres might so naturally have suggested it.* Under a seat in the same rock in which the sepulchres are excavated, there is something like the appearance of an ancient road, about five or six

* The invention of the builded arch and dome was, it is said, reserved for the ingenuity of the Romans.

feet wide, cut in the rock, and it was only in this place I could discover any vestige of one. As we were leaving the cemeteries, an old Greek came up to us; he needed only a scythe across his shoulder, to be a striking representation of grim Death! Jaundiced and miserable, his wretched head was marked by unsoothing years. "I will give him a dollar," said my benevolent friend; "it will not be thrown away." He got one. Surprise and reverence were expressed in his countenance. He placed his hand upon his heart, then on his forehead, took my friend's hand and kissed it, looked at the money again and again, shewed it to every passenger, and retired backwards, pressing his hand upon his bosom. His manner baffles all description.—The same day a peasant brought some ancient coins, incrusted by time, and quite unknown. These circumstances strongly remind us of Delphi's former wealth and fallen grandeur.

Leaving the stadium and ancient tombs, we went to the church of St Elias, said to be built on the foundations of the Temple of Apollo. The situation does not agree with the description given by Pausanias, who, to the best of my judgment, makes it nearer the stupendous rocks, somewhere beside the modern fountains to the east, below the stadium.* "In coming out of the temple,"

* "Proceeding from the Pleistus to the Temple of Apollo, on the right hand was the water of Castalia, sweet

he says, "the wall was on the left." What wall? Was it that of the sacred inclosure of the temple, or of the court? This is a little perplexing; walls must have been on both sides. Alas! no vestige of the tomb of Neoptolemus exists to explain the geographer's meaning. The building called Lesche, adorned with the painting of Polygnotus, must have had but little room, judging of the ground as it now appears. "Higher up" says the ancient author, "there was a stone on which oil was daily poured;" but whether higher up towards the west, or to the north against the rocks, is not explained. If, in returning from the rocks, to meet the prophetic

to drink. The houses, with the sacred inclosure of the temple, which overlooked the city, stood on an acclivity. The area, or court within the wall, was large, and many ways were cut, leading out of it. A sybil was said to have chaunted her oracles from a prominent rock above the Athenian portico. Coming out of the temple, the wall was on the left, as also the tomb of Neoptolemus, to whom the Delphians made yearly oblations. Higher up was a stone, not big, on which they poured oil daily, and upon festivals put white wool. On the way back to the temple was the fountain Cassotis, and a wall with a passage up to it. The water was said to run underground, and in the sanctuary of the temple, to render women prophetical. Above Cassotis was a building called Lesche, in which the story of Troy was painted by Polygnotus, with equal skill and labour. In the sacred inclosure was a theatre worthy of notice. Without it, and above all, was a stadium."—*Chandler*, p. 298. Vol. II.

fountain Cassotis, where was the rock above the Athenian portico, from whence the sybil chaunted the oracles.

The situation of the stadium might answer pretty well, as viewing the whole from the lower part of the village of Castri; yet all appears uncertain; and, therefore, fearing I shall neither make you nor myself the wiser, by proceeding further in the investigation, I shall leave it to better heads than mine; for, to speak the truth, I have bewildered myself by twisting and turning the buildings, to make them answer the text of Pausanias. I shall therefore believe, for the present, as many others do, that the Church of St Elias stands on the foundations of the Temple of Apollo. The massive basement proclaims it to have been connected with a building of great magnitude. The situation, too, is commanding, and free from the debris and rocks which might fall from the hill above. The town must have been considerably below, as we see by the numerous terraces of ancient foundations. On the ground of St Elias there is space for a great inclosure, "where many streets might meet;" and, altogether, it appears a better situation, than if the temple had been pressed against the rocks, as it surely would have been, if near the modern fountains.

Casting the eye over the site of ancient Delphi, one cannot possibly imagine what has be-

come of the walls of the numerous buildings, which are mentioned in the history of its former magnificence; buildings which covered two miles of ground. With the exception of the few terraces or supporting walls, nothing now appears. The various robberies by Nero, Scylla, and Constantine, are inconsiderable; for the removal of the statues of bronze, and marble, and ivory, could not greatly affect the general appearance of the city. The acclivity of the hill, and the foundations being placed on rock, without cement, would no doubt render them comparatively easy to be removed or hurled down into the vale below; but the vale exhibits no appearance of accumulation of hewn stones; and the modern village could have consumed but few. In the course of so many centuries, the debris from the mountain must have covered up a great deal, and even the rubbish itself may have acquired a soil, sufficient to conceal many noble remains from the light of day: Yet we see no swellings or risings in the ground, indicating the graves of the temples. All therefore is mystery, and the Greeks may truly say, "where stood the walls of our fathers? scarce their mossy tombs remain!"—But,

"Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."

The church of St Elias is a wretched building, interesting only from the various fragments of sculptured marbles, fixed within the building, and before the door. Opposite to the church, in the massive foundations, I made an excavation, in which I placed a bottle hermetically sealed, containing separate lists of our Scottish poets, poetesses, and learned men, my personal friends, and every one I could think of, who has contributed to enlighten our dear Scotland, especially Edinburgh, "the queen of the north,"—the fairest among modern cities.

The rocks above the village of Castri are high and grand, with three peaks and [illegible] Down [illegible] these [illegible] [illegible] of this stupendous scene [illegible] the church of St Elias. Examining the whole with a painter's eye, I am tempted to say that the rocks are lumpish, and the divisions too much alike. I have, however, seen the whole combined with a glowing sky, and when the last rays of rosy light tipped the rocks to the right of Castalia, the scene was in the highest degree magnificent. At Castri we do not see the pinnacles of Parnassus, but, from the vale of Pleistus, his lofty summit appears —fit resting place for Phœbus, among the virgin snows. But we must linger no longer among the broken inscriptions and waving grass of Delphi. Let the winds moan among them, while we travel

the rugged sides of Parnassus, and, like the eagles, look down on the misty vale of Pleistus, far below, and I shall sing, as we proceed, your favourite verse,

"O were I on Parnassus hill,
Or had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To tell how much I love thee.

LETTER LVI.

LIVADIA.

Journey along Parnassus to Livadia.

On our journey to Livadia, we were accompanied by the priest's two sons, who took charge of our mules and asses. We were now at a very considerable elevation, and the scenery through which we were travelling possessed, in a very high degree, the attribute of natural grandeur. A distant mountain, crowned with lofty pines, was finely opposed to the stupendous rocks in the foreground. The sloping hills and frowning precipices assumed the most interesting variety of forms; and the barren heaths were strikingly contrasted with the smiling spots of cultivation, towards which mountain paths were seen winding in every direction. While we looked down from this elevation on the human pigmies below, and saw the eagles above them, "sailing with supreme dominion, through the azure deep of air," we felt an emotion of sublimity, which it is impossible to describe: it required only the rolling of thunder

beneath, to delude us into the idea that we were admitted into those empyreal realms, from which Jupiter despatched his feathered messenger, to scatter terrors over the guilty race of men.

Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than the situation of Aracova, the highest inhabited part of Mount Parnassus. Salvator Rosa could not have desired a finer subject for his pencil. What effect would he have given to the insulated rock, and fallen trees, which accord so well with the decayed state of Aracova! for even here nature has claimed her Cyclopean stones again, and covered them with moss. Yet, ruinous and desolate as this place now is, it will ever possess charms sufficient to command the admiration of every traveller.

The appearance of some Albanian soldiers, whom we saw resting themselves, with white turbans, dark complexions, dress of sheep-skins, and huge embossed arms shining in the sun, was in wonderful harmony with this mountain scenery. They hailed us with the exclamation of "Ora kalis," (happy hours,) and whatever terror the presence of a similar company might inspire into Chandler and his companions, we certainly saw no cause of fear.

The pinnacles of rock, which now rose before us, though not a third way up the mountain, were covered with deep snow, which, contrasted with the dark and gloomy pines that waved over it, yielded

the most striking effect of absolute light and darkness! One fantastic group struggling with the breeze, appeared like a host of fiends forcing their ascent to heaven.

As we pursued our winding path, new expectations arose at every turn. At length we gained the summit of this stupendous ridge, where the hills of Negropont, the plain of Thebes, and Lake Copais, burst upon our view. As we descended, we saw poneys, and small black cattle, like those which we meet in the Highlands of Scotland. The hairy fleeces of the sheep gave them the appearance of goats.

We soon came to the spot where Laius is said to have been murdered by Œdipus, and which the conjecture of the learned has assigned to the tomb of Laius. We found here a rude stone, which a little fancy might have identified with this tomb. That the fatal event occurred somewhere in this neighbourhood, is very probable; but, excepting the difficulty of the pass, I am not aware of any sufficient reason for fixing on this particular spot. Authority seems greatly against it, for Pausanias expressly says, that the murder was committed where two roads divide, and, as in this rugged and impracticable country, nature has pointed out the necessary direction of the roads, which, it may be presumed, have long remained unchanged, we are bound, by the authority of Pausanias, to fix

upon the foot of the valley, about half a mile further on, where, at present, three roads branch off in different directions, as more likely to be the scene of that event, than the place to which it is generally ascribed. Yet, neither here nor elsewhere have we been able to find any stone or stones so artificially placed, as to deserve the name of the tomb of Laius; and, after all, it is highly probable that the ancient, like the modern poets, have embellished the truth of history, by uniting their own interesting fictions with scenes calculated in themselves to exert a powerful influence over the imagination, and give a deeper interest to the story.

As we proceeded from this disputed scene, we saw ancient Daulis at some distance, the plain of Livadia, and Chæronea. Daulis, the modern name of which is Thavlea, is now a miserable village, without one vestige of antiquity, save a grey tower on a hill. The closing day reminded us of the necessity of seeking lodgings, and a wretched habitation, which served as a monastery, was the place in which we determined to pass the night. The priests came forward officiously and untied our luggage, and conducted us into their hovel. It was a square room, arched at top like a common cellar, the rafters black with smoke, and shining with the damp. In the middle was a fire on the earthen floor, round which the monks sat on their haunches, in the manner of Indians, on low blocks of wood. No

furniture was to be seen, except some boards fixed on posts, as substitutes for beds, each to contain two persons. Two paltry prints were hung on the walls; the one representing an angel piercing a monk with a spear, and the devil behind, taking from him two bags of money! the other seemed to be a virgin and child supported by two monks. We observed two grinding stones, with a handle to grind their corn. Never, except at Delphi, have we seen more simplicity and poverty. As soon as we entered, the superior came to welcome us, with a cordial and goat milk cheese. He gave it freely, and with grace; and we could not help being surprised at the healthy and clean appearance of the inmates of this poor dwelling. We saw no books, and were told that they are very ignorant.

To defend themselves against the rigours of the climate, which is truly hyperborean, even now, in the middle of April, the snow-drift obscuring every thing around us, they are clothed with two short, thick, white woollen coats, with a kilt covering a doublet below, white coarse hose, gartered with black, and sandal shoes, strapped across their bare feet. Their little black skull-cap, and shawls twisted round their heads, in the manner of a turban, were far from being unbecoming. They wore likewise a smart white waistcoat, with rows of sugar-loafed buttons, a zone of purple cloth round their waist, with a splendid silver case fixed in it, con-

taining a knife, and fork, and inkstand, beautifully embossed! Their beards were so black, that they appeared to be dyed. Though the morning lowered, we were determined to visit Chæronea. This glorious plain has had its golden day! though, now, alas! the rude storms wave nought but unwholesome plants, and lay its bosom bare. A few mossy stones, and the unevenness of the ground, mark out to the traveller the plain of Chæronea. Still it derives an air of fallen majesty, from its many graves, its pillars of granite, and foundations of palaces and temples. These fragments have, indeed, no picturesque effect; but they bring back the mind to those days when the genius of Greece achieved its greatest works,—to those days when the patriotism of the Thebans withstood the effort of the Lacedemonians,—and to that fatal day, when Philip triumphed here over the combined armies of the Grecian republics, and ruined their liberties for ever.

LETTER LVII.

LIVADIA.—ANCIENT LEBADEA.

Archon.—His Family.—Manners.—House of the Archon.—Cave of Trophonius.—Fountains of Memory and Oblivion.—Town.—Orchomenus.

HERE we live with a Greek of high rank and authority, a gentleman in his manners, speaking Italian and French with ease and fluency. His house, for Greece, is rather handsome; nevertheless, I must confess, we find many things at variance with each other.

At dinner, we found a table with a cloth upon it, dirty and disgusting, and darned in a thousand places. A miserable rusty knife and fork were placed for each person. Before dinner the Archon washed his hands in our presence, the boy kneeling who held the ewer. His daughters and two Greek gentlemen dined with us. The eldest girl was about sixteen years of age, the youngest eight. Dinner came in dish after dish, and consisted of boiled rice and goat milk, with new cheese, lamb's-head, and paste in the shape of pancakes, kid's bones stewed with onions, paste containing minced meat, and

rice rolled in spinage, roast ribs of miserable lamb, and other parts of the animal laid together, liver, lights, and windpipe; eggs dyed and boiled hard. During the whole time of dinner we had the same knife and fork, which were never wiped. Our Greek friends, men and girls, dispensed entirely with that convenience. The little miss ate enormously, and took abundance of oil to her food. Her sister sitting squat on the divan or sofa, stretched over the table, and put the spoon with which she eat into every dish, licked it, and rolled the cheese about upon her palate, shewing it occasionally on the tip of her tongue, and looking as stupid and vacant as an ideot. Sometimes, too, she would put her hand into a dish, and take out a bone, which she would gnaw without ceremony; she yawned, too, and belched abominably: the men did the same. All this, no doubt, was perfectly compatible with Grecian politeness and good breeding. I only presume to observe, that it appeared a little odd to our British eyes and ears; our love at home for ease and freedom not being yet advanced so far. The servants retired backwards, and always left their slippers in the passage, which, by their constantly putting off and on, made a tiresome shuffling noise. When the servants were spoken to, it was generally in a low and whispering tone.

In conversation the Archon spoke of the Turkish government freely, particularly of the Pasha of

Negropont, and Ali Pasha. The latter he considers an angel compared with the former, who extorted in one year a tribute of 500,000 piastres, though the regular tribute for the whole province of 20,000 souls does not exceed 80,000 annually. The neighbourhood of Livadia is very productive, a great deal of corn is raised annually for exportation. The kermes oak, which supplies the crimson dye through the insects that puncture it, affords another source of export, as does the madder raised in Bœotia, which gives the red dye. Cotton is raised and cultivated in various parts of Greece; but neither the Grecian, nor that of any part of the Levant, is so pure or silky as that of America; it is, however, one of the principal articles of commerce from Greece;—of its exports to Europe, indeed, the only very considerable one. He also spoke of the ancient history of Livadia and its antiquities, but not with the purest feeling. Indeed, I did not expect much sentiment from him, after seeing a marble capital in his court-yard used as a mortar for pounding coffee! To my surprise, he spoke of Dr Brown of Edinburgh, whose system of medicine, the Brownonian, is the favourite one in Livadia. The population of Livadia, we were informed, does not exceed 6000; the Turks in the proportion of one to ten. The mosques and churches are numerous;—of the former there are six, a most ample accommodation for the small proportion of

Mahometans,—the number of churches is the same. The Archon also gave us a long account of the plague which broke out thirty years ago, and confined him and all his family to his house for thirteen months.

After dinner, a boy came with a porcelain basin and ewer, when each person washed his hands over the same basin, the boy kneeling and pouring water over them, and the water passing under a perforated cover. The young lady placed the basin before her, washed and scrubbed a considerable time, and used the same towel which the men had used! Pipes and coffee were presented immediately after dinner: strangers came in and joined in smoking, at which many were expert, returning the smoke they received in their mouths through their nostrils in puffs and suffocating streams: at this time there was little conversation. In this predicament, there was nothing left for me but to look about, and knowing your insatiable curiosity, I shall attempt to describe the dining-room of the noble Greek. It is spacious, 30 feet at least in length, by 20 feet in breadth, surrounded by a sofa, covered with ornamented silk, very clean and safe to sit upon. The planks of the floor, too, are planed, and partly covered with a mat. The curtains are of white muslin, but wofully darned in the coarsest manner. In addition to the windows, which may be about the general height

of those in England, there is a small oval opening over each, filled with a pane of glass, and the same are on the opposite side, and at the end, for the purpose of throwing a borrowed light into the adjoining rooms; so that the dining-room may be considered a reservoir of light. Then there hangs from the roof, which is impannelled with wood, a chandelier from a rich bouquet of flowers; the walls are also coated and fancifully adorned with various carving, but not, as you may believe, in the purest taste. A mirror is hung at each corner. A few miserable chairs are placed for foreigners, and a table that may dine to the number of from eight to ten. No paintings, nor even prints of monks and devils.

Considering the medium through which I have been obliged to look, I think my description is sufficiently minute; yet, I am persuaded you will not be pleased, unless I tell you of the lady's and the Archon's dress. Know then, her pelisse was green, and trimmed with narrow edging of gold lace; a yellow turban and cotton handkerchief, not very clean; a zone of silk across her loins, and trowsers to her ancles. The Archon wore his high fur cap and ample purple robe of cassimere, lined with precious fur; red boots and yellow slippers; the last being a sign of great distinction, and rarely tolerated by the Turks. In the evening we had cards, and three fat ladies made



their appearance, and squatted on the sofa, their faces so much muffled up, that we could only see their eyes; how they contrived to breathe I do not know. When they moved, they rolled as it were from place to place, never spoke, nor were they spoken to. The ladies here seem ignorant and stupid. What a contrast to our charming women at home! While we were engaged at cards, the servants came into the room (to the very boy who kneeled to us) to see the gentlemen play; even our own servant came and played a wretched tune upon the flute, to the great delight of all the party. In the morning the girls innocently peeped in at the windows to see us dress, and absolutely came into the room while we were shaving. We breakfasted by ourselves, and the young ladies and female servants stood at the table to see us take our tea. I presume they had never seen a tea-pot before, as they were constantly examining it. We begged the girls to sit with us, but they declined, nor would they taste our tea, on account of the milk which we put into it, this day being the beginning of their fast of forty days; they, however, received some in a paper, which they said they would take at some future time.

This morning we paid our visit to the Cave of Trophonius,* and the Fountains of Memory and

* An excavation in the limestone rock; about eight or ten feet square above the entrance, we could trace these letters, ΘΥΒΟ—ΛΟ.

and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyna, which flows among stupendous rocks. They are almost completely destroyed. In the cave there is, just perceptible through the soot and dirt, a little ornament of raised painting on the wall. I have made a drawing of it, which you shall see. It is merely a succession of well drawn leaves, but the raised mode of representing them is very curious, and seems to be unique.

To-day we have walked a little through the town, which stands on the slope of a lofty hill, and from many points presents very interesting views, particularly from above, and near the castle, where the elevated point commands the Vale of Orchomenus, and the distant hills of Negropont. The streets are narrow, and their windings suit the sloping of the hill; for myself, I should tremble to ride in them, yet the Greeks mount their horses and mules, and fearlessly descend with surprising agility and expedition. We observed that a number of cranes had built their nests upon the chimney tops, and made a startling clattering with their wings. This day being the beginning of a fast, it will consequently be a meagre day with us. Dinner is just announced, and you shall know what we have got; fish dressed in various ways, rice soup with lemon, stewed leeks with oil, some roasted kid *prepared for us*. This was a mark of delicate attention: the Archon being aware

that the British make no distinction in their viands during the time of fasts. How the servants stared at our willingly eating to our perdition! When the dyed eggs appeared, each took one, and each person broke his neighbour's egg; honey from Hymettus, too, was upon the table. The wine is bad, and mixed with rosin, to make it keep; they say, however, that it is a good protection against the fever of the country.

In smoking after dinner, I made various attempts to sit with my legs folded under me, but it would not do, a few minutes put me in a state of torture. The Greeks can always do it gracefully, and even rise without putting their hands to the divan: their ease of manner would quite delight you. What annoys me, now and then, is the loud manner in which the Greeks speak when I do not understand them, thereby supposing they enforce a knowledge of their meaning; I allude to the inferior class only.

The Archon advised us to see Orchomenus. We have been there, but, alas! the famous treasury of Minyas, which, Pausanias says, was deserving of as much notice as the Pyramids of Egypt has disappeared, nothing but a marble slab or two remains. The building has never been great, though certainly curious. Pausanias speaks as follows: "It is built of a round figure, and its top does not raise itself to a very sharp point; they say

the topmost stone holds together the whole building." Antiquarians, for a time, would have it, that this was the arched dome. The matter has, however, been fully investigated, and I understand that the principle of building is quite distinct from that of the arch, the first stones being large, and heavy enough to sustain a superstructure of smaller ones meeting each other at top.

The Temple of the Graces, which adorned Orchomenus, was destroyed by Constantine, and the divisions of the shafts of the pillars, now forming the wall of a church, appear like as many grinding stones piled upon each other. The Graces are surely fled, but to what part of Greece I do not know.

On leaving Orchomenus, we saw a very touching sight, a mother stripping money from the head of her deceased child. *

* The child's fortune.

LETTER LVIII.

THEBES.

Journey from Livadia to Thebes.

Thebes, May 1817.

THE fresh horses we got at Livadia were extremely good, though their appearance did not promise much. Shortly after the commencement of our journey, they were tied together head to tail, and I leave you to judge what a whimsical figure we made scampering over the extensive plains. I must, however, say, that mine and my friend's were free, and always willing to engage in wandering among the ruins of a temple, or a city; and strangely impressive it was, to be sometimes alone among the foundations of buildings, that formerly had teemed with thousands!

The city of Haliartus, destroyed by the Romans in their war with Perseus, looked sad and solitary; and marching clouds cast their solemn shadows over its remains, as if to veil them from our eyes. Wild fowl crossed in waving lines without fear of molestation. The Lake Copäis, now Topolias,

appeared a monstrous bog of reeds; and is said to give out malaria, to the ruin of the peasant who lives within its neighbourhood.

As our route lay so near the foot of the mountains, our views were circumscribed, but sometimes they were beautiful. Suppose the lakes of Scotland were plains, I know no country so like illustrious Greece. We crossed some streams, which, though of no great magnitude or importance in themselves, are dignified with classical names, and have, of course, all the interest of classical association. A caravan with numerous horses, heavily laden, were resting in the plain; tents were seen here and there, and strange-looking people in odd costumes. Flocks of jet black sheep were very common.

After five hours riding, we left the plain of Livadia for that of Thebes, which is one vast field of grass and corn without inclosure. The roads were merely tracks for cattle, and the surrounding hills were arid, bleak, and bare. Modern Thebes has no magnificence to boast of. No ancient structure now remains. The gates, which were assigned to various planets, are levelled with the dust, nor can the light of sun or moon disclose their foundations. The Temples of Jupiter the Most High, Apollo, Bacchus, Ceres, Diana, and Fortune, are swept away! The tomb of Pindar is not saved, nor are the ancient fountains now

visible. The rivers Dirce and Ismenus no longer water sacred groves, but seem as if they had sunk within the earth, not daring to be alone amidst the desolation. How shall I speak of modern Thebes— its flimsy houses, its filth—the pride of Turks strutting in rich attire from wretched buildings, in which we would hardly stall our cattle?

In picture Thebes derives all its beauty from Parnassus and Mount Helicon. The features of the town are small, without sufficient foliage to contrast with its walls of clay. Some cypress trees, rising among the buildings, are dark and gloomy, yet never out of harmony with the mind while musing on the fate of Greece. The aqueduct is modern, and very poor. A curious marble of a rude age is fixed within its wall, representing a man on horseback trampling on an altar;— a fit portrait for the Great Alexander, or the yet more ruthless Sylla.*

Boys from the minarets of the mosques chaunting the "muezzim," or call to prayers, produce a doleful, yet not unpleasing sound. This is the substance and meaning of their chaunt: "God Most High! I bear witness that there is no God but God! Come to prayer; come to the asylum of salvation. Great God! there is no God but God." One would sup-

* After the burning, butchering, and enslaving by the mighty Alexander, Sylla sold half of the Theban land, and reduced the inhabitants to the most deplorable condition.

pose, from such an invitation, that the sanctuary would be open to all: but no; the barbarous and bigotted worshippers within would dash the doors against the "Christian dogs." I have got the music of the hymn, but I fear you will hardly be able to understand it, as it requires Turkish lungs and Turkish practice to make it at all intelligible. By the way, I have made attempts to procure some Grecian melodies, but have not yet succeeded; I hope, however, to pick up some in Athens, where, if any where, I presume they may be found. The Greek church music, not only of the Ionian Islands, but also of the continent of Greece, is extremely beautiful, and well adapted to feelings of devotion. It seems to have much of the Italian cast, and is probably indebted to Italy for its power in just expression. The constant intercourse between the Italians and the Greeks, the Italian language, too, being almost the only foreign language spoken in the country, favours this idea.

Signor Nicolati Andronada, with whom we live, is a man of some intelligence; but I have not forgiven him for directing us to an old tower built with stone and lime, as the house of Pindar! The Grecian gentlemen are often very ignorant regarding the history of their country, especially the buildings. In short, I think I have perceived a sneaking partiality to the habits of the Turks their masters. It is alleged the ancient

Greeks never used cement; but there is always something against such bold assertions. Pausanias, speaking of an ancient temple at Alalcomenæ in Bœotia, says: "A large strong ivy, which grew by the side of the temple, destroyed the cement of the stones, and separated them from each other." Is not this a charming little bone for you and your friends to pick? From all that I have seen, however, of ancient Grecian buildings, I am inclined to the opinion, that no cement was used in their construction.

The Turks have some superstitious veneration for dogs, hawks, and crows, which abound here without number. The dog appears to be something between the terrier and a shepherd's dog, famished, miserable, and always barking. Every animal here is inferior to ours, except the goat. Asses are the beasts of burthen. Cows and oxen they have none. Their riding horses are fed on green corn; each animal being fastened by a rope to its allotted portion of the provender. The mutton is rank and strong to the taste. They use chiefly the milk of the goat, which requires a little habit to make it palatable. Their fowls are bad, thin, and stringy. Their only vegetables (at least which we saw) are garlic and inferior onions.—The natural richness of the soil is not to be exhausted; the crops of grain immediately about the towns, though certainly not to be compared to ours, are tolerably

plentiful. It would appear that manure is rarely used in agriculture, if we may judge from the quantity heaped up every where and lying waste.

Our host, who had gone in quest of horses to convey us to Platæa, is now returned with smiles upon his face. After several disappointments, he has succeeded in procuring horses from the richest Turk in Thebes! but we must pay what is demanded, which is greatly more than the Greeks would charge.

Thirty-five of these precious Turkish gentlemen lately came to town to collect the contributions. They lived upon the people, and paid for nothing. How John Bull would stare if he were treated thus at home! and what a virtuous rage will you be in when you hear of this oppression! But recollect, you are in that country where justice and honour sit enthroned, darting their indignant looks on half the world.

LETTER LIX.

ELEUSIS.

From Thebes to the Plain of Platæa and Eleusis.

We left Thebes for the Plain of Platæa, which, like most of the plains we have visited, is in a state of nature. Before us appeared Mount Cithæron, dedicated in ancient times to Jupiter Cithæronus. We had here no roads, but mere tracks through heath and desolation. The ruins of Platæa are just beneath Cithæron. How affecting the signs of departed greatness! Every weather-stain seemed to have its interest: The very moss upon such ruins rivetted our attention, and forced us back among past ages. Here the King of Persia lost his all, and dared not move another step in the land of liberty.

> " ——The Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
> With shame, and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
> To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
> And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
> Crouch'd, like a slave!"

What must this city have been in all its pride and glory! The remains now appear grey as twilight, but without a chance of returning day. Time is modelling now instead of art. Miles of ancient pottery and tiles, hardly allowing the blades of corn to grow among the ruins: sheep tracks among the massive foundations; asses loaded with brushwood cut from shrubs growing in the courts of ancient palaces and temples; shepherds with their flocks; the bells of the goats heard from among the walls; tombs and sarcophagi of ancient heroes covered with moss, some broken, and some entire; fragments, and ornaments, and stones containing mutilated inscriptions:—these are the objects which Platæa now presents. But who, that stands there with a recollection of its ancient glory, and having Parnassus full in view, can quit the spot without regret?

In regard to the ruins of ancient cities, I did not suppose they could have had so great an effect upon the mind: certainly they excite feelings of a higher class than those which the sight of the ruins of a fortified building call forth. How dreadful to think, that, by the word of a savage, called Alexander the Great, tens of thousands have been reduced to slavery, or turned from shelter to the howling blast; the holy flame of liberty, and the light of the human mind extinguished; and the mantle of darkness thrown over future generations!

What associations have we with the fate of a Caernarvon, or a Conway Castle, compared to such chilling recollections as these? Had Goldsmith given his splendid talents to the description of a ruined and deserted city,—ruined for its independence and love of liberty,—he might have produced a picture, infinitely more instructing and useful to mankind, than his description of a deserted village: tender and affecting as that description is, we could more readily give our sympathy to the fallen thousands of polished talents, elevated, too, with the sentiments of virtue and honour, than to the untutored and ignoble swains of the village. The loss of the latter is soon forgotten, and, in spite of the poet's assertion, easily supplied; while the fate of philosophers, legislators, poets, painters, and statuaries, is connected with the destinies of successive generations.

The sarcophagi at Platæa are but few in number, and form a line on the rising ground, on which the ruins of the ancient city stand. One of these is almost entire, and considering the thinness of its sides, it is surprising it has stood so many ages. These sarcophagi might have been easily overturned and dashed to pieces; but a tomb may command respect even from an enemy; and when hallowed by superstition, there is a chance of its preservation. This may in some degree account for the number of sarcophagi and sepulchral stones which we find preserved in every city.

The village of Cockla is at no great distance from Platæa. There we put up for the night, in a shepherd's cottage of considerable dimensions. The apartment, which was equal in extent to the whole house, might be thirty feet in length; the one half was occupied by horses and mules, and the other half by the family. Our beds were placed near a good fire, which sparkled on the wine flagons, guns, and horse-furniture. The Greeks squatted round, and looked inquisitively at every thing we did. The shepherd's dress is of white woollen cloth, ornamented according to fancy; black garters below the knee, and black lines of the same breadth across the calf of the leg and the ancle.

In the village, next morning, we looked about for inscriptions and marbles, but did not find any worthy of observation. The Greek church, however, quite at hand, contains a few fragments. And here I may observe, that the churches are the most likely places to find any remains of antiquity.

It was a drizzling morning when we left Cockla for the village of Condari. Yet we still cast a lingering look upon the sacred field; which truly, without association, inspires no feeling but regret, that such an extensive plain should be so thinly inhabited, and without the slightest degree of tillage. The Greek peasants do not even cultivate a garden. When we had inconsiderably advanced, the grey and low remains of poor Platæa looked like a flock

of sheep on a wild and desert waste. A sun-beam stole upon them, but they were soon concealed again by the travelling shades.

On ascending the hills, we met with many flowers quite unknown to me. Often have I regretted my ignorance of botany in such a country, which, no doubt, affords a great variety of rare and curious plants. It occurred to me, that those who have not time to draw, might, by taking impressions of the leaves, render an acceptable service to their friends at home; and how easily might this be accomplished, and the impressions rendered durable, by means of a soft etching ground on thin plates of copper? The annexed print will give a better idea of what I mean than any thing I can say, and I should think it might be rendered useful for various purposes of manufacture and ornament, with the advantage, too, of cheapness and expedition.

Wet and comfortless, we arrived at the village of Condari, which, like all the villages in Greece, is very poor, public accommodation being out of the question, at least in the shape of public-houses. Few travellers are expected, of course little is supplied, and there is a total want of conveniences. We, however, contrived to get a good fire of sticks, and a glass of anise-seed water, which was by no means unpleasing. What a picture the drying scene would have made for Mr Allan! Our Jani-

zary, in particular, without his kilt, holding it up to the flames to dry; the Greeks untwisting and wringing their turbans; the opening of the trunks, and a handsome Greek girl presenting the cordial. The habitation was like the last, having mules at one end, and human beings at the other. The children had all their heads shaved, and wore caps of piastres, (silver coins,) the landlady herself had two large strings of them, which hung down to her heels; the large pieces of money were placed uppermost, and the others decreased in size down to the humble paras.* From the quantity of money on the heads of the females, it was reasonable to conclude, that they did not immediately expect the Turks to collect contributions, otherwise they would not have been so fond of displaying this species of finery.† We found we could scarcely have lived, had we not carried our beds with us; in Greece they have none, the poor natives contenting themselves with rush-mats on the floor, while the better sort sleep on their divans.

In advancing to Eleusis, (now Lefsina,) we travelled over hills of brushwood, through woods

* In value about half a farthing.

† I have since been informed, that Condari is chiefly inhabited by Albanians, who are exempted from paying tribute, being employed as guards to the frontiers of the Morea.

of dwarf pine, and passed some lovely and romantic scenes. We met with little water, no houses, and but few olive trees; on crossing a plain of some extent, we saw Hymettus in the distance, partly veiled in clouds. At last, we travelled through the foundations of ancient Eleusis, which are very extensive, sometimes running in long parallel lines of square blocks of stone, and in other parts scattered about. Shortly after, we came to the ruins of what is supposed to have been the Propylea, or ancient entrance to Eleusis, consisting of fluted columns, and various parts of the purest marble of the Doric order, lying in pieces, one upon each other; some appearing above the ground, and others almost completely buried. The present town, which is near the sea, is partly built with marble from the ancient edifices, and some curious fragments are to be seen within the houses. The mystery for which Eleusis was celebrated in the days of its glory, still hangs over the fate of many of its temples and noble remains. One feels nothing but indignation, on looking back to the barbarism that could destroy such exquisite gems of art, and cannot refrain from inwardly cursing the monster Alaric, whose shade can hardly repose with those of Pericles, Phidias, Ictinus, Metagenes, or Philo, by whose power and genius such mighty works were raised. The foundations everywhere are very great, and the ploughshare

must often leave its course to get free of the intruding marble. The principal remains of ancient Eleusis are along the ridge of a hill, and in the plain below. Part of a broken aqueduct stretches across the country. In a small church, at a little distance from the town, we saw the remains of a beautiful column of very peculiar character, representing the stem of a palm tree, not above nine feet in height. I could linger here for many days, did I not remember that Athens is at hand.

LETTER LX.

ATHENS.

From Eleusis to Athens.

Athens, May 1817.

THE road from Eleusis to Athens, the ancient sacred way, is all through classic ground, and every step is illustrated by ancient history. As we advanced, we met with various ruins, and perceived tablets for votive offerings, carved in the rocks. You may conceive our emotions as we rode along the sacred way; the monastery of Daphne appearing in view, while we knew well, that, a little beyond, on a rising hill, we should see the object of the greatest attraction to us in Greece, for which we had defied so many inconveniences and dangers. We knew not whether to go fast or slow. The guide determined. Suddenly he rode extremely quick, and we were obliged to follow. Athens appeared; and we uncovered.

> "Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence, native to famous wits,

Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades:
See there the olive groves of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream."

The anticipations with which we had set out on our travels,—anticipations, which, at almost every step of our progress, have been more than realized, now rushed upon our minds, deriving additional intenseness from the recollection of what we had seen. Our memory naturally recalled the feelings with which we had entered the Italian capital; and the gratification which we had received from the monuments of ancient and modern art, which we had there contemplated: and now, when we stood before that city, which was for ages the light of the world; where the unfettered energies of man had achieved the noblest deeds recorded in history; where genius, wisdom, and taste, had reached their highest perfection; and from which Rome herself was proud to borrow all her illumination and refinement;—admiration of the past glory of Athens, and commiseration of her fall,—the remembrance of what she had been, contrasted with what she now is,—mingled in one overpowering emotion, which expressed itself in the silence of tears.

The morn was gloomy—Athens was in shade, and, perhaps, the effect of solemn grandeur was better suited to the dejected state of that city of renown, than had there been a "blaze of living light."

The city was too far distant to trace its features, and all we could perceive was the general form of the Acropolis, yet inviting the keen and curious eye to penetrate the dusky shades. *

As we descended the sacred way, and approached the sacred grove, various interesting objects appeared. The general forms of the Temples of Minerva and Theseus arrested our admiring eyes, before the other remains of ancient art were visible. At last the columns of the temples and their beautiful proportions were distinctly seen. We crossed the classic Cephissus, (a poor and muddy stream,) and soon arrived in Athens.

The country people whom we met were very sallow and unhealthy in appearance, nor were they quite so clean as those of Thebes or Livadia. The undaunted look of liberty no longer beams in the Athenian peasant's eye.

* Both Mr D. and myself concurred in thinking, that there is a considerable likeness between Athens and Stirling, as seen from the sacred way. Athens has her castle (Acropolis) seated high. Hymettus is like the Ochill Hills, Anchesmus and Brilessus answer to Craigforth and Abbey Craig. From every other point, it bears a striking resemblance to Edinburgh, especially as seen from the Braid and Ravelston Hills.

Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest, celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the subject of those stanzas by Lord Byron:

"'Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, Oh, give me back my heart!" &c.

At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, "Whither have the Graces fled?" Little did I expect to find them here. Yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's; connected with some lines which I shall send you:

"Fair Albion smiling sees her sons depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art,
Noble his object, glorious is his aim,
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

R. A.

The counterpoise by Lord Byron:

"This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse."

The mention of the three Athenian Graces will, I can foresee, rouse your curiosity, and fire your

imagination; and I may despair of your farther attention till I attempt to give you some description of them. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours, and, if you could see them as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before their window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of their head is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours, bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders; the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ancles; below is a handkerchief of muslin, covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a zone round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence; white stockings and yellow slippers, complete their attire. The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of pearly whiteness; their cheeks are

rounded, their noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair; her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters, whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would indeed be remarkable, if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading.

I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties through the waving aromatic plants before their window: this perhaps has raised your imagination somewhat too high, in regard to their condition. You may have supposed their dwelling to have every attribute of eastern luxury. The golden cups, too, may have thrown a little witchery over your excited fancy; confess, do you not imagine that the doors

"So opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land;

Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
So that each spacious room was one full swelli

You will shortly perceive the propriety of my delaying, till now, to inform you that the aromatic plants which I have mentioned, are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balms; and that the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by "cunning hand." Then what would have become of the Graces, had I told you sooner, that a single room is all they have, save a little closet and a kitchen? You see how careful I have been to make the first impression good; not that they do not merit every praise, but that it is in man's august and elevated nature to think a little slightingly of merit, and even of beauty, if not supported by some worldly shew. Now, I shall communicate to you a secret, but in the lowest whisper.

These ladies, since the death of the consul, their father, depend on strangers lodging in their spare room and closet,—which we now occupy. But, though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuous as their beauty.

Not all the wealth of the east, or the complimentary lays even of the first of England's poets, could render them so truly worthy of love and admiration.

LETTER LXI.

ATHENS.

Pnyx and Parthenon.

It is so natural to go from one beauty to another, that I am sure I cannot act more judiciously than to carry you from the living Graces of Athens to the most beautiful of its antiquities.

Before conducting you to the Parthenon, however, let me direct your attention for a few moments to the Pynx, where Demosthenes harangued the Athenians, and from which the greatest men of Greece have delivered their orations. It is formed in the solid rock, and will, as it should, exist as long as the world. Here, too, we may perceive the stations from which Plato and Socrates are said to have addressed the people, and enforced doctrines calculated to ennoble the soul of man. The Areopagus, where St Paul preached to the Athenians, and where was held the supreme court of the most impartial judges that ever graced humanity, is still in existence, and will vanish only with the world. On the Lycabettus, the 'tombs of the departed great, excavated in the solid rock,' are all open.

There, also, we examined the ancient tanks or wells; the prodigious cuttings for foundations of buildings, the innumerable steps regularly formed, and leading to them; the ancient prisons, hewn in the mass of stone, and the very ground itself strewed with fragments of pottery, of ages gone! What man, looking at these things, could stand unmoved? In the market-place of Athens, our attention was directed to the remains of their ancient domestic utensils, marble chairs, and measures for corn, wine, and oil.

On the rock of the Acropolis we saw the dial that summoned them to the games in the Theatre of Bacchus. And in the museum of M. Fauvel, we beheld urns containing the ashes of the dead, their very hair; a jaw-bone with a coin fixed between the teeth! Lovely vases, pateræ, tazze, lancella, lumi eterni, and vessels for holding tears. On beholding such objects, it requires an effort to rouse the mind from that delightful reverie, which had carried it to converse with a state of society so long since passed away; and, for a time, the modern Greeks and Turks pass before the eyes as phantoms, almost unseen.

Signor Lusieri accompanied us to the Temple of Minerva, to which we ascended by a steep and winding path. About a third way up, we passed the celebrated Cave of Pan, which is but an insignificant hollow in the rock, hardly allowing

room for the poor god to have indulged in any enthusiastic gesture while amusing himself with his reeds. At the guard-house of the Acropolis, an old Turk sat smoking his pipe. He appeared to be the only soldier of the garrison, except the governor or disdar, to whom he led us, passing the ancient Propylea, of which I shall hereafter speak. The Disdar received us in his principal apartment, which, instead of smooth plaster, was finished with what is termed rough cast, and contained a clock, a trunk, and sofa! In appearance, he was respectable, his white beard flowing upon a purple robe. Signor Lusieri was our interpreter, and arranged all matters for our drawing in the Acropolis. We were served with coffee, and a saucer of preserved fruit was handed round, with but one spoon for all. At parting, the amount of about forty shillings was put into his hand, for which sum we obtained permission to visit the Acropolis, whenever we might chuse. The money was counted by his eyes, and with the same organs he conveyed to us an intimation of his being highly pleased. In all this there appears little ceremony, but let me tell you, the poor man's salary does not exceed L. 10 a year. When he was told that more English gentlemen were about to visit him, we perceived the beams of gladness in his aged countenance. All things being settled, we marched through weeds and broken marbles to the Parthenon;—the Temple of Minerva.

Who that has seen it, has not spoken of this building with raptures? "Did ever poet image ought so fair?" Instruction emanates from every part. It teaches the rules of nice proportion, of grace and beauty. With how much majesty does it rise among the heaps of surrounding ruins—itself having severely suffered from the shock of earthquakes, and the still more desolating hand of man! With what can I compare this noble edifice, bereft as it now stands of the glorious sculptures with which it lately was adorned, unless the deity herself, bereft of her helmet and ægis, with her face of wisdom clouded with a frown of indignation at man's depravity.

Here I shall say nothing about proportions and measurements. At present I am not disposed to attend to them minutely; and besides, you will find them all in Stuart's Athens.* The frieze, which still remains above the principal entrance, representing part of the Equestrian Procession of the Panathenaic Festival, is truly beautiful; generally in excellent preservation, and even

* The dimensions are as follows:—Length of lowest step 236 feet 9 inches, breadth 101 feet 2 inches; length of upper step on which the columns stand 227 feet 7 inches, breadth 101 feet 1 inch; height from bottom of lowest step to top of pediment 64 feet 7 inches; height of columns 34 feet 3 inches; height from top of capital of column to top of pediment 25 feet 3 inches.

superior in sculpture to any thing lately taken down. This, and two mutilated statues of Hadrian and Sabina, and one Metope, which still exists in the entablature of the western pediment; two lions' heads at the extremity of the roof of the ambulatory, and something like two horses' heads in the angle of the eastern tympanum, are all that now remain of ornament; and even these, I understand, would have been taken down, had there not been apprehensions as to the entire destruction of the building.

The scene of desolation in the Acropolis is complete; the heaps of ruins of wretched houses, and various buildings, constructed part with clay and marble, the marble looking doleful through the mud. Vile nettles, higher than our knees, sting one when full of admiration, and not attending to them,—like the cursed government of the country, always ready to do mischief. On entering the temple, one is struck by the worn steps and curved or circular marks of the great doors of old, the pavement, too, that had been trodden by the luminaries of Greece! by Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Aristotle, &c. In testimony of my regard for you, I write this letter on the sacred marble.

—— "August Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were,

First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won—and passed away." ———

Often in the course of my travels I have felt the force of a sentiment which I have somewhere seen expressed, that every thing sublime and noble is more or less allied to emotions of melancholy. With such a scene before me as that which I now contemplate, the pulse goes quicker, and the tears fill the eye, but not with those of delight. Ah, no! Such havoc and destruction recall the dreadful deeds of uncontrollable passion, ambition, tyranny; and time appears with its melancholy list of past events, and damps the soul.

LETTER LXII.

ATHENS.

Colouring of the Temple of Minerva.—Panorama from the Top, &c.

Athens, May 1817.

It still appears to me that Phidias, Ictinus, and Callicrates, have given a character to the Parthenon, corresponding to that of the goddess herself,—stately, commanding, instructing, and in form most perfect. * The sculptures which were in the tympanum, the entablature and frieze of the inner cell, must have taken from the severity of grandeur which it would have had without such ornament, and conveyed to the mind a perfect idea of magnificent beauty. The Doric order seems highly cal-

* "The Athenians, in constructing the Temple of Apollo Panionios in Ionia, had recourse to proportion, firmness, and beauty of the manly body. And in building the Temple of Diana, the gracefulness of a woman was their guide." —*Aikin's Essay on the Doric Order.*

The Temple of Neptune at Pæstum is generally called Herculean, from its masculine aspect.

culated for this expression, admitting the enrichments, without suffering them to intrude on character.' When pure from the hands of the great architects and sculptors, it must have told "unutterable things" of power and art, and allied the Greeks nearer to their gods than all their splendid victories. Reflecting on the sudden rise of this noble style of architecture, what can surprise us more, than the rapid strides from darkness into light! The consummate skill in the adjustment of every part, the knowledge of the perfect forms of nature, and the adapting them to the expression of ideal beauty, still remains a mystery, and leaves even this enlightened age to follow in despair.

The Parthenon, in its present corroded state, impresses the mind with the idea of its thousands of years. The purity of the marble has disappeared, but still the eye is charmed with the varied livery of time. The western front is rich in golden hues, and seems as if it had absorbed the evening beams! * Little white appears, except the

* It is generally supposed that marble temples are white; but, with the exception of the remains of the Temple of Minerva at Cape Colonni, (which is built of Parian marble,) this is not the case. The marble of Pentelicus, with which all the temples at Athens are built, throws out an oxide or stain of the richest yellow; and this certainly makes them infinitely more picturesque than if they were purely white.

tympanum, and part of the entablature. But the brightest orange colour, and grey and sulphury hues, combine in sweetest harmony. The noble shafts of the huge columns are uniformly toned with yellow of a brownish cast, admitting here and there a little grey. Casting the eye to the inner cell, we see dark hues of olive, mixed with various tints, adorning the existing frieze and pillars; and these opposed to brilliant white, afford a point and power of expression which never fails to please. But all the parts are different; some broken shafts are white, and some are grey or delicately yellow, seeking contrasts with dusky greens and browns of sombre hue. The whole is rich, yet pleasingly subdued, and when the evening sun illuminates the temple, opposed to clouds of silvery tones of grey, imagine how splendid it must be! The Turks, too, among the ruins, in rich attire of purple, red, or blue, afford attractive points not to be rejected by the eye of taste. In ascending to the top by a narrow winding stair, various names are written on the wall. Having mounted to the pinnacle of the temple, what a panorama of ruin! What a circle of classic scenes!"

On the hill of the Museum, towards the south, is the monument of Philopappus. Further in the distance are the hills of the Morea, the Ægean Sea, and Isle of Ægina. Advancing to the west, the ports Phalerum and Piræus are dimly seen;

then follows Psyttalia; the site of Corinth; the hills Gerania, and Corydallus; above the Pnyx appears the sacred way from famed Eleusis, the sacred grove, and site of the academy where Plato taught! Then, far remote, are seen the hills of Icarus and Phyle, and near, the extremity of the sacred grove, Colonus Hippius, with Parnes and Decelia in the north. Just below them, and near the eye, the lovely Temple of Theseus shines in the sun's bright ray; then comes the Hill Brilessus, the Mount Anchesmus, and winding road to Marathon in the east. The shallow stream of the Illissus humbly seeks its way by the golden coloured columns of Jupiter Olympius. Approaching to the south, the eye dwells on the "flowery Hill Hymettus" running to the Ægean Sea; then Philopappus comes to view again.

Among all those objects, so long the theme of poetical description and allusion, none is more interesting than the noble vestiges of the Parthenon, its prostrate divisions of columns above each other, and white as snow—its mighty pillars of various height still pointing to the skies—its remains of cornices and frieze. * Within the temple, on the

* The ingenious Mr Henning, formerly of this city, has admirably modelled the frieze now in the British Museum, and the casts are of such a size, as to be well adapted to the cabinet of the man of taste.

ancient marble pavement, where heathen worshippers have often trod, is now a wretched Turkish mosque; and nearer to the right, the remnant of a Grecian church. How strange! how silent all! —But, hark! that sound! It is the muezzin chaunting from the mosque, behind the Areopagus, proclaiming to the world that "God is great, there is no God but God."*

* "Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
There is no God but God! To prayer, lo! God is great.'

LETTER LXIII.

Temple of Minerva Polias, Erectheum, Pandroséum.

Besides the magnificent Temple of Minerva, the Acropolis has to boast of the ruins of the contiguous Temples of Minerva Polias,* the Erectheum,† and Pandroséum.‡ The two former are considered the standard of the Ionic order. Every ornament is finished in the truest taste: the chisel, in short, can go no further. The portico of Minerva Polias (I grieve to say it) is still used as a powder-magazine, completely built up, without door or aperture of any kind. The columns appear almost buried in the wall, and a more revolting spectacle I have seldom witnessed. These buildings are about 150 feet to the north of the Parthenon. The columns are chastely rich,

* Her title as protectress of the city.

† Dedicated to Erectheus.

‡ Dedicated to Pandrosos, one of the daughters of Cecrops, the founder of the ancient city.

and the volutes of them remarkable for their ample dimensions and pleasing flow of line. The ingenious device, too, of raising and enlarging the volute towards the corners of the portico, so as to appear pleasing to the eye when viewed from any point, shews how much the ancients studied the principles of effect and symmetry. The Temple of Minerva Polias is the only Grecian building that I have seen with windows; they are placed, three in number, between the columns, and their frames or jambs are almost touching them. At first they appeared a little out of taste for want of space between them, and, on repeated consideration, I confess myself unable even to conjecture a reason for so unpleasing an arrangement.

The capitals and flutings of the columns are much destroyed by time; chipped and broken, too, by various causes: yet, considering their amazing age, it is marvellous to me they are here at all. So delicate! so slender! they might easily have been destroyed by the slightest violence,—yet here they are in ruins to be sure, but still giving important lessons to the world. We may accuse the Turks of barbarous wantonness, but are these not proofs that they have respected the precious works of art? Let us ask ourselves would such buildings have stood half so many centuries in Great Britain? No! although we should not have pounded them down for mortar, they would have been otherwise

destroyed,* without the aid of time or climate. Can we protect a mile-stone, or coping of a wall or bridge from that spirit of destruction which is so peculiar to our country? And have we not come over here to indulge the feeling, and animate the Greeks and Turks to it?

The lovely little Temple of Pandrosos, which was supported by six caryatids, or female figures, similar in form and attitude, is, as I have said, attached to the Temple of Minerva Polias. Only four of the caryatids now remain, and these are greatly injured, and seem as if they mourned the loss of their companions. While studying this gem of architecture, a Turkish gentleman pointed to the rude support of the roof, which occupies the space of the last caryatid which was taken down, and with a mournful and significant expression of countenance, exclaimed, more than once, "mi Lor Elgin!" These words, from the mouth of a Turk, appeared to me infinitely more severe than all that has been said at home or here against the proceedings in the Acropolis. The other missing caryatid is now in Rome, in the possession of Camuccini the historical painter: for many years it was lost to the world, till he discovered it in a garden, I think, on the Pincian Hill.

* Witness the fate of Arthur's Oven, a beautiful Roman antiquity discovered in this country, and soon after wantonly destroyed.

It was purchased for a trifle, and I believe is now for sale. In preservation this caryatid is superior to any of the rest, and has been restored by the great Thorwaldson with taste and judgment. In the same gentleman's possession there is a small part of the frieze of the Parthenon, in excellent condition.

On looking at the prop substituted by the agent of Lord Elgin, I have been tempted to wish we would send from home a fac-simile by Coade, of the caryatid now in the British Museum, and remove the wretched support which is constantly reminding one of what the Turks had spared. Perhaps this mode of restitution might be carried further, and durable casts, of the metopes and frieze be placed on the forlorn Temple of Minerva. The Erectheum, which was under the same roof with Minerva Polias, can only boast of five columns, and part of the south wall; but those remains are very fine. M. Fauvel made an excavation in the centre of the building, I believe without success.

From the portico of Minerva Polias, one of the most magnificent views of the whole ruins presents itself, comprehending the stately Doric of the Parthenon, contrasted with the light and elegant Ionic of the Erectheum, Minerva Polias itself, and the little gem Pandroseum! In colouring, the whole is perfect, especially in the evening light. The columns and entablature of the Parthenon ap-

pear in shade, yet rich with colour; the white and slender pillars of the Erectheum, partly relieved against the azure sky, and partly obscured by the shadows of the buildings, seem to embody all the harmonious hues of tenderness and delicacy. The portico of Minerva Polias stands in reflected light, and receives the soft illumination on its tones of orange, grey, and brown. The Pandroseum would hide itself in shade, but the streaming light seeks it out, and gilds the edges of its lovely forms. Even my Turkish friend (who pays me daily visits, while drawing in the Acropolis) conveyed his admiration of this touching scene, by expressive signs and smiles. He seems to have a pride and interest in the ruins, and shews me, where architects have made their studies, especially the stations of our famous Cockrell, and the Calmuc employed by the Earl of Elgin.

From the assemblage of ruins which I have just described, I went with him to the top of the ancient Propyleà, which, certainly, presents the finest view of the whole of the Acropolis, and, perhaps, is yet matchless in the world. * In front appears

* "In its pride and glory, the Acropolis appeared as one entire offering to the Deity, surpassing in excellence, and astonishing in richness. Heliodorus, named Periegetes the Guide, had employed on it fifteen books. The curiosities of various kinds, with the pictures, statues, and pieces of sculp-

the Temple of Minerva, augustly beautiful, the sunbeams stealing among the lovely columns, and casting shadows in the deep recess; while sparkling touches of brilliant white appear, and dazzle the imagination with visions of ancient splendour. The minor temples shine in glorious light against the Mount Anchesmus, and the pillars of the Propylea shoot through the crumbling ruins of successive ages.

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ture, were so many and so remarkable, as to supply Polemo Periegetes with matter for four volumes; and Strabo affirms, that as many would be required in treating of Athens and of Attica."—*Chandler's Greece*, p. 41.

LETTER LXIV.

ATHENS.

Temple of Theseus.—Dislocation of Columns by Lightning. —Church of St George.—Situation of the Temple.—Grandeur and Beauty independent of Association.

THE ancients, in their buildings, directed their attention to matters of comfort as well as taste and beauty. At the bottom of each step of the Propylea, close upon the angle, a small groove is cut in the marble, to allow the surface-water to run off. The introduction of this practice in Scotland might be advisable, and would prevent the ice from forming on the steps in winter.

The adhesion of the marble without cement, has been noticed by various authors, but I do not believe that it applies to marble buildings in general. Here, in Athens, the material is quite at hand, and probably was used shortly after being cut from the quarries of Pentelicus, before it had lost its moist and tenacious quality, which exuding, as we every day see in the formation of stalactites, would supply, without any artificial means, a powerful and cohesive cement. Certain it is, that, in

several cases, and especially on the steps of the Temple of Minerva, it is impossible to trace the joining.

The columns of the Propylea, the Parthenon, and Temple of Theseus, have suffered much from lightning. The twistings and dislocations of some of them are very curious, the courses, or divisions, of the pillars, have been considerably turned, so that the flutings of one part advance upon the other, while other portions of the same column remain uninjured by the shock. This is particularly remarkable in the Temple of Theseus; but, with this exception, and a part of the roof being in a state of ruin, the building has not the appearance of great antiquity, although it is supposed to have been built before the age of Pericles. *

Within the cella, now the Greek church of St George, we see nothing but bare walls—no flooring; an aperture or two in the vaulted roof is all that admits the light, and a more uncomfortable, damp, and unwholesome church there can hardly be. The daubings, representing saints,

* The dimensions of this temple are :—Length of lower step 106 feet 8 inches, breadth 47 feet 8 inches. Height from bottom of lower step to top of pediment 33 feet 4 inches. Height of columns 18 feet 8 inches. Height from top of capital of column to top of pediment 12 feet 3 inches. Length of upper step on which columns stand 104 feet 2 inches; breadth 45 feet 2 inches.

are in unison with the place, and fail not to excite disgust.

Externally the frieze at both ends of this temple is in poor condition, yet parts of it are very perfect. Monsieur Fauvel * is of opinion (and he has seen it well from a scaffold) that it is not inferior to that of the Temple of Minerva. In the casts in his possession, many of the figures appear in exquisite taste and beauty. The metopes in the eastern pediment are sadly corroded and destroyed by time; those, however, on the sides are pretty well preserved, but do not seem to be executed by the same judicious hand; comparing them with the frieze, the sculpture is on a lower scale of merit.

In style, the Doric of the Temple of Theseus is not unlike the Parthenon; but, from its situation and size, which is not more than half the dimensions of the latter, it only excites the idea of simple beauty. The elevation of the Temple of Minerva opposing itself to the sky, favours its sublime appearance, independent of its exquisite proportions. The Temple of Theseus stands on a gentle elevation, but from whatever point we view it, the extensive and interesting scenery with which it is surrounded, comes in for a share of

* The French Consul at Athens, a man of refined taste, and an admirable draftsman and modeller.

our interest and admiration; and perhaps this very circumstance, which reduces the temple to the station of a feature merely in the scene, has at the same time the effect of lessening that importance which it would possess, could it be seen without the interference of other objects.

The ingenuity of philosophers has been exerted in analyzing the nature of our sentiments of sublimity and beauty. While some have contended that all these sentiments are founded on certain associations of ideas, others have supposed that there is in the nature of the objects themselves, which we denominate sublime or beautiful, a certain inherent and orginal quality, which, independently of any previous association, excites in the mind the peculiar sentiments with which the contemplation of them is accompanied. Although unpractised in the art of untwisting the gossamer threads of thought and sentiment, may I not be permitted to state my own impression of the truth of the latter hypothesis? That our associations with objects either of a sublime or beautiful cast, contribute largely to increase the power of the peculiar sentiments which belong to them, is a fact which must be recognised by every one. Yet, can there be any doubt, that, in the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, the very forms have something within themselves, calculated to fill the mind with the impression which belongs to the sublime, whilst, in the

Temple of Theseus, the simple presentation of its form bespeaks that species of admiration, that peculiar feeling, which beauty is calculated to draw forth?* It required not age to constitute the one sublime, and the other beautiful. In truth, their respective characters must have been more deeply impressed upon them in their perfect state, than in the mutilated form in which they now stand, surrounded by the adventitious attributes with which antiquity invests every monument of human art. Age has undoubtedly superinduced on them some additional character; but to their age we can in no degree ascribe either the sublimity of Pæstum, or the beauty of the Temple of Theseus. But I chiefly concern myself with the sentiment itself, with which any object warms and delights my soul; and let me, like the child attracted by a flower, be contented to feel, though unable to determine whence the feeling springs.

* The simple process of increasing the length of the shaft, and reducing the height and massiveness of the pediment, will convert the expression of grandeur into that of beauty. Height, then, is not at all times characteristic of grandeur; that it is not essential to it, the temples at Pæstum prove beyond dispute.

LETTER LXV.

ATHENS.

Reflections regarding the breaking and pounding of Sculptured Marbles by the Turks.

It is a well known fact, that, when the metopes were taking down from the Temple of Minerva, the Disdar Aga (or governor of the Acropolis) could not refrain from shedding tears, and said the proceeding was not to be endured. His tears, indeed, soon dried up at the sight of gold: still, however, I would judge this Turk by his natural feelings, which plainly spoke vexation. In taking money, he might not have thought of himself alone; perhaps his poverty, and not his will, consented. A circumstance, too, which occurred the other day, convinces me that the Turks do not see with indifference the ruin of their sculptures. Some midshipmen, on visiting the Acropolis, chipped and broke the drapery of one of the Caryatids of the Pandroseum; the Disdar, on perceiving this, was much in wrath, and threatened vengeance, if he could find them.

From the innumerable fragments and blocks of marble which are scattered everywhere in the Acropolis, I find it difficult to believe, that the Turks should have thought it necessary to destroy the figures for the purpose of making mortar, especially as the walls are chiefly built with clay, which, as a cement, they suppose to be a better preservative against the shock of earthquakes, to which this country is very subject. That the Turks have broken marbles in the Acropolis, I cannot doubt; but I should think not to the extent which is generally supposed. Spon and Wheler visited Athens in 1676, and found the Temple of Minerva quite entire.* It remained so till 1687, when much of the sculpture and building was destroyed by the Venetians under Moro-

* Stuart is mistaken in this statement. "We find, by the engraving made from the drawing of the eastern pediment, by the artist who accompanied the Marquis de Nointel, in the year 1674, (two years before Spon and Wheler's visit,) that it was much destroyed by accident or time. The western pediment, too, was supported by an arch within the tympanum, which arch, also, was a prop to the statue of Jupiter and adjacent figures. Dr Spon himself likewise mentions, that one of the columns, of the six which supported the roof of the Pronaos, was wanting, but that it had been supplied by a support of stone and lime, at the expence of 2000 crowns; and (observe) by a Turk, (the Kislar Haga;) this does not look like wilful destruction.

sini and Koningsmark, the latter having done more mischief than the unlucky bomb which fell upon it at the siege. By attempting to remove the figure of Minerva, he destroyed the whole of the western tympanum. This noble temple may be said to have been respected till 1687, and little done to injure it by Turk or Christian. Stuart, in the year 1753, found the Temple of Minerva in the condition in which it was left by the Venetians; since that time, the injuries it has sustained have been numerous and extensive.

When the lovely sculpture was precipitated to the ground by Morosini and by Koningsmark, much of it must have been dashed to pieces, and completely ruined, yet some no doubt escaped uninjured. The Count Koningsmark being desirous to possess himself of the best of the marbles, "to enrich Venice with the spoils of Athens," * it is natural to suppose, he appropriated such as he found in good condition, and which he could most easily carry off. From the remaining mass, we may suppose part may have been used as mortar, but I should think only the very wreck and rubbish of it. We find, accordingly, that in an ex-

* The famous marble lion, ten feet in height, which stood at the Port of the Piræus, and likewise a celebrated lion which stood on the way to Eleusis near Athens, were carried off by Morosini, and were placed before the Arsenal at Venice.

cavation made by the Earl of Elgin, a great part of the statue of Victory, the Torso of Jupiter, a part of Vulcan, and other valuable fragments, were discovered on the very spot on which they had fallen. Signor Lusieri also found some metopes, where he expected to obtain them, and the celebrated Mr Cockrell has made discoveries by excavation corresponding to what he had anticipated. Indeed, it is hardly fair to accuse the Turks of utter barbarism and wantonness, till the ground, at present covered with houses, shall be made to unveil its hidden stores; and even then, when we reflect on what must have been carried off by strangers before Lord Elgin's visit, we shall find they had little left for burning into lime,* I mean of sculptured marbles, except what was left for the noble Earl.† The story of the Turk and his furnaces, I confess, appeared a little odd and un-

* When Signor Lusieri was excavating for some metopes, and part of the frieze, at the east end of the temple, it is said a Turk told him, that he might save himself the trouble of proceeding any further, in the hope of finding them, but that, if he chose to look a little to the right, he would find the furnaces in which he had burned them into lime. In Athens, there are always men of taste and feeling, and I should think they would have stepped forward on this occasion, and saved the precious marbles from such a fate.

† I believe 170 feet of the frieze, independent of what remains.

natural. It is hardly to be supposed, that a man in any state would decide on destroying a beautiful work of art, when, on every hand, he could have been supplied with materials for his purpose, especially, too, as he might get money for it. The beautiful marble of Pentelicus, surely, would produce lime white enough for wretched sheds.*

In the walls of the fortification, and in some of the buildings of the town, many pieces of sculpture were carefully preserved, and seemingly fixed in them as ornaments, not with taste, I grant, but still they were preserved. The Earl of Elgin procured the best of these;† and, if I am not mistaken, it required all his influence and great intreaty with the Porte to obtain them. Lately such fragments fixed in the walls of private houses, as could be had for money, have been picked up by various strangers. The Princess of Wales obtained a number, and the other day an English gentleman gleaned a few.

* It has been said the Turks pounded the sculpture, because it produced the whitest lime. I am tempted to ask, for what purpose this white lime was made in Athens?

† Fragments of the frieze of the Temple of Unwinged Victory, representing the Athenians in combat with the Persians, and in sculpture said to be not inferior to the metopes of the Parthenon. Likewise some valuable marbles taken from the parapet of the modern fortification, especially the representation of a Marriage, which, it is said, is very perfect.

This disposal and removal I regret exceedingly, because it takes from the interest, and even in some degree from the identity of Athens. Considering the quantity of sculpture which has been found in good condition by the Earl of Elgin, (the western end of the cell still exhibiting an unrivalled frieze, which, being quite accessible from the buildings on the opposite side, might easily have been destroyed by the Turks,) little depredation seems to have been committed in the way of pounding and burning into lime; especially when we take into account the Metopes at the western end, which have all the appearance of being corroded and destroyed by time.

From what I have ventured to advance, I do not mean it to be understood, that the Turks, any more than ourselves, are free from the sin of destroying buildings; but that it appears to me, they are not barbarous, as is alleged, with regard to sculptured marbles. Have not the Phygalion marbles been found where they fell by accident or time? Those likewise of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Egina? And there is reason to believe, too, that excavation would discover the treasures of Minerva Sunias at Cape Colonni. Here, in Athens, the Temple of Theseus is still entire, and almost appears like a building of the present day; metopes, frieze, and all are yet untouched. Then that little gem, the

Lantern of Demosthenes, though mouldered much by time, still commands our admiration. The Temple of the Winds is still entire, and the figures might be studied with advantage even by the greatest artist. If we reflect upon the many centuries which have passed over them, and the delicate sculpture by which they are enriched, we shall be surprised they have existed to this day. Let us not blame the Turks unreasonably.* Time, and war, and earthquakes, have done much to injure Athens.†

On the subject of removing the sculpture from the Temple of Minerva, I shall say little, although I cannot help expressing my regret at the unworkmanlike manner in which the deed was done. Vast masses of the noble cornice were thrown down and destroyed to obtain the metopes, when they might have easily been procured by

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* The French monk who placed one of the ancient inscriptions, recording the riches of the Athenians, in the stair of a kitchen, appears to me infinitely more barbarous than the ignorant Turk. He must have seen this precious marble regularly wearing away.—*See Chandler's Greece*, p. 65.

† The barbarians under Alaric, King of the Goths, removed the valuable treasures of antiquity; the stately and magnificent structures were converted into piles of ruin! and Athens was stripped of every thing splendid or remarkable. Synesius, a writer of that age, compares the city to a victim, of which the body had been consumed, and the hide only remained.—*Chandler's Greece*, p. 535.

cutting out the pannels. Good heavens! to make a quarry of a work of Phidias! The men of taste in Athens are unanimous in believing, that if this proceeding had been represented to the Earl of Elgin, he would not have allowed matters to have gone so far, but kept to his original plan of merely having casts and drawings.

That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty, is the study of nature. But had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of other nations from seeing those admirable sculptures? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the disappointed traveller, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say, he may find the sculpture of the Parthenon in England.

LETTER LXVI.

ATHENS.

Observations on the Character and Expression of the Doric Order.

In a conversation which I had with a celebrated person here, he seemed to be of opinion that the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum is superior to any of the temples of Athens; that the true spirit and purity of the Doric order is better preserved in it; and that enrichment of any description is foreign to its character of severe simplicity, conveying the idea of grandeur and durability. This, certainly, I am not disposed to doubt, as far as the doctrine relates to the character of simple Doric. * But,

* "The Doric order may be thus defined:—A column without a base, terminated by a capital, consisting of a square abacus with an ovolo and annulets. An entablature consisting of three parts; architrave, frieze, and cornice; the architrave plain, the frieze ornamented with triglyphs symmetrically disposed, and a cornice with mutules. These are sufficient to constitute a definition, and are, I believe, all that can be assert-

that the order is suitable for only one distinguishable expression, I confess I am very sceptical. Indeed, the various examples I have met with incline me to think the contrary. The ancients improved in architecture as well as sculpture, and were not long in perceiving that this noble order was comprehensive, and highly susceptible of various expression, and all equally compatible with the spirit of the order. Callicrates and Ictinus (the architects of the Parthenon) must have known of the early and stupenduous Doric. Corinth afforded an illustrious example of it; yet those great artists had not thought it proper to adopt so rigid a style, preferring rich and stately elegance for the temple of the goddess who presided over reason and the liberal arts. Indeed, it appears to me that the buildings in question do not admit of such comparison. Both are perfect, but both would not answer for the same purpose, masculine grandeur and feminine dignity requiring different attributes. Comparing the Temple of Neptune with the Temple of Minerva as splendid works of art, I should certainly give the preference to the latter. The character of magnificent beauty is admirably sus-

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ed without exception; but some others may be added as necessary to the beauty and perfection of the order, and which, though not universal, are, however, general among the examples of antiquity."—*Aikin on the Doric Order.*

tained in the exquisite proportions of the edifice itself; and when we add to it the incomparable sculpture which adorned the tympanum, the metopes, and the frieze, sculptures unequalled in the world, such a building certainly has higher claims to admiration, than the severe simplicity of unadorned grandeur.

That architecture is an art which has capabilities of conveying a distinct expression of unmixed grandeur, will not be doubted by those who have see the severe and pure examples of the Doric at Pæstum, (those stupenduous structures which must be seen, in order to be comprehended, for, believe me, there is not in Great Britain a single instance of a building from which their character can be illustrated,) and that it is also capable of conveying the simple sentiment of beauty, is equally apparent in surveying the little buildings of the Pandrosium, the Lantern of Demosthenes, and various other examples. In fact, the characters impressed upon those buildings are as distinct from one another, as that which sculpture has conveyed in the strength of the Hercules Farnese, and the exquisite beauty of the Venus de Medicis. From these original elements, the skill of the ancient architects knew how to compound a mixed and modified character, not purely grand, nor purely beautiful, but, according as occasion required, partaking of ... er. I shall not pretend to say that I am capa-

ble of guarding the mind against those predilections, or prejudices if you will, which sometimes, without our knowing it, mingle themselves with all our ideas of the venerable ages which are past. But, placed as I now am among the ancient edifices, and endeavouring to free myself from this source of delusion as much as possible, every comparison which I have been able to institute, confirms me in the opinion, that the ancients possessed that sagacity which enabled them to express the peculiar sentiment they wished to convey, whether that sentiment was of a single or of a mixed kind; and to carry that expression to the very limits, beyond which, the building would have departed from the character intended to be impressed upon it.

LETTER LXVII.

ATHENS.

The Arts.—Character of the Drawings of Haller, Lusieri, and Fauvel.

With such examples of perfection before them, in architecture and in sculpture, you may imagine that many of the modern Athenians are profound and skilful artists in both of these departments. If you expect this, what will be your disappointment when I tell you, that none of them seems to have a single idea regarding either? Their buildings are rudely constructed, without the smallest sign of taste; and, unless it be a Turkish turbaned gravestone, sculpture is not attempted. Their paintings, which are always of Scriptural subjects, are generally assisted by the aid of metal. Crowns of silver are placed on the heads of the Virgin and Child, and circles of the same metal upon the saints; the back-grounds being stamped and gilded. This mixture of painting, gilding, and stamping, is of a very early date, and that it should be here, at Athens, esteemed at the present day, demonstrates unequivocally on what fortuitous cir-

cumstances the state of human taste depends. These productions, of course, are wholly executed by the Greeks; and I question whether the Transfiguration by Raphael, or the Holy Families by Correggio, would please them nearly so well. From early associations they must be more attached to those pictures, before which they have so often appeared on bended knees. Are we not ourselves, from analogous causes, delighted often with very clumsy workmanship of ancient years? And do we not prefer it, in many cases, to better works of contemporary art? So powerful is association in modifying our sentiments, even in opposition to our judgment or taste.

The total apathy of the Athenians, and I may say of the Greeks in general, towards the arts, even to their music, extends itself to the elegancies of life, to their jewellery, printing, engraving, and pottery. Good taste is nearly allied to comfort. But here their gardens, furniture, and, in short, every kind of workmanship, betray an equal want of both. Till the principles of art be cultivated among them, they can hope for little progress; and, even then, if the spirit and feeling of the people be not excited, the mind must sleep. Man must have a motive for his toil,—the approbation of his countrymen, or the hope of gain. Neither of these can be expected at present in this impoverished and degraded country, where, I may say, accomplishment is

despised, or, at least, does not meet with that regard which it so justly merits. What a contrast to ancient times! when "an eminent painter, an ingenious architect, and skilful statuary, enjoyed among the Greeks the highest consideration, and the most flattering distinctions. The laurel was bestowed on them by the consenting voice of the country; and their names were celebrated by posterity at festivals and on public occasions;—a city valuing itself as much on having produced an artist celebrated for his talents, as for having given birth to a statesman or a general of the highest merit. To this elegant and liberal turn of mind Greece owed that pre-eminence and superiority in the arts, which it enjoyed over other nations." If, as it is said, the arts follow or accompany knowledge and power, what hope can be entertained of their revival among the modern Greeks?

But though the Turks and Greeks are yet in ignorance respecting art, Athens is seldom without foreigners of genius and refinement. At present there are several. Baron Haller,* Lusieri, and Fauvel, who do honour to their respective countries, have been here for years. The architectural drawings of Baron Haller are inferior to none; and his taste for landscape is judicious and correct.

* Since this letter was written, the world has to regret the loss of this accomplished person. He died in Greece towards the end of the year 1817.

Lusieri, so well known in the transaction of the Athenian marbles, is likewise a man of great ability in the delineation of the country and its splendid ruins. Fauvel excels in modelling from ancient sculptures; his drawings, too, are masterly and free.

Believing you might wish me to be more particular in characterizing the works of these celebrated men, I shall venture to give you a brief statement of their respective merits, but principally regarding their outlines or drawings from nature. Lusieri's designs are upon a considerable scale in length, not less than seven or eight feet, and generally they embrace the eighth of a circle; he has even one, a View of Constantinople, eighteen feet by three or four feet high, comprehending the fourth of a panorama. These drawings are merely careful outlines, done with a hard pencil or crow-pen, and no attempt is made at light and shade. He takes an incredible time in doing them: the outline of Constantinople alone was a study of three months; and the rest in proportion. He generally has several outlines in a progressive state from various quarters of Athens, so that, let the wind blow as it may, he can always secure to himself a comfortable situation to proceed in colouring. As he finishes his drawings chiefly upon the spot, this precaution saves him from many interruptions. The atmosphere of Greece being very clear and

luminous, (except when the sultry siroo invests the country in an opaque and whitish mist,) the sun seeming to throw his rays unmixed from heaven to earth, the details of nature are seen even in objects removed to a great distance, and claim a consequence, to which, if seen through a British atmosphere, they would have no pretensions, and, therefore, require an accuracy of delineation suitable to the appearance which they exhibit. This Signor Lusieri has minutely attended to, but I have more than once presumed to think that he carried those details a little too far, farther, indeed, than nature seems to authorize, and without that peculiar character which is referable to her, exciting painful feelings on reflecting on the wearisome toil and trouble such outlines must have cost him. On examining the subjects from which several of his outlines have been made, I confess I could not perceive the minutiæ described in them, which has led me to suppose he must have used a telescope. I mention these particulars, because I know they will be interesting to you; and by the way, I may hint that a glass is not to be despised in cases where a little careful marking might be necessary. I saw only one coloured drawing by Lusieri, and that consists of a few columns of the Temple of Minerva. It is a meritorious work of art, as far as relates to breadth of effect, and th of light and shade, without mannerism or

fallacious touching. The colouring, however, is rather heavy, and seems to be shaded with Indian ink, which loses its clearness where there is any depth of shadow. A partiality to any sort of colours often leads the eye astray, and is much against the discrimination of those delicate and tender hues which require the nicest care. In nature the subject of Signor Lusieri's drawing abounds in clear and fascinating dyes, and I regretted that an eye, which has been so highly cultivated in all that relates to form, should be so defective in perceiving justly the distinctive qualities of delightful colour.

The Baron Haller's drawings of landscape are extremely good; the subjects chosen with taste, and executed in a free and masterly manner, with due attention to the details of nature. His temples of classic buildings and ornaments, in particular, are full of characteristic and exquisite precision. He has discovered, too, a new region of beauty in the Turkish tombs and cemeteries * at Constantinople. In colouring I cannot say the Baron is successful, and it appears to me, he does not study this department of his art upon the spot. He is aware, however, that it can never be acquired with-

* Baron Haller is of opinion that there is a pretty good taste for architecture in Constantinople.

in doors, and has determined to prove that imagination cannot boast of hues like those of nature.

In style Baron Haller never fails to seize with firmness the characteristic beauties of his subject, and to give them correct expression, even in simple outline. His feeling for grace and beauty is chaste and delicate, and prevails through all his works. With such truth, indeed, does he embody some of the finer and more evanescent traits of delicacy, that, on seeing them so distinctly expressed, we feel surprised at our not having recognised in nature itself, that which his representation has rendered so palpable and striking. From the survey of his works, we return to the study of nature with a more informed eye and more discriminating taste. Signor Lusieri, on the other hand, makes his outlines with the intention of finishing the subject in colours on the spot, in which case a comparison can hardly be made between those artists. It is, however, to be regretted, that Signor Lusieri, in all probability, will leave the most of those extensive outlines unfinished, and therefore the want of that peculiar expression which is to be found in Baron Haller's drawings, will take much from the warmth of interest, with which we should otherwise contemplate such pleasing delineations.

The works of Monsieur Fauvel are very different from those of either of these gentlemen. They are done with a rapid hand, clever, but with a little

ostentatious dashing, exciting some surprise in regard to execution, but certainly producing no pleasing train of sentiment in the mind. His models, however, are in better style ; still it does not appear that he can bring himself to enter into the details of accurate finishing. The varieties of style are absolutely endless ; but those alone which instruct the mind, and approach to all conquering nature, can ever hope to be handed to posterity.

LETTER LXVIII.

ATHENS.

Circuit of the Town and Acropolis, to establish the finest Points of View.—Necessity of such a Circuit.—Effects of near and distant Views.—View from Mount Lycabettus.—Effects of Clouds.—Skies the principal Machinery of Nature.—Waiwode and Wives.—Monument of Philopappus.

ATHENS, with its Acropolis, is not more interesting to the antiquarian and classical scholar, from the associations connected with them, and the fine monuments of ancient art which they contain, than to the painter, as combining in the most charming varieties with the surrounding country. With the intention of ascertaining the most interesting points of view, I have made a circuit, beginning at the Temple of Theseus, and ascending by the Lycabettus, to the hill of the Museum. * From thence I descended to the Ilissus, visited the Fountain of Callirhoë, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and continued my circuit by Mount Anchesmus, till I returned to the Temple of Theseus.

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* From Museus a poet, (and disciple of Orpheus,) "who used to recite his verses there, and who, dying of extreme old age, was there buried."—*Pausanias.*

This circuit may be easily accomplished in two hours and a half, allowing a few minutes to examine some of the principal objects.* But I was not so expeditious; for, beginning early in the morning, my investigation was not completed till the day was near a close. It was necessary that I should often leave the course, in order to satisfy myself with regard to those points which to me seemed to promise the most characteristic views; and, although the day certainly was one of the most interesting in my life, I do not know that I ever suffered more from mental and personal fatigue.

To those who have not studied much from nature, this may appear to have been an idle waste of time; but the artist, who knows how necessary it is to get the great and striking objects to combine with subordinate yet interesting details, and *that* without the former losing any thing of their importance, will readily admit the necessity of this preliminary investigation. Those who dispense with such trouble, and at once fix upon the view which first occurs, will often have reason for regret, in discovering that they might have made a happier choice. Indeed, with the most careful examination, it often happens that the finest views escape us. This par-

* The ancient circumference of the walls of Athens was 24 miles and a half, but that embraced the ports.

ticular attention being necessary to scenery in general, surely Athens demands, in this respect, our most careful study.

It is impossible to give rules to others in regard to choice,—taste being so often under the control of accident and feeling. When nature presents her endless effects of beauty and of grandeur, the judgment, even of the wisest men in art, may hesitate, and adopt the very opposite to that which had at first appeared to be the most eligible. The works of our greatest painters, therefore, can only shew what has been done, but do not determine what may be done. They animate and improve, but nature instructs the mind beyond those limits to which the study of art alone can carry it. But while she possesses the inexhaustible sources of originality, she must be courted, and seen, as it were, reflected in the mirror which art holds up to her. Unless we are familiar with what has been discovered by her favoured sons, she will not present those electrifying truths, which flash upon the mind in studying her, not only as she is, but as seen through the medium of works of genius.

The works of Niccolo Poussin, Domenichino, and Sebastian Bourdon, agree with the character of Athens, as viewed at no great distance from the ancient buildings. The simple dignity of form and colour, perceptible in the works of these great men, enters into the spirit of its story, and calls

forth corresponding sentiments. The distant views of Athens claim the style of Claude: his unbroken lines, that continuity and taking up of parts, sweetly transferring them to each other, and conveying to the mind the sentiment of beauty, well express what Athens is in her robes of silvery grey. The colouring, too, of Claude is just and accurate, as referable to Greece in her remote and lovely scenes. His luminous and unsullied purity of atmosphere, his delicate and undisturbed breadth of air, reveal to the eye the most fascinating hues, in tender unison with each other. Those points, too, of decided colour, which he never fails to place in harmony against mysterious and bewitching tones of air, are supplied in all the scenery of Athens, by the bright robes of the Turks and Greeks.

But how have I come to wander thus? You will say I am out of my course indeed; and not likely soon to take you round the walls of Athens. I grant I have digressed; and without further loss of time, I shall start again from the lovely fane of Theseus. At a little distance from the Temple is the Lycabettus, which is part of the hill of the Museum, and, perhaps, affords the finest and most characteristic view of the Acropolis and Theatre of Regilla:* especially if taken near the Pnyx, a noble object for the fore-ground, it

* A Roman building built by Herodias Atticus, in compliment to his wife Regilla.

rises, crowned by the Parthenon, between the Mounts Hymettus and Anchesmus.

The Parthenon, opposed to clouds, appears with greater dignity than when the mountains interfere, and, indeed, it seems of greater size. The great and sweeping lines, subduing all detail, appeal strongly to the mind, and claim the character of grandeur. The pyramidal form of the rock and buildings of the Acropolis, as seen from near the Pnyx, is a favourite with the painter; and when the horizontal streaks of the morning sky appear behind, the idea of elevation is much increased, as would, indeed, be the case with any object, even if on a plain. Should it rise through various tiers of clouds, it matters not whether they be of any magnitude, the idea of height will certainly be excited, if the clouds should be but narrow lines. And here I may venture to observe, that the skies are the principal machinery of nature. How often do they conjure up the episodes of beauty or of grandeur? Without them, the bare truth of outline would be vapid. They take up, they assist, or they oppose the various objects which seem to court their aid: and what do they not teach by their constant changing, and directing the light of heaven to gild those parts, where the most daring mind would not have ventured to conceive it,—leaving masses in mysterious shade, and other parts invested with strange uncertain hues of colour from reflected light? The

divided rays, too, will stream among the dubious forms, and anon with magic swiftness will change the illumined parts to darkness, and the dark ones into light!

Ascending further on the Hill of the Museum, close upon the Monument of Philopappus, the view next in picturesque effect appears; but, being high, the Mounts Pentelicus and Anchesmus rise above the Acropolis, and reduce it a little lower in the scale of grandeur. But the exquisite aërial hues of the distant mountains, contrasted with the rich colouring of the varied buildings, produce the finest harmony for picture.

While studying this affecting scene, and while my eye was on the road to Marathon, I was roused and accosted by an Albanian soldier, who came to tell me that the Waiwode (the governor of the city) was approaching with all his wives. This was an intimation for me to leave the place; for no one must look upon a Turkish lady, even though she veils her face. You may be sure I did not tarry long; but desirous to know the result of this adventure, I placed myself in a situation where I could see the party at a little distance. First then a janizary appeared with a carpet and some wine; then followed the waiwode with a friend, both richly dressed in Turkish costume, with turbans white as snow. The Turks proceeded to examine the hill to see that all was clear; while the ladies, four in number, advanced at a distance

from the lordly Turks, and from each other, with their faces as usual muffled to their noses. The soldier spread the carpet for the Turks, on which they squatted down, and smoked and drank their wine; while the ladies, in a tottering sort of gait, wandered separately to and fro: occasionally they would stoop to pick the flowers of the squill, but none of them approached their master. This stupid sickening scene continued for an hour. When the Turks arose, they proceeded on the path from Philopappus, which was close upon my station; but, as soon as I was seen by them, they made a sudden halt, and not wishing to disturb me a second time, they struck off to the right, and marched through fields of growing corn. The ladies veiled their eyes with gauze.

"And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not look upon."

They were large in person, dressed in simple woollen habits, and wore no stockings. What an idea does this scene give of the state of the unhappy women of this country! What respect can a son have for his mother or his sister, while he sees the poor female sunk so low? Can he even have affection, that blessing of the human heart? But instead of pursuing these reflections, I shall proceed to follow the circle of that scenery, which will lead

me back to days when women could command respect in Greece.

When the Turks were fairly out of sight, my janizary and I reascended the Hill of the Museum, and gave a little time to the Monument of Philopappus. It is a Roman structure of white marble, but not in the finest taste, approaching to a semicircular form. The figures in the niches are sadly mutilated by time. Stuart is of opinion that this monument was erected to the last king of Commagene and his descendants; and this conjecture seems to be confirmed.* The relievo on the basement is almost exactly the same as that on the eastern side of the arch of Titus at Rome, consisting of a figure in a car drawn by horses, preceded by attendants, and followed by victory. From this monument, we went to the fountain of Callirhoë,

"Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentle murmurs."

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* In the first niche on the right is a statue sedent; and underneath an inscription in Greek. "King Antiochus, son of King Antiochus." In the middle niche is another statue and inscription. "Philopappus, son of Antiochus Epiphanes of Bisa." These were the ancestors of the person, who, it is probable, filled the third niche. His name was Caius Julius Antiochus Philopappus, and he lived under Trajan.—*Chandler*, p. 98

LETTER LXIX.

ATHENS.

Continuation and conclusion of the Circuit of Athens, which includes Jupiter Olympius.—The View from Hagio Asomato and Mount Anchesmus, Colonus Hippius, and the Academy.—Tomb of Pericles.

THE poets have given such flowery and overcharged descriptions of every feature of Greece, that the mind involuntarily startles on seeing the realities, and secretly inquires whether these be really the objects which the poets celebrate. The Ilissus in particular excites disappointment. The words of the Bard of Paradise Regained, "There Ilissus *rolls* his *whispering* stream," would not now correspond with this water-course, and even the whispering does not apply. As it exists at present, I can give you no better account of it, than by saying that I have walked its channel bed for nearly an hour, without my feet being wet, except when I inadvertently stepped among the water-cresses in the various hollows. But in ancient times, the water of this stream has been collected to supply the once

"cool and delicious fountain of Callirhoë," and it might have had a placid, quiet, and serene expression, inviting the philosophers to walk and study on its banks, which were graced with altars and with temples, beside the "high, shady, and fragrant thicket of the Agnus Castus," forming scenery deserving of the praises bestowed on it by Socrates. Now, alas! there is no wood nor buildings on its banks: all is bare and desolate, and the Fountain of Callirhoë can merely supply trickling water for the labours of a few half-starved washerwomen.

But the disappointment which we experience in viewing the condition of the ancient fountain, and the nearly lost Ilissus, is amply repaid by the majestic ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and the south-east prospect of the Acropolis of Athens, as seen from the fountain, and near the spot supposed to be the situation of the Eleusinium, looking over the ground once graced by the Lyceum * and Ceramicus.† The rocks of Callirhoë, though conveying no idea of the ancient fountain, still constitute an object inviting to the painter; and fortunately the ruins of Jupiter Olympius, the Arch of Hadrian, and the Acropolis, with the Odeum of Regilla, and Hill of the Museum, combine to admiration. The scene, though not

* Sacred to Apollo Lycius.

† Where gymnastic exercises were performed.

so striking as the view from Lycabettus, is, from various associations, deeply interesting. Here were performed the rites of the Eleusinian mysteries; here were the walks and hallowed haunts of the philosophers. On this spot I took my station for the general view. The Temple of Jupiter Olympius is of the Corinthian order, supported on fluted marble columns, 60 feet in height; and, like the other temples, it is enriched with a variety of beautiful golden hues From a small flight of steps,* about 40 yards on the side towards the Ilissus, we have the finest view of this noble structure. Here Grecian magnificence will strike the mind with wonder, nor will it appear surprising that this splendid work remained unfinished for more than 700 years;—no monarch, from the time of Pisistratus to the days of Hadrian, having possessed power and riches sufficient to put the finishing hand to it. The Arch of Hadrian seems unworthy of his time, but as a connecting link between the mass of pillars of Jupiter Olympius, which support their architraves, and the three detached columns belonging to the same range which approach the city, it is not without its use, and its defects are, from such a distance, scarcely observable.

* From whence, in dry seasons, it is said, prayers are offered up to heaven for rain.

From the Fountain of Callirhoë I went to the Stadium of Herodes Atticus, and found its site merely perceptible. The olive trees of Hagio Asomato invited me to deviate from my course, and, as I expected, I was well rewarded by a variety of exquisite views of Athens. No finer subjects ever were presented to the pencil. The grove of olive took its part with the monastery of Asomato, and the snowy mountains of the Morea refreshed the eye while looking through the sultry air, which gave to Athens the warmest tone of grey. The various windings of the Ilissus met the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, the pale light on which uniting with the illumined fields, and these advancing to the Ægean Sea, produced a smile upon the landscape, which cheered old Athens in its day of ruin.

Yet, striking as the scene appeared, it must be poor, compared with what it was in ancient days. Imagine, united to the objects which I have just described, the Temples of Venus, Juno, Diana, Apollo, Jupiter, and Saturn, with many others; the Gymnasium of Hadrian, the Cynosarges, the Delphinium, Eleusinium, and Stadium of Herodes Atticus.* Then the rivers Ilissus and Eridanus glistening through the various groves, the favourite resort of the philosophers and their followers, who mingled with the beams of heaven,—emblematic of the light they have given to the world by the splendour of their minds.

Proceeding by the way towards Mount Anchesmus, innumerable pleasing views appeared, but the finest is from the mount itself, and certainly affords by much the best idea of the modern city, with the Acropolis towering over it. This scene is composed, in part, of the objects I have mentioned in a former letter, as seen from the top of the Temple of Minerva; but that from Mount Anchesmus has many combining features which keep the whole together in one chain of interest. The scene presents a picture, independently of association, without a parallel. Its character is unmingled beauty. Viewed from Mount Anchesmus, Athens presents itself as an entire uninterrupted whole. The intervening space is such as softens, and forbids to obtrude those individual forms, and those local tints, which, on a nearer survey, are so apt to solicit our attention to particulars, and from the contemplation of the whole, carry us insensibly into an attention to individual parts.' Every true lover of beautiful scenery can testify the delight the calm, soothing delight, which a favourite scene, seen under such circumstances, has the power of imparting.

In colouring, the view from Mount Anchesmus induces on the mind the dream of Athenian glory. Uncertain hues and forms are presented to the eye, which require a gentle yet pleasing exertion of the mind to study them, leaving an impression of tender melancholy;—a style of colouring between that of

Claude and Gaspar Poussin, in which the atmosphere must not wholly interfere to destroy the effect of local colour, but allow streaming lights to travel from scene to scene, as the clouds shall permit the sun's bright ray to gild them. *

Colonus Hippius, † once the property of Plato; where, too, Sophocles was born and lived, and at a short distance the site of the academy where Plato

* In landscape, light and unity of colouring, produced by air, chiefly excite the sentiment of beauty. But the harmony of direct colouring, with powerful and opposing light and shade, allies itself to grandeur. Objects then, according to their nature and situation, should partake, in a greater or less degree, of the one or the other of these attributes of character. Such as may be grand when near, will assume a different character by distance, and require a change of treatment. Thus, the view of Athens from Mount Anchesmus induces, as I have said, the dream of Athenian glory, or, in other words, that general feeling which we have on our minds with regard to it. Independent, too, of colouring, when near the city, there are affecting details which appeal strongly to the mind. No one can look upon the divisions of the columns of the temples, burnt by Xerxes, built in the fortification walls of the Acropolis, or on the steps of the Pnyx, without being strikingly reminded of facts in the history of the country. This rousing quality, both of detail and colour, loses itself by distance, and gives way to undecided recollections.

† Colonus Hippius is now a barren rock with little vegetation, about a mile from Athens, and a short way in advance of the site of the academy, a little to the right.

taught, successively engaged my attention. They were both within the sacred grove, and three short words may tell their fate—they are gone! and we must sit upon the ground to muse, for not a stone remains upon which to seat ourselves! The views of Athens, however, from these two celebrated places are extremely fine. Mount Hymettus takes a greater share in the scenery than from any other point, but it reduces in appearance the size of Athens and her temples.

I returned to the city by what is called the Tomb of Pericles,—a rude unshapen mass. That it is the remains of the Tomb of Pericles, I have my doubts; yet certainly his tomb must have been at no great distance from the spot, as it was known to be but a little off the road to the academy. Be that as it may, it is impossible not to feel a reverence for the memory of that great man, while near the ground where his sacred ashes have been laid. The eye naturally directs itself to that splendid monument of mind,* erected by him in the Acropolis, and turns to the scene of barbarism around. One is led to believe that the Supreme power, by allowing these opposite extremes to exist together, intended them as a means of forcibly conveying to the world the results of wisdom, and of murky ignorance; making the latter seem the more revolting by the immediate and striking contrast.

* The Temple of Minerva.

LETTER LXX.

ATHENS.

Description of the Streets, Markets, and Dance of Dervishes.

On returning from my circuit of the city, I could not help remarking that the ancient temples owe much of their apparent size to the smallness of the modern buildings, which, like those of the other towns we have seen, are chiefly constructed with clay. But, though insignificant in appearance, they cover a very considerable extent of ground, for a population not exceeding twelve or thirteen thousand souls. If we except the Acropolis and temples, the few Turkish mosques (four in number) are the only features which give variety, and these are much inferior to those of Livadia. The Greek chapels rarely appear above the private houses. Within the walls are many fields, and the vacant spaces are strewed about with bones, old slippers, and a multiplicity of rags, a kind of rubbish peculiar to the towns in Greece, and which give them an appearance of poverty and wretchedness.

The streets are no better than those of Thebes or

Livadia; narrow, without pavement, and winding in every direction. Any windows that face the streets are latticed up, and appear as if they could not admit a ray of light. The houses are generally surrounded by courts or high walls built by the jealous Turks, and, consequently, are not seen except from the elevated ground. In wet weather the principal street is rendered very uncomfortable by the boughs of trees which are laid across from roof to roof to keep out the rays of the sun. These continue dropping long after the shower has ceased, and make a wretched puddle. If carts or carriages were used it would be quite impossible to walk; as it is, it requires some management to brush past the numerous and heavy laden mules, especially when they carry sticks or bulky wares.

Athens being one of the superior towns in Greece, I expected to find some handsome shops, but nothing of the kind appears. The strangest mixtures and varieties,—caviare, pipes, books, cloth, blue, vitriol, grain, oil, honey, cheese, dried fish, &c. are all jumbled together. Every article of wearing-apparel seems clumsy and rudely made,—the iron and carpenter's work in particular; indicating that Athens is now as far behind, as in ancient times she outstripped the rest of the civilized world. The inside of the chapels are covered with contemptible daubings, of the histories and adventures of the saints, in which they are represented per-

forming miracles, which it is hardly possible for human credulity to believe. The people are seen lounging in idle groups in every street. The fast of 112 days, united to the oppression of the government, seems to have enervated them, and rendered them quite unfit for any great achievement.*

The market day is kept on Sunday, when provisions are to be had in considerable variety, and very cheap. The seeming confusion of tongues, Romaic, Albanian, and Turkish, is not a little bewildering to a stranger; and when an Italian or a French servant happens to be bargaining among them, their animated gestures render the scene abundantly amusing. In these markets I have perceived a variety of fish, such as we had been

* As the purchases, however, are made by servants, some imposition may be practised, though not to a great extent; at any rate, most travellers must be exposed to it. We pay here, in Athens, for a lamb, which is very small, five piasters, according to exchange with England at this time about 3s. 4d.; for half a sheep [illegible] shillings; for a bottle of rum three piasters, 2s., and for a bottle of wine of the country, strongly impregnated with resin, threepence. We never tasted this ingredient so predominant as here. The reason usually given for this practice is, that without resin the wine would not keep. Dr Chelli, a Roman physician, attributes the custom to the knavery of the Greeks, who, he said, used the resin to prevent the discovering of the quantity of water with which the wine is adulterated.

familiar with in the Mediterranean, red and grey mullet, calamara or ink-fish, eels, marluzzo, &c. Game, too, is not uncommon, especially wild ducks, teal, thrushes, snipes, pigeons, woodcocks, beccafico, hares, &c.; but I have seen nothing rare except the red-legged partridge, which is by no means common. The vegetables are few, principally garlic, onions, endive, radishes, broccoli; no potatoes or cabbages, or varieties of salads. Grapes, melons, figs, oranges, and lemons, seem to be the only varieties of fruit. In short, they are much behind in gardening, and flowers are seldom seen. The few gardens within the walls of Athens (there are none without, nor any kind of nursery of trees) principally belong to the consuls and Franks, who appear to have as little taste for them as the Greeks or Turks. A few orange and lemon trees, and one solitary palm, are all they have to enliven or give relief to the wretched buildings.

* The gardens are in the rear of the houses, and being the frequent resort of the females of the family, are protected from the observation of the passers by. Dr [illegible] has a very pretty garden (not large) full of orange and citron trees, and attending it is a favourite occupation of the ladies of the family. But such of the Turks as have gardens, have very commonly the women's apartments opening into them and hence, they are jealously shut against strangers.

But you will say I am escaping from the market. Kid, goat, lamb, and mutton, constitute the only choice of meat; the last, in particular, is very bad, almost as strong in taste as the flesh of the goat. The cattle, wood, and wine market, is likewise held on Sunday, in the afternoon. But do not suppose that any thing like a drove of animals appears; only a few half-starved creatures are to be seen. The numerous fasts are decidedly against the breeding of cattle. Olives and bloodless fish are the principal articles of food. When the town is full of strangers the provisions rise in price; yet, generally speaking, they may be had about a third cheaper than they can be purchased in England; and, balancing one thing with another, the market prices are much the same throughout the continent of Greece. Wheaten bread is bad; but a foreigner, now resident in Athens, has undertaken to bake it in the Italian way, and even then it will be tasteless without salt.

Hotels, inns, or taverns, they have none; the khans certainly do not come under these denominations;—they have neither beds nor food, and are in general totally destitute of comfort. Strangers must look for lodgings in private houses, and the best of these are to be had at the Consulina's, the convent of the Capuchins, Dr Chelli's, and Signor Urtali's; and even in them the accommodation given is considered partly in the light of a favour, no

no regular charge being made, and every traveller giving according to his inclination. A dollar a day for each person is generally expected, and even more, according to the accommodation required. The houses which I have mentioned are generally full of strangers, who, with the foreign residents, (about a dozen families,) constitute what is called the Frank society, the consuls forming the very point or pinnacle of distinction among the latter.

The British consul, Logotheti, (a Greek,) is most attentive to our countrymen. At his table there is comfort and cleanliness; and I was not a little surprised to see English knives and silver forks, with a napkin put down before each person. His lady, too, appeared at dinner, and, though she said but little, she had self-possession, with easy manners; which, perhaps, will be preferred by many to silly professions and fidgeting attentions. Her dress was much the same as that of the Maid of Athens, but with a greater appearance of wealth;

* There is much talk of a mysterious lady who recently visited Athens. She danced the Romeka, and the ladies of Dr C—— boasted of their having been parties with her in their national dance. At Corinth, the Bey, on the occasion of her visit there, came down with a party of horse to meet her, conducted her in form to his palace, and, in the course of conversation, expressed, it is said, a Mahommedan feeling of impropriety at the manner of her travelling unaccompanied by a relative of either sex.

in beauty, however, she was not to be compared with the fair Theresa! She sat at the corner of the table, understanding, I presume, that this is a custom with our tonish ladies in old England. Not more than three dishes were placed on the table at a time. No one ventured to help himself till each dish was taken to the landlord, so that if one does not choose the first, he must wait with patience till the second or the third is carved and presented to him. In this respect, especially when the appetite is keen, the English arrangement is certainly preferable; and I am surprised that our worthy host has neglected to imitate us in this important circumstance. The lady retired soon after dinner, but the gentlemen sat a considerable time, and, wonderful to say! no pipes were introduced.

The few Greek ladies I have met with are generally of the middle size. None of them has the straight nose and forehead, which we understand to be peculiar to the Grecian countenance.* They have greater liberty than the Turkish females; yet they are seldom met with abroad, except when going to the bath, a marriage, or a funeral;† but as they nurse their own children,

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* The ancients acknowledged the straight forehead and nose to be their beau ideal.

† A short time, however, before our arrival here, a French frigate, on its destination to cruize for the protection of the

their confinement may be tolerable. Those who mix with the Franks, or are related to their families, are lively and easy in their manners; but I cannot say I have ever seen any thing like dignity. Dignity without mind, one would think, could hardly exist; yet, in the stately gravity of the Turk, there is something strangely imposing. When the Greeks of Athens are inclined to be a little merry, and have a ball, they must ask permission from the Turkish governor, nay, they cannot indulge in any public game without first obtaining leave; and it would not be advisable for a Greek to sing or speak loud before the residence of a Turk of consequence.

From the peculiar nature of the government, the Greek is, in some degree, obliged to dissemble, and use a little trickery. As the governor

Smyrna trade, put into the harbour of Athens. The gaiety of the crew was very congenial to the Athenians, and they spoke in raptures of the manners and hilarity of the French sailors. Several entertainments had been given on board the frigate, and the Roméka, between French and Grecian gaiety, was executed in high perfection. A short time afterwards, an English ship of war anchored in the Piræus; the captain had his lady on board, and an entertainment was given to such Athenians of both sexes as were eligible to be invited. A grateful recollection of the entertainments exists in the minds of the Athenians, but a preference seems to be felt towards the manners of the rival nation.

purchases his situation annually, he will naturally endeavour to make the best of his bargain. The Greeks, therefore, pretend to be poorer than they really are. In general they are indebted to the government, and even, it is said, suffer themselves to be imprisoned for several days before they pay their tithes and duties.* Nevertheless, it is believed the Greeks and Turks live upon better terms in Athens, than in any other town in Greece. The Turks must see the veneration which all nations have for that city, which was the parent of philosophy and eloquence, and once the centre of taste and genius. They must know, too, that if the number of travellers who visit that devoted city have any respect for the present inhabitants, it is for the Greeks; for, depraved and sunk as they are, the liberal heart will ever cherish a kindly feeling towards them, and will hardly refuse

* The Waiwode or governor of Athens gets a tenth of the harvest in the neighbourhood of Athens. The ceremonial of the old government by Archons is still kept up, but of course the Turkish Waiwode is the person who really governs. The Disdar has nothing to say in any place but the Acropolis, and is quite a petty officer, with not more than fifteen or twenty men under him. The Kislar Aga, or chief of the black eunuchs, appoints the governor of Athens; the Waiwode, however, is subject to the Bey of Negropont in matters of government.

them its pity, while reflecting that Athens is now the property of a slave and eunuch.* Contempt will not be shewn where gratitude is due.

Justice for the poor, I believe, is somewhat rare; the judge pays for his appointment, and of course with him, as with the governor, money is omnipotent. The priests are very numerous, and in good personal condition; but how so many are provided for, where the population is so small, I was at a loss to conjecture, till I recollected that it is the residence of a High Priest, whose ecclesiastical power extends over all Bœotia and part of the Morea. Still it is a matter of wonder where the people find means to support the clergy of nearly 200 consecrated buildings in the town.

The Turks do not allow unbelievers to enter their mosques. A positive prohibition exists at Constantinople, and I believe generally throughout Turkey. I have, in different towns procured a glance at several mosques, but have been compelled to make my visit very short, for fear of insult. They were mean in appearance, and destitute of ornament,—the naked walls being merely inscribed here and there with passages from the Khoran. At Constantinople, till of late years, the mosques might be visited. It is said that the interdiction arose from the Secretary of the Russian Embassy having

* The Kislar Aga, guardian of the women of the seraglio.

spat while in one of them; he was with difficulty rescued from death.

At Athens there is some approach to liberality. In 1812, the Turks allowed Lord Elgin to put up a clock with a Latin inscription, purporting it to be a present from his Lordship to the people of Athens;* but they had to build a tower for it, an expence at which they murmured considerably. A clock in a town, under subjection to Turkish government, was said to be a circumstance before unknown; but the Turks are very well satisfied with their having permitted its erection. This, I believe, is the only clock seen in a public situation in the Turkish dominions: even bells are not permitted to the Greeks, except in one or two places, of which Mount Athos is one. The Mahommedan nations mark the time of day by a cryer, who proclaims from a little gallery attached to the mosque the hours of prayer; he turns himself first towards that point of the compass which is in the bearing of Mecca, then successively to the other three cardinal points.

Of all the modes of worship I ever met with, that of the Dancing Dervishes seems the most extraordinary. Yet one would think there is reason in

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* Inscription on the Clock.

THOMAS COMES DE ELGIN.

ATHENIEN. HOROL. D. D.

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A. D. 1814.

their apparent madness; certainly it prevents them from being so corpulent as the lazy lounging monks of Italy. The general introduction of such exercise in the monasteries might be attended with some benefit, and be conducive to mental exertion. There are no less than four societies of them in Athens, all Turks, who do not worship in the mosques. Their strange and frantic exhibitions are held in the ancient Temple of the Winds, which is not more than 25 or 26 feet in diameter. When I saw them, about thirty collected and seated themselves cross-legged round the temple, and sung and bowed their heads to the sound of three little flat drums, struck forcibly with a strap or piece of leather. The Sheik or chief, clothed in green, swung his head lower and more forward than the rest; others followed as they began to be affected; a shout in the midst of their chaunt announced the name of God and their prophet. The drums began with a loud single beat, and all the Dervishes kept tune with their heads. The beats and the bowing quickened rapidly, when in an instant they sprung to their feet, and resting on each other's arms, formed a wide circle, leaning forward and retiring a step alternately, chaunting all the time, and moving slowly round in one great ring. Then the Sheik stepped forward into the middle and bowed round to all; others followed as they began to feel the inspiration, forming an inner

circle, with a young Dervish in the centre. The outer circle still held together, the inner stood separate; exhaustion came on, and they bowed only without turning round. The Sheik took off his turban, and began to dance and jump extravagantly; others followed, swinging their arms, stamping and jumping to the quickening beat of the tambour; when that became slower, the Sheik forced some out, while others sprang forward of their own accord to occupy the centre and exhibit their agility. In these frantic exercises the turban generally fell off, and their long hair, thrown over their exhausted countenances, gave them all the characteristic appearance of the votaries of Bacchus. They became by degrees more frantic, and the quick and violent beat of the tambour increased and kept pace with the violence of their gestures. This was succeeded by heavy single jumps and slower time, till, by degrees, as before, the chaunt, the tambour, and the dancing, became quicker and more violent. The witches' dance in Alloway Kirk, as seen by Tam o' Shanter, could not have exceeded the rapidity of their motions. Next they began to walk separately and slowly round in a large circle to a sort of psalmody, each as he passed the Sheik bowing low. Two Dervishes then came into the centre, taking a firm hold of each other's tunic with the right hand, and foot to foot, swinging round with the rapidity of a jack-

wheel, leaning inwards, breathing strong, with faces raised, mouths open, and eyes half closed. This lasted for a couple of minutes. They then stopped abruptly, bowed to the Sheik, and retired into the great circle, without the least appearance of giddiness. A small circle of the younger Dervishes, several of them boys, was then formed, while the elder resumed their pelisses, which they had thrown aside to fit them for this act of devotion. This inner circle turned round and back again, to a loud monotonous chaunt. Part left the temple, but a number remained seated on sheep skins and chaunted Amen. Silence ensued, and all repeated a prayer. After another short interval of silence, a second prayer was repeated, with their heads projected considerably into the circle; then the whole terminated with a long drawn tone, as if they had been recovering from a swoon; their heads rested on their breasts; they kissed the ground, and then each other's hands, and retired, pausing a few minutes at the door, to pray for the repose of one of their late superiors, who lies interred within the temple.

LETTER LXXI.

ATHENS.

Continuation of the description of Athens.—Philomouson Society.—Grecian Music.—Games.—Dress.—Usury.—Weather.—Report of the Plague.—Ignorance of the Greek Physicians.—Opium-Eater.—Preparations for Departure.—Resolve to visit Cape Colonni.—Apology for Signor Lusieri.

FROM the increasing number of Franks who have come to take up their permanent residence in Athens, as well as from the number of travellers, who, since the general peace of Europe, are continually passing through this country, the Athenians seem to have a better chance of receiving a little of the light of literature. Several Franks and Greeks have instituted a society which they have denominated the Philomousoi, φιλομουσοι, or lovers of letters and arts. Into this society almost every well informed stranger who visits Athens may be admitted. * Their library is increasing in books of various languages, but, as yet,

* This society has, I believe, for its object, to give the means of a foreign education to as large a number of Athenian youth as its funds may admit.

consists chiefly of such as relate to the history and antiquities of Greece. For this they are indebted principally to the British, and I fondly hope that this generous feeling may still go further, and donations in money and valuable literary and scientific works be made by the affluent, who have any warmth of feeling toward this interesting country.* Indeed, it would not be unreasonable to hope, that every civilized nation would step forward, and assist the Greeks of Athens in any praiseworthy effort to improve their minds, and, even if they

* The funds are formed by donations, a part of which have been raised in London, and from persons who have never visited Greece. A donation of 20 dollars constitutes a person an ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ or benefactor, a class of subscribers which has some peculiar privileges in the management of the institution. A diploma is presented to each ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ, of which the following is the form.

Κατα την αιτησιν του ὁ ευγενεστατος κύριος ——— συνηριθμηθη, εις τον Κατάλογον τῆς εν Αθήναις φιλομουσου Εταιρειας, και γνωριζεται εις το εξῆς μέλος γνησιον τοῦ ὁλοκλήρου αὐτῆς σώματος και ὡς ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ——

Ἐν Ἀθήναις τῇ ΚΓ. Ἀπριλ' ΑΩΙΖ. Ετος. Δ.

Οἱ τῆς Φ. Εταιρείας Ἔφοροι.

Then follow the signatures.—The classical scholar will perceive, in the construction of the words του ὁ κυριος, an apparent violation of grammar. But the modern Greeks, (I speak from the information of a learned friend,) after putting the article in the case which the syntax requires, give the noun in the nominative, as in this example.

should be a little hopeless or indolent themselves, to stimulate them, and reflect back a little of that light which originally came from them.

The enlightened Earl of Guildford has done much, and is unceasingly endeavouring to be useful to this country.* I have been told that his Lordship, with the assistance of the British Government, proposes to build and endow a college in one of the Ionian Islands.† But, while any attempt is made to illuminate the minds of the men, I could wish the poor females were not forgotten. There are, or might

* This year, the Earl of Guildford presented the city of Athens with valuable sets of surgical instruments, of the most perfect workmanship.

† When we were in the Ionian Islands, it was not settled that Corfu should be the place for the erection of the college. Ithaca was at that time designed for the purpose, and, in fact, it possesses, from its situation with respect for the Continent of Greece, greater local advantages than Corfu.—It is most gratifying to learn, that this enlightened and benevolent plan is now realized. The Earl of Guildford has, within these few days, been nominated chancellor of the university by the Prince Regent; and the University of Oxford, as a testimony of respect to that nobleman, and of the interest which it takes in the success of the institution over which he is appointed to preside, has conferred on him the degree of doctor of civil law, and resolved to present to the library of the Ionian University, all such books, printed at the Clarendon press, as are likely to be useful to the general design of the institution. Under such patronage, it can scarcely fail to prosper.

be books adapted to their improvement, and who would not rejoice to hear that a Genlis, a Burney, or an Edgeworth, should appear among the modern Grecian fair? At present few of them can read or write; and, except it be a little music and dancing, which they learn from one another, they have no accomplishment whatever, unless that name may be given to embroidery, which has neither taste nor neatness.

The Athenian and other Grecian airs are generally of an inferior character, and incapable, I suspect, of expressing any varied feeling of the mind. It would be unreasonable, indeed, to expect it could be well adapted to refined or lofty sentiment; but you may judge from the few popular strains accompanying this letter. The other evening the three Graces joined some friends in our apartment, and I had hoped to hear them sing; but they told us they only attuned their voices to the winds. However, we had some Grecian games, and, among the rest, the game of forfeits. When we were in fault, they did not spare us, but struck our hands (with a knotted handkerchief) with provoking spirit, thus shewing they could enter into a little frolic as well as certain graces in Scotland. The most of the Grecian ladies believe in magic, and the men in charms. * Foot

* The Waiwode has sometimes exhibitions of the djerid, spectacle which has its denomination from the name of the

races is common here, and the game of penny-stones or coits. The little children play at *chucks*,* and once I really thought myself in Scotland, when I heard an Albanian boy desire his sister to bring him a piece of skeingie (Scotch for string) to tie his sandals with. The children generally are very healthy, and rather handsome; the men firm, well built, and seldom corpulent, with keen, but not unpleasing eyes; and notwithstanding their wretched state, they have lively spirits and an active mind, which, if turned into a good moral channel by education and example, would doubtless render them a noble people. I speak of the lower class, of which, notwithstanding all that has been said against them for their cunning and deceit, we have had no reason to complain.

Many of the better Greeks in Athens wear

shoots of the palm tree, from which the lances, as they are called, which are thrown in the game, were originally composed; they are often formed, likewise, of willow or any light wood. Much skill is shewn by the horsemen who dart at one another while riding at speed, and avoid the dart of their adversary by stooping their head, at the same time riding away as fast as possible. The Waiwode's residence is in the centre of the city, but when he exhibits the spectacle of the djerid it is usually at his country house in the plain of Athens. The governor seldom troubles himself with strange--

* A game among the children in Scotland.

the Frank dress, which, compared with their own or the Turkish costume, looks extremely mean As there are no tailors here, who can make a coat, some of the foreign visitors appear a little shabby; and I could not help remarking the whimsical appearance of the master and the man:—the janizary with his ample scarlet mantle, embroidered clothes, and silver-handled pistols richly embossed, marching in great dignity before a person dressed in plain and closely cut attire.

At night the Greeks must carry light. One evening lately, in returning home, we met a patrole of Albanian soldiers, who stopped us, and said we should have had our lanterns. We were allowed to pass; but had we been a party of Greeks, we might have been obliged to pay a fine, or perhaps have suffered chastisement. Travellers seem to be more highly favoured than the natives; they escape from all vexatious contributions, exactions, and oppressions.

A wag of a Greek who had been long in Italy said, that he had little hope of the condition of his brethren being ameliorated, till the Turks would shave their beards!—supposing that the beard begets pomposity, consequence, and formality, and all the train of illiberal conduct incompatible with freedom. True it is, the Turks are not much given to suavity of manners, of those social virtues which bring man to man in happy intercourse with each

other, suggesting the necessity of mutual rights; but the poor beard is not the cause. The rogue, I suspect, glanced a little at the numerous priests, who are generally well provided with this appendage of solemnity.

Since I have mentioned the subject of beards, I may inform you, that no Jew can live in Athens, and that for the best of all reasons, because they would have no employment,—the trade of usury being taken up by the Greeks themselves, who will not blush in asking 20 or 30 per cent. If I am well informed, some of the residents also lend their money to great advantage; but neither money lending nor the trade in oil and honey is considerable. The olive groves are not at all so extensive as they were in former times; and, perhaps, considering the state of modern Athens, this may be for the advantage of the people, grain being a more regular and certain crop. *

In general the weather has been very fine; sometimes, however, we have had heavy showers of rain, and once (on the 25th of April) some chilling hail. The wind too has been very high;

* The oil of Attica preserves its celebrity above that of the Continent of Greece, and is, we were told, well adapted to the English market, which is not generally the case with the oil of Greece.

indeed, I have been greatly annoyed by it while drawing in the Acropolis,—and nothing could be more dismal and melancholy than the creaking hinges, the banging and the clanking of old doors, united with the howling, moaning, and sighing of the wind among the ruins of the Parthenon:—this very day it blew a blast which drove me from my station. While walking round the edifice till the storm abated, I observed, sculptured on the eastern tympanum, the remains of a horse's mouth open, with two teeth in it. In this stormy day it looked extremely ghastly, and I was wicked enough to wish it could have snapped at the spoilers of the temple, while they were mounting in succession to destroy the cornice.

No sooner had I seated myself for study, than my friend the Turk appeared with an altered countenance, exclaiming, while pointing to the north, Morto! morto! morto! *(death, death, death!)* I could not understand him, till our janizary explained, telling me that the Governor of Athens had just been informed, that the plague had broken out in Negropont, at no great distance hence.* This was, indeed, unwelcome news;—not that I was apprehensive of the plague, but that it would certainly shorten our stay in Athens; because, if it

* About thirty-five or forty miles.

were known in any other part of Greece, that we remained for any length of time so near the pestilence, we could not well proceed upon our journey, but should be obliged to perform quarantine, perhaps, at every town. The worthy Turk kept moaning, much to my annoyance; at last he betook himself to smoking his chibue, occasionally rubbing his back with a flat piece of ornamented wood, which he constantly wears for that elegant and graceful purpose, at the same time looking very doleful, and continuing muttering in a subdued tone of voice, Morto! morto! His belief in predestination did not soothe his sorrow. Perhaps he imagined the time of his departure might be near; or, Turk though he was, thought how painful it might be to leave his family and friends.

Being desirous to know the particulars of this report, I hastened to the city, and no sooner reached our lodgings than I found the Graces weeping,—the Maid of Athens in tears through terror of the plague! In short, the whole town is in dismay, and the governor is about to issue an order, that no person from Negropont shall enter the gates, which are to be guarded by Albanian soldiers. Meantime, having held a council on this important subject, we think it advisable to prepare to leave this city as soon as possible. As the plague is caught by touch, we must be upon our guard in walking the narrow streets. Indeed,

it appears astonishing to me, that the population is not wholly carried off when visited by pestilence.

The native Greek physicians are no better than the Turkish ones, being wholly ignorant of the treatment of the plague, and prejudiced, like the other orientalists, against the acquisition of any insight into anatomy by dissection. A few of them have passed a little time at some of the universities of Italy, but these are nearly as ignorant as their brethren. Occasionally, however, you meet in the Levant an Italian physician: there is one settled at Patras. Most of these have been obliged to leave Italy from political causes, as being obnoxious to the government; but they are always regretting the necessity of living among the Greeks, who, indeed, will seldom employ them.

As we shall depart so soon, we must settle money matters with the Disdar, who expects to be presented with a sum equal to that which was given to him on our entering the Acropolis. On my visit to him, I could not resist going up the principal streets for the last time. Picturesque groups were to be seen every where; and it was evident from their manner and the expression of their countenances, that they were speaking of the plague. The street views would make curious subjects for the pencil; the figures, especially, are incomparably fine, and the variety of dress is endless.

In the way to the Acropolis, I met for the

first time an opium-eater. The poor cadaverous emaciated wretch was pelted by the boys. This is the first instance we have seen of intoxication of any kind in Greece, where, too,

"No young eyed lewdness walks the midnight rounds."

These opium-eaters, I understand, are very rare, and none but the most debased intoxicate themselves with it; of course, I speak of the country we have visited. In such a place as Constantinople, no doubt, this vicious custom may be more prevalent.

My friend the Turk met me with his fallen countenance; and when I told him we were about to leave the city, he appeared a little vexed. He left me soon, and returned with the present of a melon, in exchange for some gunpowder which I had given to him. At the Propyléa the Disdar was committing a black girl to a dungeon in the Temple of Victory without wings! He said she was an unruly servant, and muttered something about the bastinado. Ten crowns, however, which were given to him as a farewell present, brought a smile into his face, and I believe softened his heart in favour of the girl.

On returning home, I examined the rocks of the Acropolis, the Areopagus, and Lycabettus, all within a short distance of each other; they are composed of puddingstone.

Every thing being arranged for our departure, we leave Athens to-morrow. A boat with ten powerful men is ready at the Piræus to take us whithersoever we please. We have determined, then, to go to Cape Colonni, and see the Temple of Minerva Sunias, and the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck; from thence we shall visit the Isle of Ægina and afterwards cross the Isthmus of Corinth, and advance along the Corinthian shore to Patras, where we are certain of finding a vessel waiting, through the kindness of Sir Thomas Maitland, to convey us to Zante to perform quarantine.

M. Logotheti, our consul here, is much against our going to Cape Colonni, having lately heard that the caverns there are infested with pirates from the island of Macronisi, a nest of robbers; and, indeed, from all accounts, there are few instances of strangers going thither with impunity. Our crew, however, being so very strong, and as we have already encountered more serious dangers, we have determined to run a little risk. So if you should not hear from me at a reasonable length of time, you may almost conclude we are in different society from any with which we have yet associated.

* Baron Stackleberg was carried off by the banditti, and kept among them till ransomed by his friends. The threatenings, hunger, and misery, which he endured, would make a pretty subject for a novel.

'We shall leave Athens with regret; for, although we have had our eyes and ears in constant exercise, still there is much to see and know. The few acquaintances we have made in Athens have the highest claims to our regard; more particularly Signor Lusieri, whose attentions have been most obliging. Lusieri is a worthy man; and although engaged in despoiling the Parthenon of its marbles, a proceeding which, I believe, he was the first to suggest to Lord Elgin, is not altogether without apology. He may have foreseen the happy change which those precious marbles must produce on modern taste, and, with a view to their reviving the purity of ancient art, may have thought that no situation could be more eligible than where the wisdom of Minerva is centered—in Britain.

LETTER LXXII.

CORINTH.

Departure from Athens.—Piræus.—Cape Colonni.—Temple of Minerva Sunias.—Views in sailing up the Gulf of Ægina.—Island of Poros.—Singular mode of Rowing.—Isthmus of Corinth, &c.

When our friends in Athens had collected to offer their adieus, the party of the British alone consisted of about a dozen. The three Athenian Maids graced the meeting in the court, and our hearts, at this moment of separation, did full homage to their charms. Modesty, and delicacy of conduct, will always command affection.

Before our baggage could be adjusted, and the unruly mules be brought quietly to receive their burdens, the sky was putting on its amber-coloured robes, and ere we reached the port of the Piræus, the night was throwing her shadow over the farewell hues of day. Still a rosy cloud hung above the Parthenon; and the dark and solemn olive grove was rendered doubly interesting by the hoot-

ing of the owl, and the few remains of the long walls of the Piræus, which were but indistinctly seen through the mysterious shades.

We remained in the Dojanna* for the night, and the morning disclosed to us the site of what was once the pride of Athens. The splendid porticoes, the numerous temples, the theatre, the grand armoury, and other magnificent buildings of ancient date, have vanished from the earth, to give place to a few wretched sheds!—But what is become of such extensive works? The long walls were high, and cased with hewn stone, and so broad, that a carriage might have been driven on them, yet scarcely a trace of them is now perceptible.

Instead of the riches of the world pouring into the Piræus, we could perceive nothing but a heap or two of tiles, and a few empty oil and currant jars. The sailors, for want of shelter, were lying rolled up in their capotes, (or great-coats,) like as many Russian bears, upon the beach; one of them was sleeping with his head within a jar.

Finding nothing at the Piræus to detain us, we stepped into our boat, and rowed away for Sunium,† our sailors singing a morning hymn, and the cool morning air bringing from the various hills

* The custom-house.
† Cape Colonni.

the most delightful odour. We rushed through the waters with great rapidity, "breaking the blue crystal of the seas." By word of command, the ten men stood upon the cross benches, and with their whole force and weight they fell upon their seats. Each gave the word for action in succession, in a loud or low tone, according as they should proceed fast or slow. Sometimes they would halt a few seconds; then, as if they had lost their time by doing so, they sprung up suddenly, and pulled together like as many furies;—rising and falling with a quickness of motion and bodily exertion, quite astonishing.

On neither side was the scenery at all striking. Hymettus has not a pleasing form, (being rather lumpish,) and, without the aid of association, our eyes would have hardly dwelt upon it. The sea is overpowering, and reduces in importance all the points and promontories. But a few short hours presented to our admiring eyes the columns of Minerva Sunias:* and very soon we entered the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck:

"Where o'er the sure Colonna frowns on high,
Beside the Cape's projecting verge are plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd,
First planted by devotion, to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane."

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* Nearly forty-two miles from the Piræus.

From the sea, the whole scene did not appear to much advantage, perhaps from being too near the shore. We soon reached the land, but our men took the precaution to row about the promontory, to ascertain that all was safe. We entered a cave or two, and saw that fires had been lately kindled in them; but, as no boat was seen either on the seas,* or on the shore, we concluded there were no robbers near.

You may be sure we did not tarry long before we proceeded to the temple. All was wild and desolate, impressing the mind with melancholy thoughts. The place where Plato and his scholars once assembled is now a trackless waste. Only fourteen columns of the temple now remain, of the whitest Parian marble, some of them greatly corroded by time, and dislocated by lightning. As seen by us they were relieved against the sky: but when the white clouds appeared behind them, the temple was just perceptible, and looked like a faint vision of a thing that had been! All was still as death, save the murmuring of the waves below, polishing the fallen marbles into pebbles on the shore, and degrading them into dust, to be blown before the winds of heaven!

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* Towards Macronisi, (where Helen landed after Troy was taken,) which is about five miles distant.

Pure as this temple is, like a mild and decaying beauty, yet it has not escaped from the rude hands of British sailors, being besmeared with black paint or pitch, and names written in letters at least two feet in height all round the architrave. Centuries (if the temple shall stand so long) will be required to eradicate the mischief. I shall forbear mentioning the name of the ship which occupies the whole of the front next the sea, nor shall I give the names of those who have been so barbarous; but I advise our Scotish youths * to reflect a little, before they again proceed to such wantonness. They, of all others, should be grateful for the stream of light which has flowed from Greece, and accordingly should respect her few remains.

The architecture of this temple is of the Doric order; but it does not appear to me, that the proportions of the columns are so perfect as those of the Temple of Theseus, to which this temple is generally compared in form and size, the shafts of the pillars are taller. The capitals, however, are exquisite, and I do sincerely wish, that such were adopted in some of our public buildings in good old Edinburgh. In colouring the Athenian temples are preferable to that of Minerva Sunias. White looks cold and chalky, yet, when the sun was full upon the columns, and the glossy leaves of

* Midshipmen and Lieutenants

the mastic bushes, the various orange-coloured plants, and brilliant greens blended with the rich and powerful browns, there were hints for colouring, where white assumed the ascendancy, that would have pleased the most fastidious eye.

The best view of this edifice is below the temple, on the bank sloping from the sea, and this embraces several projecting points, islands, and distant mountains. * The views from the opposite bank, too, are very fine, especially that which includes the sweeping bay. Remains of black and red pottery are strewed about among extensive foundations of hewn stone. After dining in a robber's cave, we rowed off to a small island, four miles towards Athens. There we intended to remain all night, but the wind got up, and not having a well protected harbour, we moved to the Island of Patroclus, (quite at hand,) where we laid our beds in the open boat, and slept as soundly as if we had been in a palace.

Early next morning we steered for Ægina, where we arrived about ten o'clock to breakfast. On sailing up the Gulf of Ægina, we found the scenery infinitely more attractive than when we kept near

———— "Those blessed isles
Which, seen from fair Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart, that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight."

the shore for Sunium. The mountains of the Morea often drew from us expressions of admiration. Athens appeared again, the Queen of Greece; and, of course, we were too well bred to pass without uncovering. Both my friend and I agreed that this distant view of Athens from the sea is extremely like that of Edinburgh from the Firth of Forth, though certainly the latter is considerably superior.

The shore of Ægina, when near, is very picturesque; strange caverns are seen in the puddingstone, and abrupt points shoot through the water in wild fantastic shapes. In many places the strata of lime above the puddingstone, lying in a horizontal position, are composed of perpendicular lines, eight, ten, or twelve inches separate, like a ladder placed upon its side. After breakfast we hastened to the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, and, in advancing to it, we found the country almost in a state of nature. Some patches no doubt were cultivated, but in so miserably thin and scattered a manner, that it only made the country appear more desolate, by exciting the idea of starvation. As usual, the ground is strewed with ancient pottery, contesting with a small sickly, yet lovely pea, the honour of being seen. Our track was through the thickest brushwood, composed of mastic, arbutus, and thyme, with many aromatic plants. On ascending the hill on

which the temple stands, our way was disputed by huge loose stones, dwarf pine and cedar trees; however, with much fatigue, we contrived to reach the temple, though our steps were often retrograde. We seated ourselves on a fallen capital, to recover a little from our fatigue, before we ventured to examine the Doric ruins, and we could not but admire the glorious scene before us; Attica, Peloponnesus, and the Gulf of Ægina, with their many points of attraction, addressing both the eye and mind! While we were enjoying the splendid view, two shepherds stepped from the ruins, and passing their crooks from their right hand to their left, pressed their hearts and foreheads, and kissed our hands, in a manner than which nothing could be more graceful! Their eyes bespoke their curiosity to know what brought us there, and when we looked across the gulf, they both exclaimed, Athenæ, Athenæ! as if we were desirous to know the name of the distant spot that marked the site of Athens.

After examining this celebrated temple, which is a great favourite with every traveller, it appeared to me, that, although the proportions are extremely just, yet, as a Temple of Jupiter of all Greece, (which its name implies,) it must have been by much too small, the style approaching more to beauty than to grandeur. But, perhaps, the architect conceived that the commanding and ele-

vated situation was sufficient, without the aid of magnitude, to convey the idea of sublimity and power; and, certainly, from below it has an imposing and grand effect; so much so, that we were surprised to find the fabric so diminutive, when we were close upon it. The utmost height of the temple, including that part of the architrave which now remains, does not appear above 20 feet! Twenty-five columns are still standing, with three or four broken shafts, rising amidst the ruins of the entablature. It is built of the stone of the mountain, which is of a grey clay colour. Time has eaten the columns in various whimsical corrugations; nevertheless, there is all the appearance of their still being able to brave some hundred years.

The date of this temple is earlier than that of either the Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon; * and the marbles of the tympanum, which were discovered by Messrs Cockerell, Lynck, and Stackleberg, would have formed a curious chain of art, with those of Phygalia and the Temple of Minerva. Unfortunately, the British Government has allowed them to pass unto other hands, in which, comparatively, they can be of little value. † I say unfortunately, because, though much inferior in merit, they would have conveyed consi-

* Supposed to be built 520 B. C

† They now belong to the Prince Royal of Bavaria.

siderable information and instruction, and afforded, too, a stimulus to our sculptors, while they exhibited the early and regular stages of sculpture up to the time of Phidias.

These marbles are now in Rome, under the hands of Thorwaldson, to be repaired. Minerva is represented as the Goddess of War, with her warriors in various attitudes, to suit the form of the tympanum. The spearsmen near the goddess are nearly erect, and the archers immediately behind them are made to kneel; the others recline towards the angle.* This is the arrangement I saw in Rome, and it seemed to me to be very just. The figures on the right and left of Minerva are in a similar attitude, only reversed.

The sculpture being of so great antiquity, purity of taste could hardly be expected; and, indeed, in this respect they are a little faulty. An awkward stiffness is prevalent, with the same mannered face, and the same stupid smirk in all the countenances. The goddess herself is without dignity, having a large mouth and thick lips, with an un-

* In a note to an article by Mr Cockerell, published in the twelfth number of the Quarterly Journal of the Arts and Sciences, Colonel Leake gives it as his opinion, that these figures are intended to represent the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus; Minerva having descended at the command of Jupiter to inspire new courage into the Greeks.

meaning expression, conveying nothing of her character. Her right leg is turned inwards in the most ungraceful manner, and her drapery is bad; yet there is an attempt at some advancement in the art, which is extremely interesting. The limbs and bodies of the warriors (without drapery) are well executed, and true to nature. Nature, indeed, seems to have been the model of the sculptor, and those parts which he found stationary, are not inferior to the Phygalian marbles; indeed, I would almost say, to some of those of the Temple of Minerva. The countenances, however, have puzzled the ancient sculptor; and, in these, there certainly is a failure. The figures are finished with the same care behind as they are in front; and, it was curious to observe, that the hands within the shields, where they could not possibly be seen, are executed with the utmost delicacy and precision. Thorwaldson's restorations are truly admirable, completely in the spirit and conception of the originals. The marble is rough from age, having much the appearance of a warm grey stone. This Thorwaldson has likewise imitated; so happily, indeed, that it is almost impossible to perceive his hand upon them. The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, from various points, forms a striking object, but the best combination is from the eastern bank, where it gives a classical air to the varied woody grounds of Ægina.

On returning to our boat late in the evening, we found a stewed fowl and macaroni done to admiration! You can conceive nothing more picturesque than the appearance of our Greeks and janizary by the blazing fire and the light of the moon. Our trusty Greeks squatted on the ground at supper, with an expression in the face of each, indicating that he swallowed in his mind the whole of the repast; mixed, too, with a slight suspicion that he should be a little wronged by his neighbour's taking more than his allotted share. "Of what?" you will say. Hard bread soaked in water, and a few olives dipped in oil. Yet with such scanty fare were they robust and happy.—But this is not the picture. Our hungry Greeks had huge mustaches and varied costume, and our janizary, the hero of the subject, with large bishop-looking sleeves, and turban, partly untwisted, hanging gracefully on his shoulders, his embossed pistols, too, shining in his belt, kept feeding the tremendous fire with mastic and with thyme, till the flame searched into every nook and corner, while the pale moon contrasted herself with the ruddy smoke, and the silver wave glided past the dark rocks which were opposed to the splendour of the blaze and falling sparks.

Here we rested for the night, and found our bear-skins a good protection against the heavy dew. In the morning we were awakened by the singing

of the Greeks, who were adjusting their oars for our departure; and soon we skimmed away for the Isthmus of Corinth before the sun had glanced upon the sea. As we advanced, and neared the rugged rocks and hills, there was nothing in the scenery remarkable or picturesque. The snow-capped Megaspelia and the Acrocorinthus * immediately before us, were all that sought our admiration.

The activity of our crew soon brought us to the port of Cenchreæ, but it was some time before we were allowed to land. The stupid master of our boat had forgot to procure a passport from the governor of Athens. "Athens is a suspected place, the plague may be there, and you should have had your passport" Here was an unexpected and unpleasant obstacle; but it vanished before the golden talisman, whose powerful magic likewise conjured up horses for our service, though they had been at first denied.

The port of Cenchreæ is about nine miles from Corinth; and in condition and appearance, much the same as the Piræus. Three or four small craft, and one or two miserable sheds, are all of trade and shipping that it now exhibits. Some marble columns were strewed about, and some foundations barely seen among the rubbish. Advancing on the Isthmus

* On which stood the citadel of ancient Corinth.

we found it rough and hilly for a time, but at last we came into a cultivated plain. A few remains of ancient buildings were scattered here and there, but nothing of any pleasing form or magnitude, and all, to us, without a name. The citadel of Corinth, seated on an elevated rock, is no feature in itself, but the rock on which it stands is extremely picturesque, and always forms a principal object in the scenery of the Isthmus. * After a journey of three long hours we reached this ancient city.

* The Isthmus is formed of puddingstone, chalk, lime, and sand.

LETTER LXXIII.

CORINTH.

The Temple, and Views of the Town.

"Corinth!——
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies,
Whom, though by tyrant-victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder viewed.
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd,
But now in fatal desolation laid
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade."

These lines of the poet express what Corinth was and is. Of all the noble buildings which graced this once famous city, nothing now remains save a few Doric columns of an ancient temple, and some paltry foundations of a theatre and stadium. The besom of destruction has swept clean!

"Out upon Time! he will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve."

The present town does not seem to contain more than five or six hundred houses, and these

are scattered, irregular, and with little feature. The whole appears to the greatest advantage about a quarter of a mile in front towards the sea. The buildings inhabited by the governor stand on a rising ground, and are remarkably picturesque, united with the mosques and cypress trees. Above all rises the hill called the Acrocorinthus in stupendous majesty. A fortification-wall traverses its top, and the left summit is crowned with a square building, which, however, is insignificant in size. To the right of the town a singularly pointed hill shoots up to a considerable height, with a tower entirely covering its top. The whole scene has an air of peculiar grandeur, and ranks among the first subjects for the pencil that I have seen in Greece. Above the town there are likewise some charming views, embracing the extensive plain and olive grounds, the sea and distant mountains. In these views the remains of an ancient temple appear to great advantage, giving a classical expression, and, at the same time, affording a leading feature for the eye to rest upon.

The origin and destination of this temple seem to be entirely unknown. One author calls it the Temple of Juno, another the Temple of Venus; some suppose it to be the Temple of Neptune; and Chandler seems to think it is a vestige of the Sisypheum mentioned by Strabo. As for the Greeks and Turks, they know

nothing about it at all; and I must confess myself in the same predicament. But, be it what it may, it has a reverend and aged appearance, curiously incrusted, and wrought and wrinkled by the corroding hand of time. In colouring it is perfect; of a subdued brown, containing weather-stains and lichens of every hue, from the pale grey to cool greens, red and yellow, moss and orange tints, mingling with the richest browns. When very near the columns these colours appeared a little overpowering; but at the distance of a few yards they harmonize to admiration, and have a quiet soothing rich effect, most grateful to the eye. The whole remains consist of seven columns, in proportion like the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, and certainly not inferior in grandeur. Several storks have made their nests upon the architrave, and kept up a rattling noise with their wings.

On the road, a little from the temple, I perceived, for the first time since I have been in Greece, the mark of a wheel upon the ground; and truly, I believe it excited as much surprise in me, as the impression of a human foot upon the sand did in Robinson Crusoe in his solitary island.

Before I could command a few minutes to walk through the market-place, it was near the close of day. The Turks and Greeks had retired from their shops and lounging places, and a more

desolate miserable spectacle I cannot well conceive. The superficial, flimsy, nasty appearance of every thing, was quite disgusting. Content is a virtue, when not united with indolence; but here, and, indeed, in every part of Greece, there is a strange and unaccountable mixture of both; and I have often wished I could stir up a little dissatisfaction among them; their present seeming comfort being so ungracious to the traveller.

A murder was committed here to-day, in a quarrel between two Greeks. The murderer, after a little search, was discovered in the olive grove, and the first proceeding was to inflict the bastinado. In a few days he is to suffer death.

The governor * has heard of the plague in Negropont, and is very scrupulous what strangers he admits in Corinth. My friend had to wait on him, and tell him whence we came, very properly, during this interview, holding a present in his hand, which occasionally caught the eye of the *disinterested* bey; the questions were accordingly put in a softened manner, and all went off agreeably. To-morrow we shall sail along the Corinthian shore, and down the Gulf of Lepanto to Patras.

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* Subject to the Basha of Tripoli.

LETTER LXXIV.

PATRAS.

Journey from Corinth to Patras.

At Corinth we hired a small vessel, the only one that we could procure, to convey us to Vostizza; but no sooner had we put ourselves on board, than the wind sprang up, and our captain, afraid to put to sea, would only sail close upon the shore. In this manner we zigzaged slowly on, with the wind against us. But finding the weather getting worse, we were obliged to land near ancient Sicyon, where we remained near 20 hours before the wind abated. A noble fig-tree spread its branches upon a bank of flowers, and tempted us to fix our station under it. Our janizary and servant then proceeded to their duty, and a fire was soon kindled among some ruins, the cooking utensils were put in use, and while dinner was preparing, we sauntered among the woods and lofty banks.

Long horizontal lines of rocks, in some parts eight, ten, or twelve feet high, crowned the

summits of the hills,* like the face of a wall built with huge Cyclopean stones. Many of the rocks had fallen down the declivities in square blocks; and before we examined them, we could hardly persuade ourselves that they were not the work of human hands. In thickness, I should think they might be about a third their breadth, and generally of oblong forms. We found these blocks composed of puddingstone, containing a great variety of curious pebbles of various colours. The long lines resting on a soft and yellowish lime; proceeding farther among the banks, many of which were 400, 500, and 600 feet in height, we perceived singular strata among the deep ravines. Horizontal lines of a reddish earth, of about 12 feet broad, took their course through diagonal strata of yellow lime, inclining towards the sea; and both sides of these precipitous banks, at least 500 or 600 feet asunder, corresponded to each other in the appearance of the strata. A small stream ran below, but could hardly be perceived among the hanging woods. Some of the banks are insulated, forming detached hills, others were crowned with trees, while some striated or channelled, were joined by narrow necks of land, as the water had been obstructed, or had worn away the softer soil. These banks have a resem-

* From 200 to 300 feet in length, these peculiar rocks are common along the coast 20 or 25 miles from Corinth.

blance to the subordinate or secondary hills near Patras, and their component parts are much the same. The absolute loneliness of the country was very striking, not a house nor a human being was to be seen in any direction. The sea of Corinth was without a sail! Mount Helicon and Parnassus towering in sight, reminded us of better times; while the rugged, but sweet-scented wilds, at once encouraged and softened the ready sigh.

Descending these singular hills, I walked the plain below, and at the distance of some miles, the hills assumed a different and still more surprising character. Parallel divisions rose above each other like steps, four of these flats and slopes upon a bank 200 or 300 feet in height, with all the appearance of having been formed by art. In breadth each flat might measure from 500 to 600 feet, and was level as a bowling-green; each flat had its natural edge of puddingstone, in blocks of the same kind as those further up the coast. I have not seen the parallel roads of Glenroy in Inverness-shire, but from the description given of their appearance, these flats and slopes seem to have a remarkable resemblance to them.

The wind at last abating, we again set sail, but were not long at sea, before the weather forced us to land; and as appearances were rather threatening, we determined to give up the vessel alto-

gether. Luckily our landing-place was near a farm-house, the only building which we met with, except a village composed of a few wretched huts. After delaying several hours, horses, mules, and asses, were at last procured, but the higgling of the Greeks was hardly to be endured, nor could we get them to be reasonable in their demands. Near the farm was a small chapel; where we observed a curious substitute for a bell, in the shape of a piece of carved iron, near to which was hung a rude hammer; both were suspended from the branch of a tree stretching over some graves; at the head of every grave was a small circle of tiles containing a wax candle.

Our animals were restive and troublesome but they were soon brought to obey by the active Greeks, who kept beating them on with boughs of myrtle. In a short time we reached the khan of Acrata, situated upon a high rock near a bridge * thrown over a rapid stream. The scenery was high and mountainous, and the ambitious pines clambered to the clouds. Nothing could be more wretched than our khan; we ascended by a common ladder to the landing-place, composed of a few boards three inches asunder, and these were only near the door, so that it required a little management to step on them, and keep from falling over;

* The only bridge we have met with in Greece.

at night it was extremely dangerous. The proprietor of this khan sold wine; rope, and some other articles for sale, were hanging on the rough cast walls: coarse brown bread and hog's lard was all the provision we could procure.

From Acrata to Vostizza, we were enchanted with the romantic scenes, such as our Nasmyth * would have studied with delight. Every line was brought into play; mountains rose over mountains in abrupt and singular forms; some were crowned with wood, which seemed to struggle for existence in the scanty soil. At every step we advanced, the shifting of the scenes was gratifying and unexpected, leaving the imagination nothing to desire. In character the rocks of puddingstone were broad and simple, with few divisions; enormous masses and fronts of mountains led the eye from their base to their summits, without a resting-place. Thickets of myrtle, at least twelve feet high, with beauteous flowers, perfumed our way. † On entering the olive groves, a more refined and tasteful landscape was disclosed, the combinations of wood and rocks, and snowy pinnacles mingling with the skies, were quite sublime, and I may justly say, that in those regions may be found what

* Mr Alexander Nasmyth, the father of landscape-painting in Edinburgh,—an artist of the highest talent.

† The profusion of beautiful blossoming plants, produced here by nature, may be a reason why the Greeks do not cultivate flowers.

"savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew."
The rivers, though small, were turbulent and discoloured, from the melting of the snow in the higher regions. None of them were impassable: at times, however, they must be furious, if we may judge from the extensive wastes which they have made.

The great extent of the precipitous mountains, composed of stones evidently worn by the waters, in many places exhibiting a perpendicular surface of rock, at least 1000 feet in height, and these retiring to a great distance in the country, cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the beholder. Whether he look backwards or forwards, he will be equally impressed with awe and wonder, when he reflects on the slow operations of nature, on the time which must have been required for the formation of mountains of such a material, or the time which it may take to level them with the dust. One would think that the beautiful pebbles in the midst of the enormous masses might be secure for ever. But no! ages, and the sea, and the wind, will annihilate them! They have already been ground by the waters, and they must be ground again, and their dust floated in the air! We had only to look at the huge fragments fallen from the mountains on the shore, to be convinced of this; they were decomposing by

the action of the waves, and the detached pebbles, by attrition, were grinding them to sand!

From one of the fragments of rock, we perceived, for the first time, some beautiful honeysuckle. On requesting the Greek to pull us a flower of it, he immediately ran and tore down the whole bush, and presented each of us with a branch, saying, at the same time, that, if we were fond of flowers, he would get us some infinitely more beautiful; and away he sprang to the grounds below and gathered some bunches of the wild red poppy, which is so common among the corn in Britain. We could not refuse to take them, but little did he know how much we preferred the honeysuckle, from the pleasing associations it excited in our minds in such a place; and how much we were surprised at his total want of taste in selecting these, when there were so many superior flowers among the myrtle downs.

When we arrived at Vostizza, we had great difficulty in procuring horses. Every entreaty was made in vain. At last, our friend the Count —— displayed the firman of the Sultan, which had the desired effect; but it was late ere we advanced, and night completely overtook us before we reached Patras. But such a night! The moon was in full splendour; and while we travelled among the mysterious scenes, we were often tempted to pause and ask what could be those shadowy

forms, that were perpetually arresting our attention? Nothing could be more pleasing or more romantic than the winding of our cavalry, among the projecting rocks and dismal hollows, when first a gleam of light prevailed, and then a solemn darkness veiled and softened all in sweet composure! The glow-worms peeping from the bushes, seemed like fairies' eyes! fire-flies glanced in thousands, like the sun's bright rays stealing on rippling waters in ebon shade! and how divine the evening star appeared, tipping the dark chain of Mount Olonos! The blackbird, too, with its train of dear associations, awakened our peculiar interest. All seemed, by their looks of delight, to say, Sing on, sweet bird! tell us of our absent friends and beloved country.

Even her ruins speak less emphatically of the melancholy fate of Greece, than her extensive solitudes. Oppression has degraded her children, and broken their spirit. Hence those prodigious plains which God hath given for their good are neglected; hence, too, the beauteous seas almost without a sail,—the lands of ancient Sicyon so thinly peopled!

" 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there!
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!"

LETTER LXXV.

PATRAS.

Necessary preparations for Travelling in Turkey.—Baggage.—Servant.—Hiring Vessels.—Money—Presents.—Medical Directions.

I can now bear full testimony to the justness of your observation, that this country is, in its monuments, as well as in its history, peculiarly interesting to Britons. It is already attracting crowds of our countrymen; and since the general, but unfounded fear of the Turks is now at an end, it may be expected that few who travel, either for pleasure or improvement, will finish their tour, without spending a considerable portion of their time in Greece. In reply to your inquiries, relative to the arrangements necessary to enable one to sojourn with comfort in this land of the Muses, I am happy in being able, from my own experience, as well as from the information I have obtained from others, to furnish you with some hints, which we should have been most thankful to receive at our outset, and which will be found worthy the attention of any of your friends, who may propose to follow a similar route.

Nothing can be more inconvenient in travelling than a superfluity of luggage; but the following articles will be found indispensable: A small camp-bed, with a bear-skin, sheet, and blanket; a small canteen; a tea-kettle, tin tea-pot and canisters; a silver cup; a pocket knife and fork. The French or English dress is most respected. Two or three pairs of shoes will be absolutely necessary. Few clothes will be sufficient, but they ought to be strong and good. It is unnecessary to take a great quantity of shirts, neckcloths, and stockings, as these may be had any where. A cap lined with an additional piece of leather will be found extremely useful, to protect the head from the heat of the sun. English saddles may be dispensed with, as the mules and horses are apt to be restive under them; our bedding, as a substitute, we found convenient and comfortable. As vessels not unfrequently sail from London for Corfu, it may be advisable to forward the luggage to that island, consigned to a merchant of respectability.

Without a servant who can speak the Italian and Romaic languages, the traveller will be exposed to much inconvenience and trouble. Such servants may be procured in Rome, in the islands of Corfu or Zante, and are occasionally to be met with in London; their usual charge is a dollar a-day. The English consul generally recommends a janizary.

In bargaining with the master of the vessel which is to convey you from Corfu to Zante, your stipulation should be for a certain sum in case of reaching the place of your destination at a given time; if he is to be paid by the day, it will be his interest to delay, and he will, on the most trivial pretext, linger in creeks and bays, as if the slightest change of weather were to be followed by the danger of shipwreck. We have often been mortified to find that the most pitiful craft had braved the open sea, while we were moored by the shore, and of course arrived long before us. These delays, when one's time is limited and of great importance, are to the last degree vexatious; and it is but poor consolation, that the exorbitant charge of your skipper may be reduced, if you apply to the English consul for redress.

In Patras travellers find no difficulty in procuring money for their drafts, which are discounted in the most liberal manner at the British Consulate. These drafts are negociated through the medium of Constantinople; if, therefore, no recent information has been obtained, concerning the rate of exchange between that city and London, they can allow you only such a sum for your bills, as they have reason to believe is their fair value. In case of your intending to proceed to Constantinople, they advance a certain sum on your draft, leaving the balance to which you may be entitled to be

ranged between you and your banker in the Turkish Metropolis. At Athens there is no such facility in procuring money; there being no person of capital resident in that city, on whom an order could be conveniently given. * Should the traveller intend to proceed northward through Roumelia, he will meet another English consulate at Salonica. The gold coins current in Greece are the Spanish doubloon, the value of which, according to the market price of gold in 1816, was L. 3, 8s. Sterling; the half doubloon, the sequin both of Venice and Alexandria; and the rookie, a small Turkish coin, which we found equivalent to about twenty-pence. Of silver coins the Spanish dollar alone was current; excepting, indeed, the diminutive and much adulterated coins of Turkey, called *paras* and *aspers*. The para, as I have already noticed, was equal in value to about half a farthing, and yet was worth three aspers. It may be supposed, of course, that the quantity of alloy was very considerable.

In Greece, sums of money are generally computed by piasters, which, like our pound sterling, have only a nominal existence. The value of the piaster varies to travellers with the course of ex-

* Since that time, however, I understand that Messrs Farquhar and Harris's bills are discounted at Athens by Mr Tarossius.

change between Turkey and their respective countries; and hence the very different accounts of its value, and of the prices of things estimated by it, which have been given by different tourists. According to Mr Hobhouse, the exchange may be considered at par, when seventeen piasters and a half are reckoned equal to a pound Sterling, which makes the piaster equivalent to 1s. 1¼ ⁴⁄₇d. Dr Clarke states its value at 20d. At present, the exchange with Constantinople being at nearly thirty piasters for the English pound Sterling, the value of the piaster is consequently little more than 8d. Among the maritime Greeks, the Italian name piastro is sometimes given to the dollar; which, however, is generally denominated *thalaro*.

To Turks as well as Greeks, except in the highest ranks, money is more acceptable than any other present that can be given them. No charge is ever made by those who accommodate you with lodgings; but it is understood that you shall remunerate them with an adequate sum, under the name of a present. The amount of this sum may in general be regulated according to what you would pay for similar accommodation at an inn on the Continent. These matters are generally settled by your servant. Except at houses of distinction, it is necessary to carry your provisions along with you, as in general nothing can be procured but mere lodging, and that by no means comfortable. Where-

Money cannot well be offered, articles of hardware are the most usual presents, telescopes, fine gunpowder, &c. are highly prized. *

Due precautions for the preservation of health, or for the event of sickness, are absolutely necessary in preparing to visit a country, where health may be affected by so many contingencies, and where it is difficult to procure proper medical aid. It will be necessary, therefore, to be provided with some directions from a physician well acquainted with the diseases of the Levant. Dr Down of Florence, who has lived a considerable time there, and has made these diseases his particular study, either has published, or proposes to publish immediately a treatise on their nature, symptoms, prevention, and cure. This treatise, when published, will be a valuable acquisition to all who propose to visit Greece. In the meantime, should the traveller not propose to pass through Florence on his route to Greece, written directions may probably be procured by letter, on applying to Dr Down. It would be of advantage to obtain these directions before leaving Britain, where the medicines are better prepared than on the Continent; at all events, it would not be advisable to trust to the chance of procuring them in Greece.

* I do not know any thing that would be more acceptable to a Turk than a Kaleidoscope.

LETTER LXXVI.

Departure from Greece, and return to England.—Conclusion.

WE left Patras for England, and landed at the Island of Zante, where, I may say, we saw the first signs of civilization,—potatoes, fresh butter, and a *gallows*. We performed quarantine of twelve days in a lazzaretto on the shore. Through the kindness and friendly attention of Dr Thomas, our situation was far from being unpleasant. We had recourse to our books, journals, and drawings; and the accomplished Count P———, who accompanied us from Corinth, displayed his fine collection of Grecian antiquities, and various splendid dresses of the modern Turks. Every moment, in short, was agreeably employed, and we felt no languor. In such a place of confinement, however, those who may have no employment must be miserable in the extreme; and, accordingly, we found the walls scribbled over with many lamentations, among which were the following lines:

> "O Plague, thou worst disease! For not alone
> Does the unhappy wretch who feels thy pangs

Curse his existence:—eke the unlucky wight,
Confined in Lazzaretto, and doom'd to drag
An half-existence during forty days
And forty tedious nights. Thou mortal foe of man,
Destroyer of the first of human virtues,
Love of our neighbour—even the venal wretch,
Who'd sell his soul for gold, shrinks from thy touch."

When our term of quarantine was expired we sailed for Malta, where we remained with the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Thomas Maitland, for several days. We afterwards sailed in company with his Excellency to Syracuse in Sicily; and thence in a sparonarrow to Catania. From this place we ascended Mount Etna, where we were gratified with one of the grandest sights which it is possible to conceive. The first or lowest part of Etna, for sixteen or eighteen miles, is rich in a variety of vegetable productions; corn, wine, the olive, the fig, and the prickly pear, flourish in great luxuriance. This is called the fertile region. The next division is called the woody region, and occupies the ascent for nearly five miles. The barren region comprehends the whole top above the forest of oak, pine, and beech. The climates of the mountain include all degrees from the torrid to the frigid.

No letter, however long, could convey an accurate description of this celebrated mountain,—I, therefore, confine myself to its general character, with a few of its most striking peculiarities.

Shortly after the commencement of the ascent, we entered on a dusky desolate waste of thousands of acres of ashes, and black and dismal overflowings of lava; the scoriæ frosted like the refuse of a glass-house, but in pieces of great size, and uniformly covering the lava, like clods of newly turned up earth left unbroken by the spade. Farther on, this scene of desolation became more marked and terrific. What must it have been in a state of liquid fire, descending upon sylvan scenes, annihilating the labours of man, his dwellings, and his temples? The ravages of fire still increased as we ascended. We travelled among rugged ruts of lavas of various ages till we reached the foot of Monte Rosso, (one of the ancient craters,) which, from below, appeared almost as high as the summit of Etna. At last we gained an elevation from which we could look down on Monte Rosso. The island then appeared like a vast map spread out below us, on which objects could only be traced by gleams of sunshine or by wandering shadows. Ascending still farther, Monte Rosso sunk greatly below the horizon, and the ocean and distant country seemed lifted to the skies! How small the works of man appeared! We arrived at the bottom of the great crater, after having travelled over miles of ashes and lavas, frightfully rough and broken, and without the smallest appearance of vegetable life. Great patches of

snow lay here and there upon the black surface, the lava looking grimly through them like as many fiends. Here we saw several skeletons of mules and horses, which had probably been starved to death by the cold, or died by the fatigue of the arduous ascent. When climbing the cone of the great crater, the ashes gave way under our feet as we attempted to advance, while smoke, strongly impregnated with offensive gas, was seen issuing from innumerable crevices around us.

At last we stood upon the pinnacle!—Where was language then? Our short exclamations of surprise and wonder were interrupted by the almost suffocating vapours from the crater, the hot sulphur, and salt, which covered our feet and ancles, and the piercing cold of the atmosphere. The chaotic appearance of the great mountain, with its many hideous mouths, of all colours, the outlets of former eruptions, all proclaiming the dominion of fire, was quite appalling. The sun was setting in amber-coloured clouds, which shone reflected in the distant waters. Stromboli and his vassal islands were surrounded with glory. Contrasting this scene with the dismal crater itself, vomiting columns of dense smoke from the profound abyss, a subject was presented to the pencil not to be surpassed; tracing the streams of lava from their sources to the sea, and contemplating in imagination the awful meet-

ing of those elements. What a conflict must have ensued; heaven must have been long obscured by the rage of their contention, and man reduced to despair by the horrors of the infernal scene. We stood viewing the sublime scenery till night unfurled her robe of stars, and pierced with cold, and almost stifled with smoke, we pronounced the names of the celebrated philosophers, who have studied and explained the mysteries of volcanic power. We remained for the night in a hut constructed by Signor Gemmellaro * for the curious traveller.

In the morning, we descended to Taormenium, which, compared with all we have seen in Greece and Italy, presents scenery almost unparalleled in point of grandeur. Add to this the noble vestiges of ancient art, still strikingly displayed in the ruins of its theatre, which may be ranked among the most interesting remains of antiquity. From Taormenium we travelled to Messina, and thence, in our way to Leghorn, skirted the romantic and memorable shores of Calabria, no less striking for its varied character, than interesting as a portion of the most celebrated country in the world. At Leghorn, after a quarantine of ten days, it was

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* Signor Gemmellaro is a considerable proprietor on Mount Etna.

found necessary to pay a second visit to Rome, in consequence of my invaluable friend Mr D.'s indisposition; whence, after a stay of some months, we set out on our journey to England, taking a new route by Sienna to Florence; thence by way of Turin and Mount Cenis, we travelled through France to our long-desired home.

CONCLUSION.

Having now travelled through some of the richest, the most populous, and the most civilized countries of Europe, abounding in the materials of national wealth and power, we could not fail to be struck with the commanding influence which our own country, so small a spot on the surface of the globe, has possessed for centuries in the scale of European policy.

A native of such a country, after journeying long among the neighbouring states, returns from the comparison which is forced upon him, with a degree of pride and exultation, which he never could have indulged before, or without, at least, being doubtful of the grounds on which this presumed superiority was supposed to rest. But the survey is sufficient to convince him that this superiority is just! that it is a moral superiority, independent of, and apparently opposed to, smallness of territory, barrenness of soil, and severity of climate, all of which seem, as it were, forced to yield to the dominion of mind;—to the judgment with which human labour and skill are directed to the improve-

ment of every circumstance which can affect the condition of our species.

> "O England! model to thy inward greatness,
> Like little body with a mighty heart;
> What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
> Were all thy children kind and natural."
>
> *Henry V. Chorus. Act II.*

The splendid undertakings, and striking improvements which were begun in Edinburgh, prior to my visit to the Continent, struck me, on my return, with surprise and delight. While abroad, my interest in their progress was kept alive by accounts and drawings* occasionally sent me by a friend who knew how deep an interest I felt in the embellishment of our northern capital. But I had not ventured to anticipate that so much could have been completed in so short a period. Several new streets were nearly finished; the magnificent undertaking of the Regent's Bridge was in great forwardness; together with the improvements

* These drawings, consisting chiefly of the Regent's Bridge, and buildings on the Calton Hill, were executed by Robert Stein, Esq. of this city,—from whose great talents, now directed exclusively to the arts, many splendid works may be expected. The Roman amateurs had an opportunity of judging, from these drawings, of the natural and architectural beauty of Edinburgh, and the inspection of them greatly excited their surprise and admiration.

on the North Bridge, which, in a picturesque point of view, so happily serve to combine the Old and New Towns, uniting in producing a grand whole, which, as seen from the Calton Hill, is at once beautiful and sublime, and not surpassed in picturesque effect by any city in Europe. The various structures on the Calton Hill, with that exquisite and classical building the Observatory, designed by Mr Playfair; the additions to the College by the same scientific architect; the County Hall, Churches, and Hospitals, besides many houses, villas, roads, and improvements of every kind, all in a more refined taste, and the whole accomplished in so short a space, seemed almost like the work of enchantment.

Nor is it less gratifying to observe, that the leading persons in this city are still contemplating magnificent works, and ever ready to give the preference to superior designs, with the view of giving a classical air to modern Athens! Is it too much, then, to expect that a fac-simile, or a restoration of the Temple of Minerva, may yet crown the Calton Hill as a monument, to proclaim to distant ages not only the military glory, but the pure taste which distinguishes our country in the present? Is it too much to expect, that an enlightened patronage may call up genius, kindred to that of ancient times, and may direct our native talents to efforts, similar to those which gave splendour to

the age of Pericles? Such an example of perfection would purify the general taste of the country in all subsequent undertakings, and do more to ennoble the age, than all the other trophies of victory. *

---

* From the exquisite chiselling displayed in many of the ornamented buildings lately erected in Edinburgh, it can hardly be doubted, that workmen might be found in this city capable of giving a faithful representation of any model or drawing laid before them, and that they could sculpture a figure with as much precision as an intricate Gothic ornament, or Corinthian capital. A professed sculptor might, indeed, be required to give the finishing and characteristic touches, but no more. From what has been done, it is evident that the warmth of patronage might elicit great talent which still lies buried.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Description of Signor Pizzamano's Medals, emblematical of the Ionian Islands, mentioned in p. 189, Vol. II.

I.—CORFU.

Corcyra, the daughter of Asopus, carried off by Neptune, was conducted into the Island of Drepano, where, having fixed her abode, she had a son called Feacus, whence the island itself received the name Feacia, and thence Corcyra. The nymph sits upon a rock near the prow of a vessel; having in one hand a cornucopia, in the other an olive branch, with the letters round about it ΚΟΡΚΥΡΑΙΩΝ. On the reverse is represented a cow giving milk to a calf.

II.—ITHACA.

Ithaca is famous in the verses of Homer, and Ulysses, after the name of his country, was, by Antonomasia, called Ithacus; the attitude in which he is represented recalls that in which, after his return, he was recognised by his old dog,

Argos. The word ΙΘΑΚΩΝ is added. On the reverse is delineated the cock, sacred to Minerva, grasping the lightning in his talons.

III.—CEPHALONIA.

CEPHALO, the son of Mercury and Creusa, condemned by the Court of Areopagus to perpetual exile, for having unwittingly killed his wife Procris, passed into Thebes, thence into the Island of Teleboi, which, after his name, was called Cephalonia; he appears in the medal armed with a dart, and seated upon a rock in the act of refreshing himself by breathing the zephyr, with his dog Lela at his feet, and the motto ΚΕΦΑΛΛΗΝΕΩΝ. The reverse has a goat upon a club. This island having four cities, for that reason, the goat belongs to Cranii, the key to Pronei, the dog to Samos, and Cephalos to the Pallersi.

IV.—CERIGO.

In the Island of Cithera, called also Porfirus, Venus was solemnly worshipped, and from her it has taken the name of Cithera. The goddess appears upon her shell, holding in her right hand an apple, and drying with her left her hair, wet from the sea, with the letters ΚΥΘΗΡΑΙΩΝ. On the reverse are represented two pigeons kissing each other.

V.—SANTA MAURA.

THE ancient Leucadia, the Neritos of Homer, was rendered famous by the leap of Sappho, and was inhabited by the Corinthians, who planted a colony there; thence they take the symbol of Bellerophon, who rides Pegasus, and puts to death the chimera, with the description round ΛΕΥΚΑΔΙΩΝ. A lyre with seven strings occupies the reverse.

VI.—ZANTE.

The son of Dardanus, citizen of Psophida, in Arcadia, came to fix his residence in this island, originally Hyria, to which he gave his own name; he is represented sitting upon a rock, holding in one hand the lyre, in the other the pastoral staff, ΖΑΚΥΝΘΙΩΝ round the edge. The reverse exhibits a tripod between two branches of laurel.

VII.—PAXO.

This island, called anciently Ericusa, as mentioned by Ptolomy, not having had any ancient monuments respecting it, was advised to assume a helm and an olive crown, with the motto ΕΡΙΚΟΥΣΑΙΩΝ. A trident between two dolphins forms the ornament of the reverse.

APPENDIX, No. II.

Revenue of the Ionian Islands.

Annual Revenues of	Eventual Revenues. Produce of 1815.		Fixed Revenues.		TOTAL.	
	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.
1 Zante,	71,779	142	83,017	180	154,795	102
2 Cephalonia,	79,807	63	8,387	107	88,194	170
3 Santa Maura,	2,011	129	36,271	138	38,283	47
4 Ithaca,	1,976	90	6,693	76	8,669	166
5 Paxo,	240	—	6,717	196	6,957	196
6 Cerigo,	130	—	5,570	4	5,700	[illegible]
7 Parga,	35	—	1,632	44	1,667	[illegible]
Eventual Revenues,	155,979	204				
Fixed Revenue,			148,288	85		
Total,					304,268	

STATEMENT, *Ordinary and Extraordinary Expences paid during the year 1815.*

Islands of	Expences.		Receipts.		Surplus.		Deficiency.	
	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.
1 Zante, . .	102,688	169	154,795	102	52,106	153	—	—
2 Cephalonia,	64,174	157	88,194	170	24,020	13	—	—
3 Santa Maura,	34,973	100	38,283	47	3,309	67	—	—
4 Paxo, . .	5,403	102	6,957	196	1,554	94	—	—
5 Ithaca, . .	6,107	66	8,669	166	2,562	100	—	—
6 Parga, . .	1,956	—	1,667	44	—	—	288	176
7 Cerigo, . .	4,267	—	5,700	4	1,433	4	—	—
Expences,	219,570	154					288	176
Receipt,			304,268	69				
Surplus,					84,980	91		
Deduct deficiency of Parga,					288	176		
Real Surplus,					83,69[illegible]	135		

APPENDIX, No. III.

GENERAL STATE of the ISLAND of ITHACA, for the year 1816.

CLASSIFICATION.

ART. I.—*Population and Buildings by a Census in* 1816.

POPULATION.									Buildings of every Description.
Males.				Females.				Total Number of Souls.	
To 16.	To 60.	Aged.	Total.	To 16.	To 50.	Aged.	Total.		
1726	2215	231	4172	1575	1789	551	3915	8087	2206

Absent included in this state, males 1156; females 175, and accounted for as follows:

Expatriated $\frac{1}{7}$,	190
In native ships,	275
In small craft and boats,	135
In foreign ships,	250
At labour in the adjacent counties,	481
	1331

Accidents of Life for Three Years.													
Year.	Marriages.	Births.			Deaths.								Grand Total.
					Male.				Female.				
		Male.	Female.	Total.	To 16.	To 60.	Aged.	Total.	To 16.	To 50.	Aged.	Total.	
1813	46	111	66	177	8	11	10	29	10	11	22	43	72
1814	32	85	56	141	20	23	15	58	20	15	22	59	114
1815	54	78	49	127	14	22	17	53	14	20	35	69	122
Average	44	91	57	148	14	19	14	47	15	16	26	56	103

From which it appears,

1*st*, That the males born are to the females nearly in the proportion of 3 to 2; whereas those in existence are only in the proportion of 13 to 12.

2*d*, That of the males in existence 1 in every 18 has passed the age of 60, and of the females 1 in every 7 the age of 50.

3*d*, That the births are to the deaths nearly in the proportion of 5 to 2, and the annual deaths of the existing population 1 in 76.

4*th*, That the increase of the population is $\frac{2}{10}$ths of unity *per cent. per annum*, and, consequently, in 124 years it would be doubled.

5*th*, That by an accurate statement of the ages of those who have died above 60 years old, the average age of the males is 74 and of the females 71.

6*th*, That, by a comparison of the population of the district of Vathi 4464, with that of the district of Mavrona 3623, and of their respective deaths, the deaths of Mavrona are to those of Vathi nearly as 3 to 2, which proves how prejudicial to health is the emigration to the Continent, since the persons who go are nearly all of the district of Mavrona, for otherwise the air of that division of the island is excellent.

7*th*, That, supposing all the females between 16 and 50 married, nearly each has two children.

8*th*, That, deducting from the buildings 560, Mavrona 410, Vathi 150, not dwelling-houses or uninhabited, and from the population 190 expatriated, each dwelling-house will have $4\frac{3}{5}$ souls, and their number 1686.

In the whole island there are 24 parishes, 15 in the district of Vathi, and 9 in Mavrona.

Besides the above, the Islands of Calamos and Costos contain 1369 souls, making the whole population subject to the jurisdiction of Ithaca 9456 souls.

ART. II.—*Produce*

	Grain of all Descriptions.		Currants.		Wine.		Oil.		Flax.		Flax-Seed.	
	Number of Bacile	Price of each.	Number of lbs.	Price of each lbs. 1000	Number of Seedy	Price of Six Seedy or B.	Number of Barrels	Price of each.	Number of lbs.	Price per lb.	Number of Bacile.	Price of each Bacile.
		P. P.		D. Ers.		Dollrs.		Dollrs.		Para.		Piastrs.
1815	16,836	8 37	198,283	42	64,928	4	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	28,[illegible]	1[illegible]	592	9
1816	15,624	10 2[illegible]	172,227	36	15,280	5	[illegible]	[illegible]	22,452	[illegible]	561	7
Average	16,23[illegible]	9 32	185,255	39	70,000	[illegible]	1,[illegible]	1[illegible]	2[illegible],665	19	576[illegible]	8
	Dollrs.	P. Par	Dollrs.	P. Sar	Dollars	P. Par.	Dollrs.	P. Sar.	Dolls.	P. Par.	Dollrs.	P. Par.
Total average value of 1 year	28,918	5 06	7,224	5 7	40,831	3 26	[illegible]37	[illegible] 6	1,[illegible]	5 16	[illegible]559	0 6

Observations.

Grain.—1. Wheat 1-10ths, Barley 9-10ths.

2. The Bacile weighs 60 lbs.; produces 50 flour. 75 of bread.

3. The prices are calculated on an average, as follows:

1815. Grain, 12 00 1816. Wheat, 13 2
Barley. 7 10 Barley, 9 0[illegible]
Indian, 7 20 Indian, 9 2

These last two years have been very scanty.

4. Return of wheat from 6 to 7; Ditto of barley from 6 to 9 of the seed.

Currants.—1. Exported 6-7ths; Consumed 1-7th.

2. This calculation all[illegible] each [illegible] 15 [illegible]

* Inclu[illegible] 2-3d[illegible] the price [illegible]

Wine.—1. [illegible] consumed [illegible].

2. This calculation [illegible] each soul [illegible] 7083 [illegible]

3.* These last two [illegible] no average can be taken [illegible] price

4. 24 [illegible]

Oil.—1. Exported [illegible] Consumed [illegible].

2. This calculation allows 60 lb. for each [illegible].

Observations.

3. The barrel is calculated allowing 9 Bacile of olives for each.

[illegible] taken at an estimate, as the [illegible] have not yet been collected, or the produce of the year, being the half of the other.

[illegible] weighs 150 lbs.

[illegible]—1. [illegible] consumed in the country, and [illegible] exported. [illegible]

[illegible]—1. In this [illegible] is only [illegible] of the produce, because [illegible] exported.

2. These sums are calculated from the [illegible] every 60 lbs. of flax producing a bacile of seed.

N. B.—All the calculations are made telling the dollar at 250 Para.

General Statement of One Year.

Description.	Active.			Passive.			Total.		
	Dollars.	Pr.	Par.	Dollars.	Pr.	Par.	Dollars.	Pr.	Par.
Grain,	.	.	.	28,918	5	00	28,918	5	0
Currants,	6,192	4	18	1,032	0	29	7,224	5	7
Wine,	10,207	5	01	30,623	4	05	40,831	3	26
Oil,	9,685	0	00	9,685	0	00	19,370	0	0
Flax,	.	.	.	1,991	5	15	1,991	5	15
Flax-Seed,	559	0	06	.	.	.	559	0	6
Grand Total,	26,644	4	05	72,251	4	09	98,896	2	34

From which it appears,

1st, That, deducting from the population 1000 only as absent, making thereby an allowance for those who come and go, there remains to be provided for in grain 7087, which, calculating at six bacile each person *per annum*, require 42,522 bacile, or daily 136; consequently, the island produces about 117 days or 4 months' consumption, and there remains to be paid for 26,292 bacile, which, at 9 pi. 32 pa. each bacile, equals 46,817 doll. 124 paras: to this must be added about 2000 bacile for seed, thereby making the total expence 50,411 doll. 44 para, which nearly doubles in value the whole active produce; therefore the difference, and purchase of butchers' meat, fish, and every kind of wearing apparel and manufacture, except stockings, cotton, linen, and coarse woollen cloths, (the latter worn only by the shepherds,) all groceries, household furniture, and materials for building, saving stones, lime, and tiles, must be supplied by gain from shipping and money spent by the soldiery, or remain a balance against the island.

The animals are about five months' consumption, and 50 bullocks and 1000 head of sheep and goats more, are necessary for the supply of the whole year, which, reckoning the former at 22 dollars each, and the latter at 4 dollars, may, at a fair average, be valued at 5100 dollars. The mean weight of the bullocks is 200 lbs., that of sheep and goats 40 lbs.

From 10,000 to 12,000 lbs. of cheese are exported, which, with the small quantity of almonds and locusts, may equal the extra import of flax.

2*d*. That, by the below written abstract, calculated on the average produce, and on the receipt of the customs on imports of last year, the farm at 7058 dollars, 1 pias, 5 para, *per annum*, is fairly let, since the omissions of entries in the books of the customs, and some advantage on the other items, might give 1000 dollars, or 100 dollars each for ten persons for the collection.

Abstract of the Tithes and Customs.

TITHES.

Description.	Rate.	Amount. Dol.	Pr.	Pa.
Grain,	to	389	4	36
Wine,	1 dol. every 120 secchj, do.	583	1	37
Oil,	1 do. 30 back or $3\frac{1}{3}$;	447	0	00
Flax,	to	199	0	43
* Pastures,	3 gez. *per annum* on each head of cattle,	125	0	00
† Heath money,	15 gez. *per ann. per* house.	87	2	30
‡ Oil presses,	10 lbs. of oil each, 75 para each,	27	0	00
		1360	5	06

CUSTOMS.

Description.	Rate.	Amount. Dol.	Pa.	Pa.
Currants,	6 *per cent.* of the value,	371	3	04
Wine,	30 para each barrel,	265	0	20
Oil,	1 do. and $\frac{1}{8}$ do. do.	838	3	27
Flax-seed,	6 *per cent.*	33	2	38
Other imports,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* on imports,			
Animals,	Bullocks $\frac{3}{8}$ dollar each, sheep 10 pr. pigs 25 para,	*1300	0	00
		2808	1	29

		Doll.	P.	Pa.	Doll.	P.	Pa.
Total,	Tithes,	4360	5	06	7169	1	15
	Customs,	2808	[illegible]	29			

Observations.

* 1*st*, About 10,000 head of cattle pay this tithe, - - - } 240 gaz. make a dollar.
Do. 1400 houses, - - - }

2*d*, The customs on the exportation of the flaxseed is not counted, because it is spent to reduce the flax from the herb fit for use.

† 3*d*, There are about 20 oil-presses in the island, and 20 mills.

‡ 4*th*, Allowing 100 dollars profit for the subtenant of Calamus, and the rent 110 dollars.

5*th*, That, as proved by the comparative table of loss and gain, there is a deficit of 1985 dol. 0 p. 38 pa. which must be obtained by a loss of capital, and is the reason of the little landholders setting their small loss of ground, since those who have money by that means put it in circulation for the common wants, nevertheless so much is diminished of the real capital annually.

Table of Loss and Gain.

LOSS.	Amount.		
	Doll.	Pr.	Pa.? [illegible]
By purchase of grain,	50,411	1	0[illegible]
By do. of other articles calculated on the customs, deducting 76 doll. 2 p. 35 pa. for butchers' meat,	27,176	1	9
By purchase of butchers' meat,	5,100	0	0
	82,687	2	13

GAIN.	Amount.		
	Doll.	Pr.	Pa.
By sale of produce, ...	25,614	4	05
By shipping, as in Art. 4, ...	48,257	2	30
By rations of soldiers, estimating total value 7000 doll. at 20 *per cent.* .	1400	0	0
By do. on pay of soldiers, calculating 1 m. 2 s. 1 l. 1 p. 5 d. 85 p. at 7000 dollars, at 20 *per cent.*	1400	0	0
Balance of loss,	4985	0	38
	82,687	2	13

Art. III.—*Revenue and Expenditure.*

REVENUE.						
Period.	Certain.		Uncertain.		Total.	
	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.
1816.						
From 1st June to 30th Nov.	3808	157	343	219	4152	156
From 1st Dec. to 31st May, 1817.	4025	46	1670	100	5695	146
Grand total,	7833	203	2014	99	9848	82

Observations.

The increase in the ensuing six months arises from the increased rent of the tithes and customs, and the tax on exportation of the currants.

EXPENDITURE.						
Period.	Ordinary.		Extraordinary.		Total.	
	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.
1816.						
From 1st June to 30th Nov.	2989	108	865	100	3854	208
From 1st Dec. to 31st May. 1817.	2994	91	250	90	3244	91
Grand total.	5983	199	1115	100	7099	79

Observations.

The decrease in the extraordinary arises from a hope that the expences, with regard to the plague, will be much diminished, which was the chief head of expenditure.

	Doll.	Pa.		Doll.	Pa.
In the chest 31st May 1816, - -	2691	163	at present in the chest,	2989	111
Balance in favour from 1st June to 30th Nov. 1816.	297	168			

Balance by estimation from 1st Dec. 1816, to 31st May 1817, - - - - - - 2451 55

From which it appears,

1st, That the receipt exceeds the expenditure by 4902 doll. 111 paras annually, which balance may be expected to continue, since the tithes and customs are only let for one year, which undoubtedly lowers the price, as not affording the means of supplying any loss of one season by gain on a subsequent plentiful harvest, as is evident in Art. 2.

2d, That the revenue is about one-ninth of the produce, independent of animals, cheese, and other minor articles.

Art. IV.—*Shipping.*

Description.	Number.	Tonnage.	Licensed.	Where employed.	Capital at 20 dollars *per* Ton.	Gain annually.	Per cent. of Capital.	Number of Men.	Gain annually. Rate of each.	Gain annually. Amount.	Total Gain.
					Dollars						
Vessels,	17	1480½	Gen. Gov.	Foreign commerce,	29,610	7102½	25	134	50	6,700	14,102½
Ditto,	15	1890	Russian,	Ditto,	37,800	9450	25	141	50	7,050	16,500
Craft,	32	227½	Local Gov.	In the waters of the Ionian States.	4,550	455	10	112	10	1,120	1,575
Boats,	31		Numbered,	Ditto,	[illegible]	480	20	62	50	3,100	3,580
	62		Ditto,	Round the island,				124			
Sailors,				In foreign ships,				250	50	12,500	12,500
		3,[illegible]			71,360	17,787½		823		30,470	48,257½

From which it appears,

1st, That more than one-third of the efficient male population is engaged in the merchant service; that is, of those between 16 and 60.

2d, That the gain by shipping is nearly one-half of that by agriculture.

3d, That nearly one-half of the vessels are employed in the trade of the Black Sea, covering themselves with the Russian flag, to facilitate their commerce.

ART. V.— *Administration of the Government by Officers, with Salaries or Fees.*

Names.	Office.	Monthly Salary.	Fees.	Character and Observations.
		Doll. Prs.		
Gerasimo Drachuli	Counsellor,	10		At full in political state.
Giovanni Hassopula,	Ditto,	10		
Spiro Pilico,	Ditto,	10		
Emmanuel Flambarian,	Secretary.	26		Prolix, but honest, and of some ability.
Salamon de Salamon,	Assistant ditto.	10		Ignorant, yet willing to learn, and becoming useful.
Georgio Vretto,	Ditto ditto.	10		Stupid, and cannot write.
Giovanni Drachuli,	Under Treasurer,	22		In every way calculated for his situation.
Gasparo Lavotte,	Gov. Adjutants,	13		Superannuated.
Leonidas Drachuli,	Chancellor of the Health Office,		Fees	In every way calculated for his situation.
Caralambo Zavo,	Assistant ditto,		Do.	Of no use.
Giorgio Salamon Ive,	Court of the 1st Inst.	10		Superannuated.
Demetrio Migliarcssi,	Ditto,	10		Honest and upright.
Giovanni Caravia,	Ditto,	10		Ditto ditto, but in very bad health.
		141		

Names.	Office.	Monthly Salary.	Fees.	Character and Observations.
		Doll. Prs.		
		141		
Giovanni Vretto,	Supernumerary member of the same,	6		
Giovanni Mecaglotte,	Ditto ditto,	6		
Giovanni Drachúli,	Minister of the Civil and Criminal Court,		Fees	Useful.
Micheli Rodáti,	Do. do. of Commerce, Keeper of the Records,		Do. Do.	Superannuated.
Giovanni Penaa,	Gov. Attorney,	8		Calculated for his situation, but rather tedious.
Panagin Drachuli,	Justice of the Peace,	12		Honest and upright.
Zorsi Hassopulo,	Register of ditto,		Fees	Superannuated
Dementrio [illegible],	Justice of the Peace at Calareol,	18		Active.
Georgio Zavo,	Register of ditto,	7		
Dionisio Caravia,	Greek Master,	20		Respectable man.
Vicenzo Nanuszi,	Italian ditto,	20		The boys improve.
Basilio Zavo,	Public Physician,	7		At full in political state.
Marin Salomon,	Overseer on the Excise on Wine,	10		
Andrea Drachuli,	Post-Master,	5		The pay more than the profit.
Eustachio Petela,	Captain of the Port,	20		Ditto ditto.
Spiro Lavo,	Assistant ditto,	1[illegible]		A useless office.
Vangelin Vretto,	Captain of Militia,	20		Active and useful.
Anastasio Caravà,	Capo Cinguantina,	6 4½		
	Total monthly,	3[illegible]6 4½		

Independent of the Capo di Governo, who has one dollar and half *per diem*

ART. VI.—*Militia.*

Corps.	Captains.	Subalterns.	Serjeants.	Rank and File.
Police, - - -		1		5
Ccollede, - - -	[illegible]	8	40	366
Total, -	1	9	40	371

Observations.

Rank and File on permanent pay, and employed as Orderlies and Messengers.

2 Serjeants and 8 rank and file unfit for service.

4 Ditto { 60 ditto employed constantly in the trade with the adjacent continent.
76 ditto have left the island for some time, and are not likely to return.

From which it appears,

That by reference to the column of males to 60 in Art. I., one in every five and a half is enrolled in the militia.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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